

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

NOVEMBER 20, 1948

15¢

COLA.
PUBLIC LIBRARY
**PASSAGE
TO PANAMA**
A New Novel By
ROBERT CARSON

Brilliant Short Stories By
Ernest Haycox, Pat Frank,
Lawrence G. Blochman
and Kathleen Norris



Nov. 20-1948-

FREE PUB LIBR
COLA
KANS
279934
6 26
204049



NEXT TIME...BET ON OLD THOMPSON

Put your money on Old Thompson every time and win the compliments of your friends. It's a better whiskey because it's WED•IN•THE•WOOD. This means that fine Glenmore whiskeys are blended with choicest grain neutral spirits but instead of being bottled immediately, "Thompson" is put back into barrels to assure perfect blending. This old-time method takes longer and costs us more but the richer flavor is there for you to enjoy.

Glenmore Distilleries Company • Louisville, Kentucky

**OLD
THOMPSON**
BRAND

*Tastier
because
it's...*



Blended whiskey 86 proof. The straight whiskeys in this product are four years or more old. 30% straight whiskeys—70% grain neutral spirits.



... A GLENMORE PRODUCT FROM OLD KENTUCKY ...

© 1948 G. D. CO.

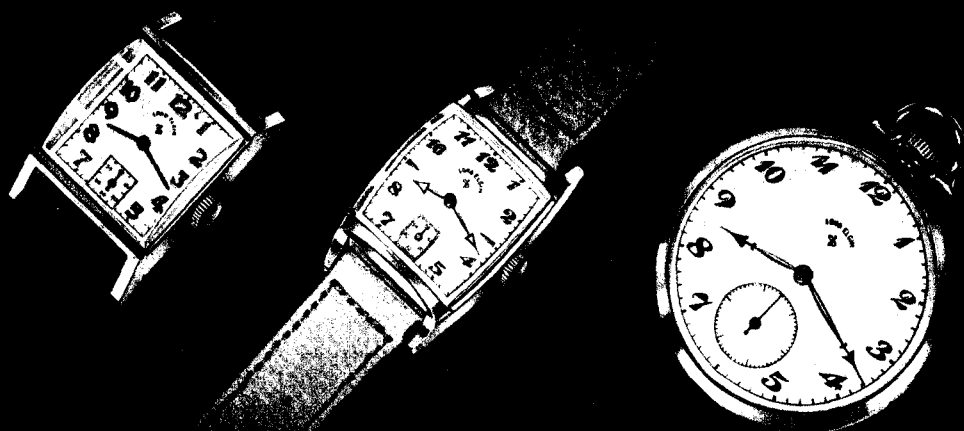
"Handsome, yes...but that new mainspring makes history!"

said **ROBERT MONTGOMERY**
when he learned
the facts on the new
DuraPower Mainspring
in **ELGIN** Watches

THE
DuraPower Mainspring
ELIMINATES 99% OF ALL
REPAIRS DUE TO STEEL
MAINSRING FAILURES!

"BEST-DRESSED MAN"
Robert Montgomery
co-starring in
"The Saxon Charm",
Universal-International
Picture

Styled by Hanslee



Lord Elgin

Lady Elgin

Lord and Lady Elgins are priced from
\$67.50 to \$5000.00. Elgin De Luxe from
\$47.50 to \$67.50. Other Elgins as low as
\$29.75. All prices include Federal Tax

*Made of "Elgiloy" metal. Patent pending

You choose an Elgin Watch with assurance that you're getting superbly smart styling, for Elgins are acclaimed by "best dressed" men and women everywhere. But there's an *inside* story that will excite you too, just as it did Robert Montgomery. It's Elgin's exclusive DuraPower Mainspring. Here in the part that *runs the watch* is truly a history-making achievement.

This miracle mainspring will *never* rust—and rust is the greatest cause of breakage. It will *hold* its "springiness" for a constant accuracy never before possible in any watch. Eliminated are 99% of all repairs due to steel mainspring failures!

No other watch in the world has this latest achievement of America's creative and productive genius. And it's yours at no extra cost in every Elgin model. You can be sure that the one you love will be *happier* with an Elgin. So visit your jeweler right away; he now has more Elgin Watches to show you. Look for the DuraPower symbol "dp" on the dial.

ELGIN watches
TIMED TO THE STARS!

The genius of America ★ ★ to wear on your wrist

HEAR ELGIN'S "2 HOURS OF STARS" THANKSGIVING DAY • NBC NETWORK

Picture OF THE MONTH

John Ford's Legend of the Southwest!
JOHN FORD and MERIAN C. COOPER present
"3 GODFATHERS"

Color by **TECHNICOLOR**

starring
JOHN WAYNE • PEDRO ARMENDARIZ
and introducing
HARRY CAREY, JR.

with
**WARD MAE JANE BEN
BOND • MARSH • DARWELL • JOHNSON**

Directed by
JOHN FORD

Screen Play by
LAURENCE STALLINGS and FRANK S. NUGENT

From the Story by **PETER B. KYNE**

Produced by
ARGOSY PICTURES CORPORATION
An M-G-M PICTURE



With five Academy Award 'Oscars' already decorating John Ford's mantelpiece, it seems to us that the much-honored director will soon have to make room for another. For just as he captured the colorful, raw-boned spirit of the frontier in "Stagecoach" and "Fort Apache", John Ford has created another gripping film in this legend of the great Southwest, M-G-M's "3 Godfathers".

The John Ford touch is everywhere. Although this is the first time that he has utilized Technicolor, his mastery is complete. You will never forget the beauty of the desert with its snow-capped mountains.

Handsome John Wayne is virile, exciting, co-starring with suave Pedro Armendariz. And Harry Carey, Jr., as the third of the hunted trio upholds the acting honors of his famed father.

Their adventure begins with the traditional fusillade of gunfire. For these three are hardened bandits. But it is one of fate's little vagaries that transforms them into unwilling godfathers after they encounter a tiny new-born waif, the lone survivor of a pioneer's ill-starred trek through the Mojave. Whether you're watching the thrill-packed bank holdup or the three criminals diapering a baby; whether you're following the breath-taking chase or wondering what will be the verdict in the saloon court-room, director John Ford holds you spellbound. The performances are brilliant, memorable, real and stirring.

Peter B. Kyne's story, which is one of our favorites, is filled with the bark of the .45 and the breath of the West. Laurence Stallings and Frank S. Nugent have made it a powerful screenplay. It was Mr. Stallings who co-authored "What Price Glory" and has since contributed to the movies many strong scripts. Frank Nugent wrote the screenplay for "Fort Apache".

John Ford and Merian C. Cooper of Argosy Pictures, have given us one of the greatest action films of all time in this drama of three desperados, the desert — and destiny. As entertainment "3 Godfathers" is second to none.

Collier's

ALBERT E. WINGER, President

THOMAS H. BECK, Chairman of the Board

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Publisher

WALTER DAVENPORT, Editor

OSCAR DYSTEL, Managing Editor

WALTER ROSS, Article Editor

KENNETH LITTAUER, Fiction Editor

TONY PALAZZO, Art Director

Contributing Editors

W. B. COURTNEY
RUTH CARSON

KYLE CRICHTON
LESTER VELLE

JIM MARSHALL
COLLIE SMALL

FRANK GERVASI
FRANK D. MORRIS

AMY PORTER
BILL DAVIDSON

Associate Editors

Fiction

NAOME WALSH
KNOX BURGER
GERTRUDE BUCKMAN
MACLENNAN FARRELL
WALT GROVE

Family Features

RUTH FOWLER
JEAN B. BINGHAM
Humor
GURNEY WILLIAMS
Sports
BILL FAY

Aviation

FREDERICK R. NEELY

London

GWYN BARKER

Food

CHARLOTTE ADAMS

Washington

WILLIAM HILLMAN, Mgr.

JAMES C. DERIEUX

Men's Fashions

BERT BACHARACH

Women's Fashions

TOBÉ

Articles

JAMES N. YOUNG
LEONARD A. PARIS
JACQUELINE PARSONS
WILLIAM A. EMERSON, JR.
EDMUND ANTROBUS
WARREN BROWN

JOHN CONNER, Assistant Managing Editor

MANLEY JACKSON, Director Editorial Research

BRUCE DOWNES, Photography Editor

WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN, Production Director

HELEN P. BUTLER, Production Assistant

Contents for November 20, 1948

Articles

- THE RED PLAN FOR S-DAY.....Louis Francis Budenz 16
I'M A SUCKER FOR SCREWBALLS.....Billy Rose 20
CHAIN STORE IN THE WILDERNESS.....James Dugan 26
I CATCH BANK EMBEZZLERS.....Lester A. Pratt, C.P.A.,
as told to Bill Davidson 51
THROUGH HELL AND HIGH BRASS.....W. B. Courtney 63
(Part 2 of a five-part article)

Short Stories

- SECURITY.....Kathleen Norris 18
★ CRY DEEP, CRY STILL (The Star Story).....Ernest Haycox 22
RIVIERA RENEGADE.....Lawrence G. Blochman 28
JACK POT (The Short Short Story).....Pat Frank 70

Serials

- PASSAGE TO PANAMA (Part 1 of seven parts).....Robert Carson 13
THE IMPUDENT RIFLE (Conclusion).....Dick Pearce 43

Features

- THE WEEK'S MAIL.....from our readers 4
KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD.....Freling Foster 8
THE WEEK'S WORK.....Ted Shane 10
JUNGLE JAMBOREE.....Bruce Downes 24
CLANCY.....John Ruge 30
STEVE CANYON AND ME.....Milton Caniff 36
MAN OF VISION.....Richard Armour 60
INSIDE SPORTS.....Bill Fay 74
LINES ON TOTTERING TO BED.....Margaret Fishback 79
THE WEEK'S PREVIEW.....Kyle Crichton 82
CARTOONS: 32, 45, 49, 53, 55, 59, 61, 64, 65, 66, 72, 73, 76, 80, 81, 85, 89
COLLIER'S BELIEVES: Western Europe Must Unite • Your Thanksgiving
Guest.....90
COVER.....Harriett Shepard

We regret that increased operating costs have obliged us to increase the price of Collier's to fifteen cents beginning with this issue.

The Week's Mail

DAM THE RIVERS!

EDITOR: Your editorial (Oct. 9th) about poisoning our waters and wasting our topsoil causes us all to sit up and take notice.

The time is here when every tributary to any important river should be dammed to hold back the rapid flow of topsoil into the main rivers.

Such a program by the government would do wonders for the Western states, stop erosion and allow the water to seep into the ground to bring back our fast depleting subterranean supply of water, which in most states has reached a dangerous low.

R. M. EDWARDS, Socorro, N. M.

... I have spent over thirty-three years fighting against the whole concept of sewerage disposal, which has resulted in ruining all of our Great Lakes, and have been told that people in the common walks of life should not meddle in such affairs.

When I remember the virgin country I saw in the seventies and then see the blight of natural resources that has occurred since all over the United States, I come to the conclusion that our intelligence is vastly overrated.

WILLIAM NEWTON NICHOLS
Madison, Wis

... Every time I cross the Mystic River on the way to and from Boston I have a feeling of horror at the sight of sulphur and other death-dealing substances which are discharged into it from the banks. Every time the wind turns southeast at my home, I am stifled with a gas which is apt to produce a headache. Every time I see black smoke pouring out of chimneys

COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY Vol. 122, No. 21.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY by the Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norworthy, Treasurer.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: United States and Possessions, Canada, Labrador, Newfoundland and Philippine Islands, one year \$4.00; two years \$6.00; three years \$8.00.

FOR PAN-AMERICAN countries in the postal union, add \$1.00 for each year. For all other foreign countries add \$4.00 for each year.

REMIT by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office, Toronto, Canada.

MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

COPYRIGHT, 1948, BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY (All rights reserved)
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion



**It's Still
a Big Bargain**

The telephone keeps right on being a big bargain. Even in these days of higher prices, a few pennies still buy a telephone call. Increases in telephone rates are much less than the increases in the cost of telephone materials and wages . . . and much less than the increases in other things you buy.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



TO THE READERS OF
Collier's
 An Offer of Useful
**HOSPITALIZATION
 INSURANCE**
 for Individual or Family Groups
 HELPS YOU MEET HOSPITAL EXPENSES in Case of
 UNEXPECTED SICKNESS or ACCIDENT

If sudden illness or accident demands Hospital care, you may go to any recognized Hospital in the U. S. or Canada. It makes no difference where you live. Your North American Hospitalization Policy will help pay your expenses exactly as provided. The coverage is practical and well planned. Completely dependable! Costs only a nickel a day for adults . . . half rate for children to age 18. And what a blessing in time of need

to fall back on this kind of help . . . instead of exposing your own savings to the whole burden. Individuals or family groups—birth to age 69—are eligible for North American protection upon certification of good health at time of application. The Company behind your policy is strong, reliable—a pioneer in the Hospitalization field. Licensed by the Insurance Department of Delaware. Be wise! Get complete details AT ONCE! Mail coupon for FREE Booklet!

**HERE'S WHAT
 YOU GET!**

Hospital Room and Board and General Nursing Care for Sickness or Accident

Per Day for each confinement up to 30 days. **\$6.00**

(Policy will pay for as many as four separate 30 day confinements within one year or total of 120 days at \$6.00 per day.)

Surgical Operations for certain Conditions due to Sickness or Accident.

\$10.00 to \$100.00

Reimbursement of Wage Earner while Hospitalized for Time Lost from Work in Case of Accident. (Not eligible if not gainfully employed for 4 months before accident or if under age 18.)

Per Week (7 days) **\$25.00**

(Limited to 4 weeks—maximum \$100.)

NOTE: Policy does not cover pregnancy, childbirth or complications thereof—except by special Rider available when both husband and wife are Policyholders . . . and at additional cost of 50c per month. Rider provides Maternity Benefit of \$50.00 for confinement occurring after Rider has been in force 10 consecutive months.

Actual Expenses for Accident Receiving Emergency Hospital Treatment within 10 Hours. (No confinement.)

Per Visit, Maximum **\$10.00**
 (Not to Exceed 2 Visits per year.)

Accidental Death (Occurring within 90 days of any Accidental Cause). **\$1000.00**

Accidental Death (Resulting within 90 days of Accident while traveling as fare-paying passenger on public conveyance). **\$2000.00**

Loss of Hands, Feet or Eyes, by Accidental Cause.

\$500.00 to \$750.00

CHILDREN to age 18 are eligible for 50% of benefits since their premium is only half the adult rate.

**HERE'S WHAT
 IT COSTS!**

SCHEDULE OF COSTS

	Monthly	Quarterly	Semi-Annually	Annually
Individual	\$1.50	\$4.50	\$8.50	\$16.00
Husband and Wife	3.00	8.50	16.00	30.00

*For each child under age 18 add 75c per month.
 For Maternity Rider (See "Note" above) add 50c per month.

*At Policyholder's option, children to age 18 can be included at full adult rate and thereby secure full benefits. Otherwise, children to age 18 are entitled to 50% of benefits since their normal premium is only half the adult rate.

**MAIL
 COUPON!**

We'll Send You FREE BOOKLET

Mailing this coupon places you under no obligation whatever. No agent will call. It simply affords you an opportunity to read in the privacy of your own home all details of North American Policy provisions. An Application will be enclosed should you decide to insure.

NORTH AMERICAN MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY
 Dept. Z-1120, North American Bldg., Wilmington 99, Delaware

Please send me without obligation full details about the North American Hospitalization Plan

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

(Paste on penny postcard or mail in envelope)

**NO AGENT
 WILL CALL**

I am filled with indignation. My late husband, who was a chemist, often told me that it could all be eliminated if companies would use scientific methods for disposing of industrial waste. Many gases now allowed to escape could be placed in solution, instead of being allowed to contaminate the air we breathe. I am convinced that the slaughter of our migrating birds is due to the heated gas fumes rising above our cities.

MRS. LEVERETT MEARS, Saugus, Mass.

... Now please write an editorial urging people to save their leaves and house garbage by making a compost pile in a corner of their garden. Or scratch the surface away and after covering the ground with garbage, cover it thinly with the dirt. Work leaves into ground about flower beds. Fifty per cent more fertilizing value in dry leaves than in manure, says the U.S. Department of Agriculture. Leave grass on lawn long in fall to catch and hold snow and also to fertilize. Soot also good for melon vines, etc., as spray. Aphids and cutworms don't like it. Especially hard coal and wood ashes good to lighten clay soil.

DR. V. V. PHELPS, Wayne, Mich.

TEXAS IS TOO BIGGER!

DEAR MR. COLLIER: You had in your magazine where a store in New York (The World's Biggest Store, Sept. 18th) was the biggest but the biggest store is in Texas like everything else is in San Antonio, Texas, is Josheys of Texas is the largest store in the largest state which is Texas by God. You more as likely won't print this on account you damyankees is against us but its the true Josheys of Texas is the largest store and the radio says so to. You'll be saying we ain't the wool center of the world next.

JESSE HOUSTON KING, Who Knows the True, San Angelo, Texas

SEA HORSES

GENTLEMEN: In your column Keep Up With the World (Sept. 18th) you refer to "Fiddler's Green" as the sailors' paradise. I believe that if you check up, you will find out that it is the cavalryman's paradise and not the sailors as you mistakenly stated.

CPL. ANDREW D. GALLATIN, Spokane, Wash.

Could they be the horse marines?

REVIEW OF PREVIEW

DEAR EDITOR: Two years ago I wrote you asking if a movie page could be run weekly.

Now that you are doing it, I desire to tell you I appreciate the previews by Kyle Crichton. They are fine and interesting in every way.

CHARLES P. MERQUELIN,
 East Orange, N. J.

THE ODDS AGAINST US

SIRS: Looks like you let Ted Courtney pull a fast one on you in Sporting Odds (Oct. 2d).

He says Ethan Allen made a record which included, among other things, two outs in an inning. He and you evidently don't know that a batter is never declared out for "batting out of turn." The "out" is charged to the player whose proper turn at bat it was.

BILL GREENE, Fountain City, Tenn.

THE GREAT MRS. ZIEGFELD

DEAR SIR: I've just finished the final episode of that glamorous tale Billie Burke—Her Story (Sept. 25th—Oct. 9th) and have one fault to find with it. It isn't long enough.

Now I'd like to see Cameron Shipp and Billie Burke sell it to the movies. Perhaps Barbara Bel Geddes could play Miss Burke.

VIRGINIA WILHELMSON, San Francisco, Cal.

... Billie Burke—Her Story reveals an unashamed account of the theatrical decadence of the twenties. This fellow Ziegfeld, judging by Miss Burke's story, was a spendthrift of other people's money as evidenced by the

thousands he left unpaid at death. I think if Miss Burke had proper self-respect she would have left him.

A. J. REYNOLDS, Toronto, Canada

... Billie Burke's memoirs were most enjoyable, but in the second installment she says, "After her marriage and divorce from Jack Pickford, Marilyn Miller went to pieces."

It was Olive Thomas, also mentioned, who was married to Jack Pickford, not Marilyn—unless we are very wrong.

SYDNEY KING RUSSELL, New York, N. Y.

You are half very wrong. Both ladies were married to Jack.

OUR TOUGHENED READERS

DEAR COLLIER'S: For Heaven's sake, are you so hard up for stories that you have to hijack slush like that serial Marriage '48 from the soap operas? We women don't read Collier's to get that "feminine" drool.

Get back to the general-appeal stuff and forget the soap-opera addicts; they don't read you anyway!

Incidentally, here's a plug for the occasional hunks of fantasy you've got up enough nerve to publish.

MRS. LUCILLE D. CARLSON,
 Los Angeles, Cal.

... I'm looking forward to Marriage '49, then Marriage '50. Vera Caspary did a fine job. It was as real as reading between the lines of a modern marriage license. . . .

PHYLLIS MAC TAVISH, Chicago, Ill.

POINT ABOUT A POINTER

SIRS: When my husband looked at the Oct. 2d Collier's cover, he exclaimed he'd never seen a "pointer" dog retrieving. A pointer just points.

Labradors, setters, Chesapeake Bays and some others do the retrieving of game in hunting. I think you will receive a number of comments on that cover.

MRS. DONALD E. BURRITT, Fargo, N. D.



It is so common for pointers to retrieve that it is the uncommon one which will refuse.

SNOHOMISHER

GENTLEMEN: Man-Eater from Snohomish (Oct. 2d) is one of the most refreshing stories of the past several years. Where have you been hiding this Warren Anderson? His writing carries an appeal seldom found in the "boy-meets-girl" type of story. Let's have more stories from Mr. Anderson.

MARJORIE L. KAHN, Kansas City, Mo.

**THAR'S ANTELOPE IN
 THEM HILLS**

DEAR SIR: Your Hunter's Map of the U.S.A. (Oct. 2d) listed only five states containing antelope. Have you forgotten that Texas has everything?

MRS. KERR MITCHELL, Marfa, Texas

... I have just returned from antelope hunting and according to the state game warden I have taken the largest antelope that has ever been taken in the state. . . .

JOHN J. HART, Aberdeen, S. D.

... Your writers should have given Idaho credit for antelope, mountain sheep, mountain goat, a small herd of caribou and a few buffalo. We don't eat them here but a great number of our wild horses are sold for meat in various parts of this country.

JOHN J. BOYLE, Stibnite, Idaho

... You failed to include California as a state having antelope. . . .

AL BANTLEY, Susanville, Cal.

Collier's for November 20, 1948

MONARCH

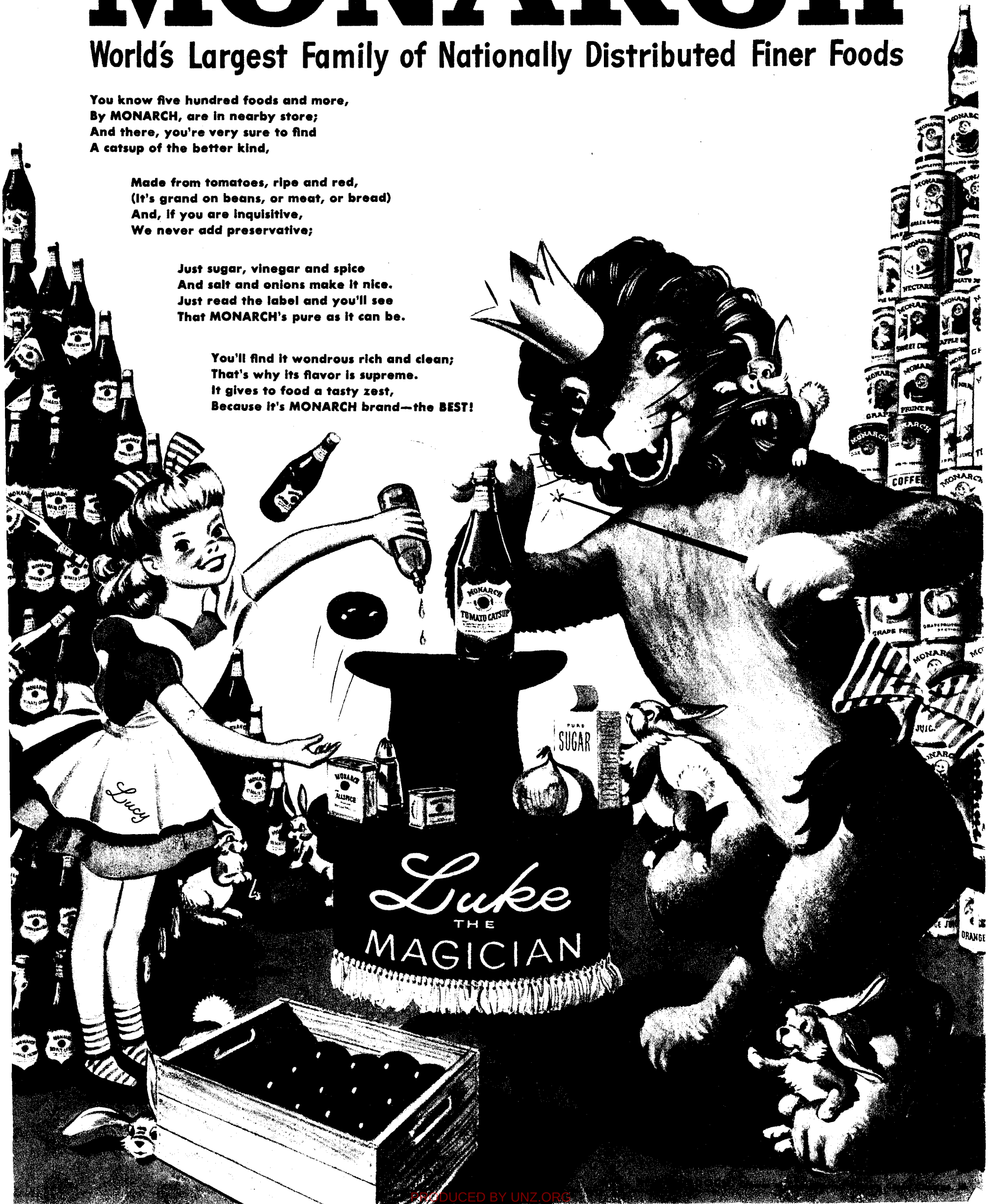
World's Largest Family of Nationally Distributed Finer Foods

You know five hundred foods and more,
By MONARCH, are in nearby store;
And there, you're very sure to find
A catsup of the better kind,

Made from tomatoes, ripe and red,
(It's grand on beans, or meat, or bread)
And, if you are inquisitive,
We never add preservative;

Just sugar, vinegar and spice
And salt and onions make it nice.
Just read the label and you'll see
That MONARCH's pure as it can be.

You'll find it wondrous rich and clean;
That's why its flavor is supreme.
It gives to food a tasty zest,
Because it's MONARCH brand—the BEST!



Here's the Real Low-Down on those
SMOOTH SHAVES THAT KEEP
YOU PRESENTABLE LONGER



MORE DOCTORS
who specialize in care of the skin
USE MENNEN BRUSHLESS
than all other brands
combined.

Helps Make
Beards Up to
47% Softer!

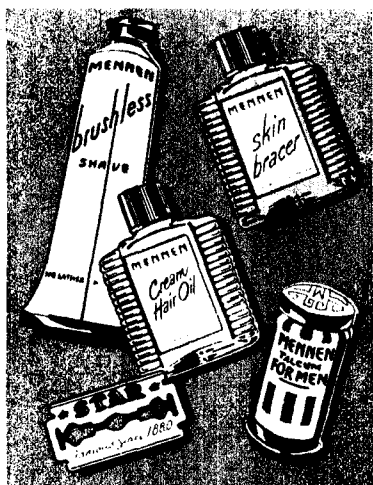
* According to Nationwide Surveys

**Amazing
Offer**

**TO EVERY MAN
WHO SHAVES!**

Complete MENNEN Shave Kit
Only 15¢

• Offered almost as a gift solely to introduce you to Mennen. Only 15¢, mailed postpaid to your door. Offer closes March 31, 1949. Hurry! Mail coupon today.



THE MENNEN COMPANY, Dept. CS-128
52 West Houston St., New York 12, N. Y.

Please send me _____ Mennen Shave Kits. I enclose 15¢ in coin for each Kit ordered.

Name _____
(Please Print Plainly)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

OFFER GOOD ONLY IN U. S. A.

★ The National Guard Defends America ★

★ KEEP UP ★ With the World

BY FRELING FOSTER



THE MOTION PICTURE—Kind Hearts and Coronets—now in production in London, features a unique idea in casting. As the story concerns a family of seven men and a woman who strongly resemble one another, the star of the film, a character actor, plays all eight roles.—*By Mary Margaret Arnold, New York City.*

IN JANUARY, 1831, the South Carolina Railroad put into service one of the first American-made steam locomotives which it named "The Best Friend" and hoped would have a long and profitable life. But its career was suddenly ended a few weeks later when its Negro fireman, annoyed by the roar of escaping steam, tied down the safety valve. The explosion so shocked the countryside that, for several years, the railroad, to secure passengers, had to separate each engine from the rest of the train with a flatcar loaded with cotton.



IN CHURCHES, THEATERS and auditoriums having a pipe organ, most of the visible pipes are dummies, installed merely for their decorative effect. The real pipes have to be made in such a variety of sizes and shapes and arranged in such incongruous groups that they are too unsightly to be seen by the public.



MOST FAMILIES IN the rural sections of China still have a kitchen god whose picture is hung on the wall of the kitchen where he observes the members of the household during the year. Then, on New Year's Day, his picture is burned and thus he is wafted to heaven to make his report on their behavior. If a family fears that the KG's message may be unfavorable, they soak his picture in wine before the burning so he will arrive drunk and be denied admittance at the golden gate.

BECAUSE THE OMISSION saves time and labor and is rarely noticed, characters in animated movie cartoons are usually drawn with three fingers and a thumb on each hand.



DRAWINGS BY JACK BETTS

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission.

"Never give a bachelor an even break!"

WHAT CAN HE DO? She goes after him with everything she's got . . . and brother ***she's got everything!***

• **Dore Schary** presentation

Cary Grant

in **DON HARTMAN'S** production

Every Girl Should Be Married!

CO-STARRING

FRANCHOT TONE • DIANA LYNN

and
Introducing

BETSY DRAKE

with ALAN MOWBRAY • Produced, Directed and Co-written by DON HARTMAN

Screenplay Collaboration by Stephen Morehouse Avery



like cream
hair tonics?



here's
the
cream
of
them
all!



contains Viratol*-gives your
hair that "just-combed" look...

all
day
long!



* This special
compound gives
lustre . . . keeps
hair in place
without stiffness.

NEW FORMULA WITH VIRATOL* works wonders in the looks of your hair. It looks natural . . . it feels natural . . . and it stays in place.

CONTAINS TRIPLE-A LANOLIN, TOO! Special combination of the finest ingredients helps relieve loose dandruff, excessive dryness.

HOMOGENIZED FOR SMOOTHNESS! Just the right consistency for year-round easy flow, smoother application.

new Vaseline cream hair tonic

TRADE MARK

The Week's Work



This week's cover: *Lost Angel.* Harriett Shepard caught little Pat Holland in an off moment during her dancing lesson with accomplished Elaine Arner, and realized she had a cover for Collier's. The lovely legs belong to teacher.

IT IS good to welcome Kathleen Norris, the Dean of American Women Writers, back to these pages again. Her fine story, *Security*, is on page 18. Since the death of her husband, Charles Norris, three years ago, Mrs. Norris' literary output has been fitful, but her 90th novel, *High Holiday*, will shortly appear, and we are all the better pleased to welcome her name again.

Born in 1880, the first time Mrs. Norris ever saw her name in print was in a San Francisco paper which dazzled her by printing a series of sketches about the tent-housed refugees on the sand hills of the Presidio, following the earthquake of 1906. This opened a tight-shut door, and presently she became society editor of the then *Morning Call*.

Two years later she married Charles Gilman Norris, and immigrated to New York, where the *Evening Telegram* paid space on her first attempts at fiction. Winning a \$50 prize for one of these, Mrs. Norris assaulted the magazines, and after that, the two Norrises steadily wrote novels separately, yet "with vigorous verbal collaboration."

Thereafter, the Norrises traveled and shuttled between New York and a rambling California mountain ranch. They raised, besides a son Frank, who is a San Francisco surgeon, the children of her sister, who married the poet William Rose Benét, and who died in 1919.

In 1928—for school and college considerations—the Norrises resided in Palo Alto, California.



Collier's welcomes Kathleen Norris back again

THE New Serial: Since the "lovely Episode of separation from the Army" three years ago, Mr. Robert Carson has been splitting his time between late rising, dashing off a few shelffuls of fiction, and traveling. *Passage to Panama*, which begins an exciting course on page 13, results from a junket to Central America.

"Of course," says Mr. Carson, "there was no such dirty work at the crossroads—we had a wonderful, buggy time."

If Mr. Molotov permits, Mr. Carson hopes to do Europe and the Scandinavian countries next. Meanwhile he lives permanently in a wooded canyon near Los Angeles. "I can be seen any clear day wandering around muttering to myself and looking like Peter the Hermit. I recently succeeded in raising a mustache. A goatee or imperial is next on my schedule, and

then I'd like to try growing a little hair on my head."

LAURENCE G. BLOCHMAN, supplying the obstetrical notes about how his *Riviera Renegade* (p. 28) came into this world, says he first looked on the French Riviera in 1923. "I was at the time editor of the *Riviera* supplement to the *European* edition of—please excuse the expression—*The Chicago Tribune*. The beautiful *Azure Coast* was all cluttered up with people like the Duke of Connaught, the King of Sweden, Suzanne Lenglen, the ex-Sultan of Turkey, Rudy Valentino, Madame Herriot, Colonel Robert R. McCormick and the Dolly Sisters. It was excellent training for fiction writing, and my assistant editor, Bill Bridges, found it valuable background to becoming Curator of Publications for the Bronx Zoo.

"The last time I saw it was after the German collapse in 1945. The country around Marseille was a vast turntable for getting the U.S. Army out of Europe and into the Far East. G.I.s

convalesced or fought off boredom around the Nice and Cannes areas. The Eden Roc was then an officers' club, and the Provençal at Juan-les-Pins was a billet for Wacs and nurses. This is the period described in *Riviera Renegade*.

"But now that Elsa Maxwell has recaptured the Eden Roc, and champagne has again replaced soft drinks in the casinos, I suppose there is another story to be written about the Riviera."

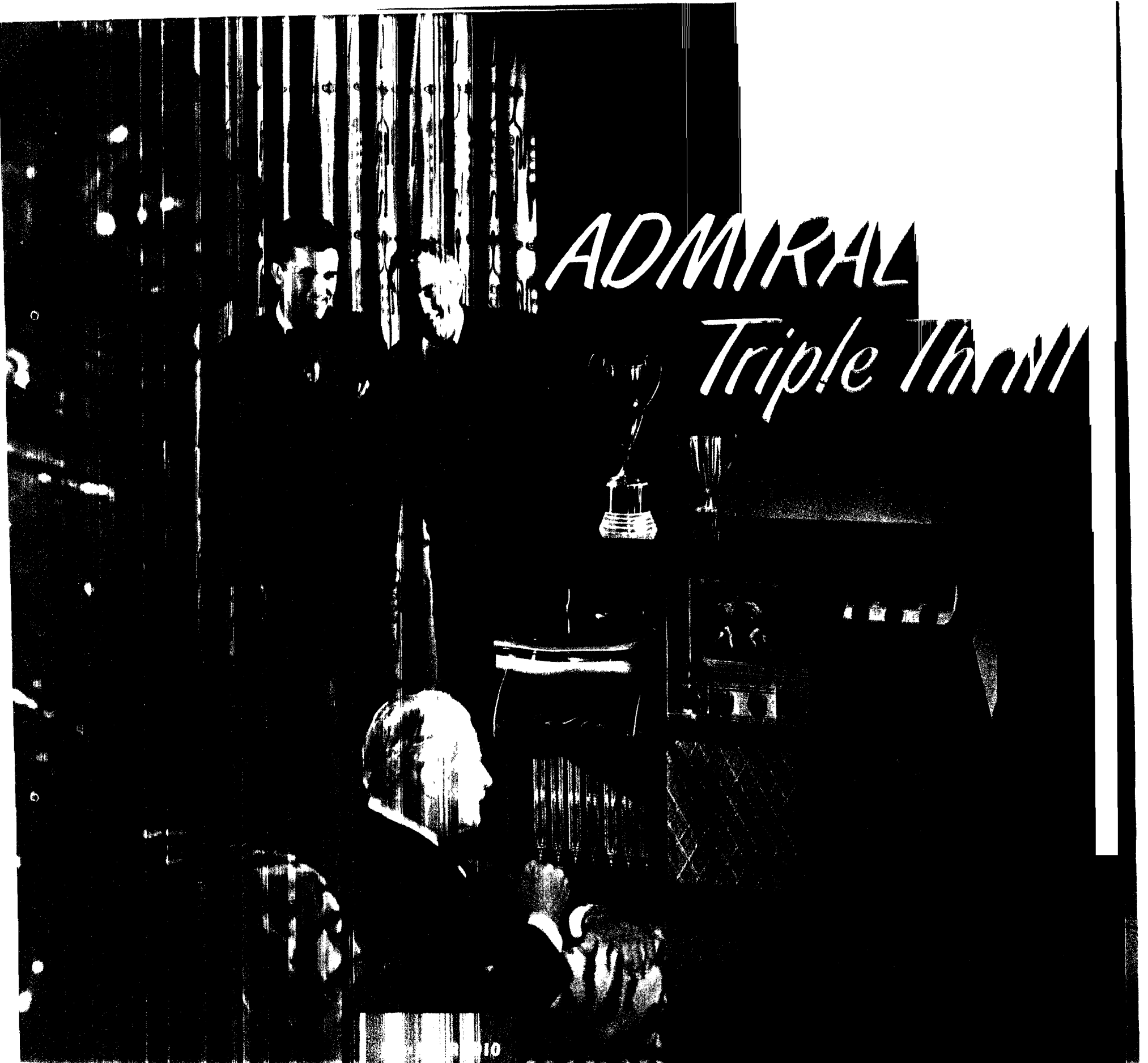
sums up Mr. B. "Remind me to go back and write it someday."

ROBERT HILBERT, who illustrated Pat Frank's short short, *Jack Pot* (p. 70), drew his first breath in Reading, Pennsylvania, in 1920. After high school, Bob went big-citying to Philadelphia, where he studied advertising design until Uncle Sam invited him to design film strips and visual ads for 4½ years. Sprung from service, Bob took a fling at illustrating, at which he has since rung bells.

"But I worry all the time about improving," he reveals. "I secretly long for an ulcer as unmistakably signifying at least some degree of success."

Mr. Hilbert further confesses he prefers to draw with a smidge of humor, and that he is happily married to an interior decorator. "She most satisfactorily decorates any room she is in at the moment," says Mr. Hilbert. "Or redecorates it. . . ." **TED SHANE**

ADMIRAL Triple Thrill



Complete

HOME ENTERTAINMENT

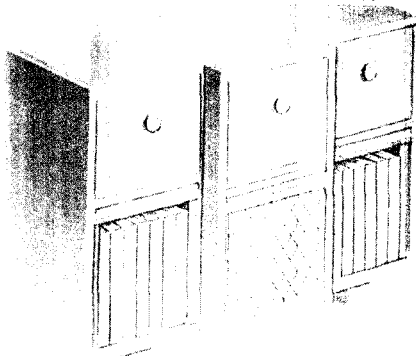
ALL IN *One*

LUXURIOUS CONSOLE

\$549⁵⁰

WALNUT

Plus installation and Fed. tax.
Mahogany or blonde cabinet extra.
Prices slightly higher in south—
subject to change without notice.



From Admiral . . . comes this triple thrill in complete home entertainment. **MAGIC MIRROR TELEVISION** brings you steady, mirror-clear pictures on a big 10" direct-view screen . . . the clearest pictures of them all! Super-powered by 29 tubes (including rectifiers) to assure dependable performance even in outlying areas. Complete channel coverage. Here, too, is a powerful **FM-AM RADIO** including the finest features in static-free FM as engineered by Admiral. New **2-SPEED AUTOMATIC PHONOGRAPH** plays standard as well as the sensational new L.P. (long play) "microgroove" records. Imagine! 45 minutes of music . . . equivalent to a standard 6-record album . . . all from a single 12" record. Truly a triple-thrill . . . all combined in a breathtakingly beautiful cabinet only 48 inches wide! See it! Hear it! Today!

AMERICA'S SMART SET

Admiral

It's new! It's revolutionary!
It's the century's most important
improvement in watchmaking

the **curvametric**^{*} movement

exclusive with

GRUEN CURVEX

Curvex Cadence
\$49.75

Curvex Citadel
\$59.50

Curvex Baron
\$62.50

Curvex Carlton
\$82.50

The world's only curved
watch movement,

with larger, sturdier parts for
greater accuracy

The new, patented Curvametric movement in Gruen Curvex^{*} watches brilliantly solves the problem of how to put big-watch accuracy in the thinnest, most beautiful of curved watch cases. Just as a curve is longer than a straight line between the same points... a movement that curves with the curve of the case permits larger, sturdier, more dependable parts. This is just what the new Gruen Curvametric movement achieves. Only Gruen Curvex has the Curvametric movement. Other curved watches have flat and smaller movements. No wonder Gruen says proudly... here indeed is the world's only *truly curved wristwatch*. See the new Gruen Curvex, in thrilling styles for men and women, at your Gruen jewelers.

From \$49.75, federal tax included. Gruen, the Precision watch, is the official timepiece of Pan American World Airways. The Gruen Watch Company, Time Hill, Cincinnati 6, Ohio. In Canada: Toronto, Ontario. For cherished gifts, consult your jeweler.

Ordinary Watch
Case curved, movement flat. Flat movement cannot fill curved case. Result: smaller movement; tinier, less sturdy parts.

see
the
difference

**Gruen Curvex with
Curvametric Movement**
Both case and movement curve together. Movement fills curved case to maximum. Result: bigger movement; therefore larger, more dependable parts, greater accuracy.

*GRUEN CURVEX AND
CURVAMETRIC ARE REGISTERED
TRADE MARKS. MOVEMENT
PATENT REGISTERED U. S.
PAT. OFFICE NOS. 2184552
AND 2283330.
CANADIAN PATENT NO. 370997.

GRUEN CURVEX

ONLY GRUEN CURVEX GIVES YOU A CURVED MOVEMENT

IN A CURVED CASE. LOOK FOR GRUEN CURVEX ON THE DIAL



PASSAGE TO PANAMA

By ROBERT CARSON

Beginning a serial of adventure and love involving Anna Marie Bishop, an heiress with a mind of her own, the man assigned to guard her—and the crooks who threaten to kill them if they start on a sea voyage

PART I OF A SEVEN-PART SERIAL

THE telephone rang just as Johnny sat down with a bottle of beer, and a juicy law brief to read. He placed the law brief on the edge of a table and picked up the receiver.

"Listen," Frank Graham said, "this is Frank. How are you, boy? How are things? Haven't seen you in months."

"Okay."

"How's the law practice coming? Are you happy?"

"Fine. Yes."

"Listen," Frank said, "I'm your pal. Ain't you glad to hear from me?"

"No, I hate you. Go away. Leave me alone."

"You wouldn't like a little honest work—good pay, short hours, travel, adventure?"

"Nope."

"Meet beautiful rich dames and see the tropics?"

"Who wants to meet a beautiful rich dame and go to the tropics?" Johnny said. "Not me. I don't."

"Listen," Frank said, "I'm meeting in fifteen

"Who wants to meet a beautiful rich dame and go to the tropics?" Johnny said. "Not me. I don't"

minutes with James T. Albertson, of Albertson, Lonigan, Forbes and so forth. You can do him a favor. It's a nice connection for an ambulance chaser."

Johnny drank from the bottle of beer, scratched the top of one stockinged foot with the other, and pondered. Being a dignified professional man was very difficult.

"I'm waiting," Frank said.

"All right," Johnny said. "I'm willing to hear the proposition."

The address was Mr. Albertson's apartment house, the Seawind, on Nob Hill. Johnny regretfully put on his shoes and a tie. It looked like a misty night, so he added a raincoat.

Backing his car from the under part of the Mis-

ILLUSTRATED BY WARD BRACKETT

Ward Brackett

sion Street flat, he drove up on the hill. There was the usual nuisance of finding a place to park in the vicinity of the two big hotels. The thick weather had blanked out San Francisco Bay and most of the town; even the yellow arcs on the Oakland bridge wavered weakly.

The elevator man in the Seawind directed him to the Albertson apartment. A maid admitted Johnny, took him into a large drawing room with two exposures, and asked him to wait a moment. He looked down and could barely discern the outlines of the Hall of Justice. It was a convenient, even inspiring, place for a lawyer.

FRANK GRAHAM entered the room with a tall, brush-haired, ruddy man. Frank himself resembled a Berkeley undergraduate who should have gone out for football instead of letting that excess weight accumulate.

"Mr. Albertson," Frank said, "this is my former partner, John Smith."

Johnny shook hands with Albertson. He and Frank declined a drink. They all sat down.

"I understand you're an attorney, too, Mr. Smith," Albertson said.

"Only a fledgling," Johnny said apologetically. "Not like you, sir."

"Frank tells me you're doing well."

"I made two dollars and a half today representing a man in the small-claims court."

Albertson smiled. "That's exactly what I was doing thirty years ago in Chicago. Mr. Smith, I understand you have had considerable previous experience as a private investigator."

"I worked with Frank before and after the war—before I finished law school."

"My firm, as you may know," Albertson said, "handles nothing but civil cases. Therefore I'm afraid I am a little naïve concerning situations where one retains a personal operative—such work as we have is done by our clerks or accountants. You'll have to forgive any silly questions that I ask, Mr. Smith."

"Yes, sir."

"Have you much familiarity with—ah—difficult situations? By that I mean quasi-legal or even unlawful procedures."

Johnny noticed Frank nodding to him outside Albertson's range of vision. "No, sir," he replied firmly. "There's a lot of misunderstanding about private detective agencies, I presume because of that 'private-eye' stuff in books and on the screen. Most agency work concerns guarding places, look-

ing up information for people, scaring debtors and gathering evidence for contested divorces.

"That was our principal specialty—tracking down some lady or gentleman to an auto court or a hotel, waiting until they were joined by some other lady or gentleman to whom they weren't married, and then busting in and asking them to look at the birdie. I handled the cameras, I've photographed more ladies in nightgowns and more gents in pajamas than I can remember. It's a lousy job."

"I see," Albertson said.

"You hardly ever carry a gun," Johnny said, "and there is no danger. Once in a while somebody wants to claw your eyes out or punch your jaw. You have to keep them from breaking your camera. If you can run fast, lie fluently, impersonate an officer of the law, like associating with bums, have no faith in women or human nature and lack the sense to come in out of the rain, you're a cinch to make the grade as a private investigator."

"But you don't meet beautiful girls that want to neck you right away, you don't keep drinking straight whisky, and bad men don't try to kill you. It's not the way it is in the movies. It's practically the same as being a night watchman, except you don't punch in anywhere."

"Is that so?" Albertson said.

"We made money at it, I'll admit that," Johnny said. "This area seems to have a great deal of trouble that people want to keep quiet. But it's a disgusting and dull way to earn a living. I'm currently trying to go straight."

"And how are you doing?" Frank asked.

"I'm starving," Johnny said, "and I'd rather go without eating than be back standing around a big St. Francis Woods cocktail party in my square-toed shoes waiting for some jerk to drift up to the hostess' boudoir to lift her ice."

"Well, it's been fun with you, Johnny boy, great fun," Frank said, and rose from his chair.

"Wait a minute," Albertson said.

Frank sat down again, abruptly hopeful. Turning to Johnny, Albertson said, "Since we're both members of the legal fraternity, Johnny, I might be able to throw some things your way—in return for a favor from you."

"Frank said I have to travel to the tropics with some dame."

"Only to Panama. Not more than a month of your time is involved, I'm sure. Can you leave your practice that long?"

Johnny smiled faintly.

"I have a friend," Albertson said, "a young lady named Anna Marie Bishop." He paused.

"Never heard of her," Johnny said.

"She's the one they had the piece in the news magazine on, about a month ago," Frank said. "The blond tycoon. It was under 'Business.' She made a wad wildcatting in oil in Wyoming, and then put her dough in some kind of a cold hair wave that girls give themselves at home. She's loaded."

"Sorry," Johnny said.

ALBERTSON'S face reflected slight pain. "Miss Bishop is a brilliant young woman," he said. "Quite attractive, in addition. Very assertive and inclined to eccentricity. Her father is now dead, but he was one of my closest friends as well as my client. He was an oilman. Anna Marie has inherited his vigor and ebullience."

"Uh-huh," Johnny said.

"I am very fond of Anna Marie," Albertson continued. "She is a client. I owe it to her father's memory to safeguard her interests. I would have it forever on my conscience if there were the slightest chance of her being murdered."

"Oh?" Johnny said.

Frank removed a letter from his inside coat pocket and handed it over. The envelope was directed in typewriting to Mr. Albertson, bore no return address, and was postmarked Manila, P. I. It was five days old. Inside was a single sheet of coarse note paper, also typed. The message, in capitals, was brief:

MR. ALBERTSEN ** DO NOT LETT ANNA M BISHOP GO TO REPUB. OF PANAMA BY SEA OR OTHER WAY ** DO NOT LETT HER GO AT ALL SHE MAY BE KILLED ** A FRENED

Johnny returned the envelope to Frank and

lighted a cigarette. He looked at Albertson and raised his eyebrows.

"My office has been handling various correspondence with respect to her Latin-American expedition," Albertson said. "The person who wrote the letter is evidently someone familiar with her plans. That is why I am inclined to attach a certain validity to the warning."

"Expedition?"

"Wait'll you hear this, Johnny," Frank said. "It'll kill you. She's a fascinating kid."

Albertson ran his fingers through his stiff hair in a weary manner. "Anna Marie appears to have an instinct for publicity, and she does nothing by halves. Recently she met an elderly female lecturer in New York named India Redo, the American widow of a Guatemalan gentleman formerly prominent in Central American affairs. Mrs. Redo is apparently versed in the antiquities of those countries, and was on a lecture tour in an effort to raise money for hunting a buried pirate treasure hoard."

ALITTLE puzzled, Johnny said, "No kidding? Go slow, will you, sir—it's easy for me to get mixed up."

"I have difficulty with it myself."

"The best is yet to come, Johnny," Frank said.

"Let me see—" Albertson said. "Oh. The hope of great and sudden profit exercises a powerful fascination on Anna Marie, and she and Mrs. Redo immediately formed a friendship. I tried to intervene with sound advice from this end but to no avail. My client is currently engaged in manufacturing and marketing a product known as Madame de Maintenon Self-Permanent."

"Advertising represents a substantial part of her ventures, and by means unknown to me, she conceived with Mrs. Redo the idea of an aerial search for the hidden monuments of ancient peoples assumed to be still hidden in the jungles. All such buried cities and other material uncovered will be photographed and accurately located. Mrs. Redo, the junior partner, is ready to prepare suitable archaeological commentaries. A moving picture may be made. It is intended as Madame de Maintenon Self-Permanent's gift to science and history."

"It's possible," Johnny said. "They've found a lot of ruins by aerial photography. Made a lot too."

"Tell him about the planes, Mr. Albertson," Frank said.

"Of course," Albertson said. "Anna Marie has secured four twin-engine, demilitarized bombers from government surplus. Export licenses were granted on them in the interests of pure science and Anna Marie's good political connections. Three will constantly be in use across far-flung areas, the other one in reserve. The expedition's projected base is in Panama. Mechanics are now preparing the airplanes for hard tropical service."

"Ferrying them south is to begin as soon as possible. A chief pilot of enormous experience in wilderness flying is being brought from China. If Madame de Maintenon Self-Permanents are profitable enough, my client intends later personally to lead large parties of scientists and explorers to the relics her fliers have discovered."

"Gee," Johnny said.

"Shall I tell him the deal as far as he's concerned?" Frank said to Albertson.

"Please do," Albertson replied.

"Well," Frank said, "Bishop is arriving in town tomorrow and so is a Danish tramp freighter from the Orient called the Leise Neilsen. Bishop has a deal to go down the West Coast in it, stopping off to pick up this Mrs. Redo from her island on the way."

"Island?" Johnny said.

"Mangrove Island," Frank said. "Where'd you say it was, Mr. Albertson?"

"Three hundred-odd miles off the coast of lower Central America, I believe," Albertson said. He looked tiredly at Johnny. "I think I forgot to tell you that, financed by my client, Mrs. Redo went to search for pieces of eight."

"Gosh," Johnny said.

"Where was I?" Frank said. "Oh, yes. You go incognito with Bishop, see, at ten bucks a day and expenses."

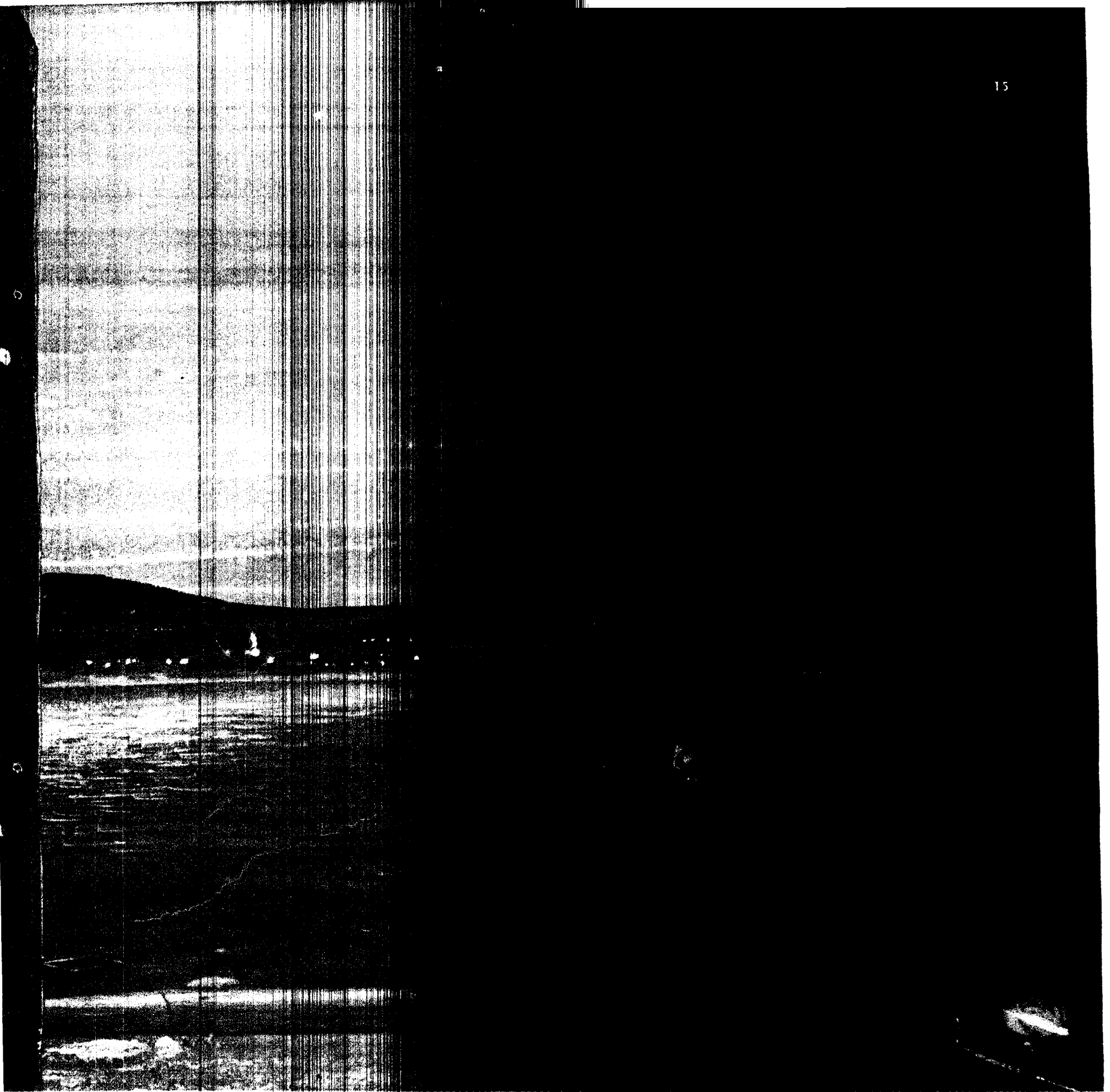
"How much?" Johnny said.

"Twenty a day and expenses," Frank said hastily.

Collier's for November 20, 1948



"You're wondering about my bare feet," Anna Marie said. "I've been having trouble with them"



A flashlight silhouetted Johnny. He was dragged upright by a horny hand. "Okay, buddy," the first cop said. "Lift your hands above your head. And stand still"

"By the time you reach Panama you'll know the setup and if she's in any danger of getting knocked off. If she is hot, you holler in the Canal Zone for the cops. If she isn't, you kiss her goodbye and come home to resume shyshtering. My personal opinion, founded on wide experience, is that—"

"Let me talk, will you, J. Edgar?" Johnny said. "The fee is twenty-five a day and expenses—there's inflation. And I haven't taken the job yet. The letter could be on the level, and I could get laid away right along with Bishop."

"Aw, it said she *may* be killed," Frank said. "That gives you a big out."

"It gives her one too," Johnny said. "So what are we worrying about?"

Collier's for November 20, 1948

"Johnny," Albertson said, "I definitely don't want you to take this if you are concerned for your personal safety."

"I can't say that I am," Johnny said, "but I'm concerned with whether you'll remember to throw me a couple of legal bones when I get home."

"That is part of the agreement," Albertson said. They looked at each other. Albertson appeared honest to Johnny. He lighted another cigarette and absently scratched himself.

"Has Bishop heard of the letter?" Johnny asked. "I read it to her on the telephone when she was still in Washington," Albertson said. "She refused even to consider changing her plans."

"How do I get on the boat?"

"The San Francisco agent of the Danish line is a good friend of mine. He will arrange it."

"Do you know of any reason why somebody should want to kill Bishop?"

"None whatever."

"Got a picture of her?"

"In that silver frame on the piano."

The frame was a double one. Leaning his elbows on the baby grand, Johnny studied the portraits of a hard old guy with friendly eyes and his gorgeous daughter. She had a snub nose, a wide and genial glance, oval jaw lines and high cheekbones and a long glamorous bob. Nothing in the regular tradition, but it all added up.

Johnny thought he saw (Continued on page 84)

The Red Plan for S-Day

By LOUIS FRANCIS BUDENZ

The keys for conquest are forged. Political strikes, minority uprisings and militant youth groups will be unleashed on S-Day, the day the Soviet takes over the United States according to well-laid long-range Communist plans

IF JOSEPH STALIN and his henchmen in the Kremlin decide upon war with the United States, American Communists will spring into instant action with disruptive tactics they have been preparing for twenty-five years. The American comrades, wise in things military, have chosen a dramatic name for this time of terrible decision—"S-Day," or Soviet Day.

I know of this Communist blueprint because for ten years, as a Communist organizer, editor and party worker, I helped in the planning and was involved in the conspiracy. This detailed scheme of doom has been published boldly in Communist documents which most Americans have been too impatient to study.

In the event of war with Russia, a true party member would turn against his own family and people without hesitation to aid the Soviet Union. To that he is pledged. Furthermore, there has long been an elaborate apparatus set up by Communists to strike our war plants, sabotage military objectives and create rebellion, defeatism and civil war among us as soon as war begins.

S-Day, with its concept of Soviet Day, Stalin Day and the day for seizure of power, is a term spoken only in secret councils of the higher leadership, and then only on infrequent but vital occasions. The most vigorous use to which I have heard the term put was by William Z. Foster (now titular chief of U.S. Communists) during the time of the Nazi-Russian pact.

White-faced and tense, the indignant Foster declared that M-Day—or Mobilization Day—plans of the United States "must be smashed by mobilizing the workers, farmers, Negroes and youth around the leadership of the Soviet Union." He added that if the "imperialists" propose an M-Day, "we can plan an S-Day, when Soviet power will make itself felt, through the proletarian internationalism of the American workers."

In this connection, it is revealing that in the August, 1948, issue of Political Affairs, Foster boasted that the United States would lose a war with Soviet Russia. "The world forces of democracy and Socialism are much too strong to be defeated militarily by American imperialism," declared Foster exultantly. (Note the pairing of "democracy" and "Socialism" as almost synonymous—a typical Red trick of word twisting.)

Comrade Foster's complacency is based in large part on his knowledge that the Communist fifth column in America not only remains intact but daily grows stronger.

When the signal for S-Day comes from Moscow the stage will have been set according to the textbook of the conspiracy, The Program of the Communist International, which says this phase "must

be conducted according to the rules of war." Within a few days after the "armed insurrection begins," the government of the United States will have been overthrown and a Russian commissar will be enthroned in Washington. Russia will rule the world.

My purpose is to lay bare the master plan of this gigantic Red plot and to discuss, each in turn, the "keys to conquest," the tools, organizations and methods that will be used. Although I have already taken up Red control of labor unions (Collier's, October 23d), it is necessary here to consider briefly the all-important role the political strike would play on S-Day.

Strikes Will Spearhead the Attack

The first and chief of the weapons to shatter America is the political strike called for the sole purpose of furthering Soviet objectives, although it may ostensibly begin as a legitimate union move. Lenin himself in his State and Revolution singled out the United States as a country where the Reds would have to employ such tactics.

On S-Day, strikes and violence will paralyze American industry in the "concentration districts" of Pittsburgh, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Los Angeles and San Francisco.

Morris Childs, when district leader of the party in Chicago, discussed the political strike at a session of the Communist Training School there. As an almost perfect example, he mentioned the San Francisco general strike of 1934. Childs declared that "the Communists, led from underground by Comrade Edwards (the representative of the Communist International), had turned the demands of the marine workers into a demonstration of strength paralyzing all San Francisco."

"That was a political exercise for revolution," Childs went on. "It was a demonstration that munitions to China could be cut off, if there were a continued flow of such war goods against Soviet China. It was then that we were striving to give the American workers their first education in the necessity of storming the citadels of capitalism by force, as our great leader Stalin directed us to do."

Political strikes have always been a potent weapon. At a meeting of the Political Committee in the early summer of 1941, before the Germans marched into the Soviet Union, I listened to several speakers boastfully estimate the amount of damage Communist-led or Communist-stimulated strikes and slowdowns had done to America's preparedness program, and to the flow of supplies to England. This was "the Soviet Union's contribution to the pact with Germany."

This explains the large place of the "concentration district" in the Communists' plan of organiza-

tion. In these areas exist the basic industries—steel, coal, automobiles, aircraft, maritime, and electric equipment. Into these districts the party puts its chief resources in money, personnel and planning concentration. In the 1948 convention, again, the vital urgency of enlarging Red influence in the concentration districts was stressed. The reason given: the key character of the basic industries in war.

The comrades' reasoning is that to control labor action in the basic industries would be to enable them to wreck American economy any time they chose to do so.

But they also pay special attention to other groups of Americans—Negroes, veterans and youth groups. Thus far, their greatest success has been with the immature, proved by the large num-

Collier's for November 20, 1948



MAX P. HAAS



Communist leaders arrested by the F.B.I. last July for advocating the overthrow of the government by violence. From left to right are William Z. Foster, national chairman, Jacob Stachel, Henry Winston, Benjamin J. Davis, Jr., Eugene Dennis, general secretary, and John Williamson

bers of young men and women who attended the nominating convention of the so-called Progressive party, and, on signal, whooped it up for Henry Wallace.

The principal stronghold of Communist influence on the youth movement is the American Youth for Democracy which, although the comrades try to deny it, is the successor of the Young Communist League. The latter organization was never very successful, largely because of its name. A projected change of name, but not of purpose, was advertised long in advance by the Daily Worker and other Red papers.

One of these heraldings was a lengthy analysis of the league by Max Weiss, former chief of the organization. Weiss emphasized that the proposal "to change the program and name of the Y.C.L.

Collier's for November 20, 1948

and to broaden its leadership" must be accompanied by continued education in Marxism within the league.

And, at the meeting which definitely changed the name, Israel Amter, New York Communist leader, solemnly warned Carl Ross, then an important league official, that the organization had been born under the banner of "Long Live the World Proletarian Dictatorship," and that this must continue to be its guiding slogan.

Overnight the name of the Young Communist League was changed to the American Youth for Democracy, and Ross was metamorphosed from executive secretary of the Y.C.L. into national secretary of the A.Y.D.

The thunder of revolutionary guns in Russia had scarcely been stilled before American Communists

were busily trying to sow discord among Negroes. Taking opportunistic advantage of the Negro's legitimate complaints, the comrades began to plump for "self-determination in the black belt."

When I joined the party in 1935, the Reds were vociferously clamoring for the creation of a Negro republic, to be separated from the United States by force, if necessary. The outcry against this proposal, in which intelligent Negroes joined, caused the committee to drop it in 1936.

During the next dozen years the manner in which the Communists handled the Negro question showed, as clearly as anything else has done, their utter subservience to Moscow and their complete cynicism toward the colored man.

Whenever the Soviet dictatorship's opposition to America is strong, as (Continued on page 76)



Security

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

He was younger than she was, but youth was
what she wanted—and youth was what she got

TILLY PHILLIPS was the handsomest woman at Pebble Beach that summer, or at Carmel, Del Monte or Cypress Point, for that matter. Here was an unchallengeable beauty, and she worked hard at it. Her dressing table was dainty enough, with just a few exquisite bottles and jars in sight, but in her bathroom there was a veritable battery of cosmetics, brushes, creams, plasters, pencils, rouges and powders. She knew all about them, and so did her favorite hairdresser and her tried-and-true facial specialist.

She went up to San Francisco once a week, "to see my old aunt." She had no aunt, but she had only recently returned to California and nobody knew her guile well enough to know that.

Tilly's husband, years deceased, had left her a handsome fortune. It was nearly gone now, and Havelock, her man of business, was beginning to be annoying and grave and reproachful about it. If Tilly had ever worried she would have worried about Havelock's revelations. But Tilly never worried.

She was almost thirty-one thousand dollars in the hole—well. Her bills were beginning to be embellished with little accusative pointing hands—well. Things couldn't—hem, they really couldn't go on this way. Well!

Tilly had been in tighter places than this. Besides, while Havelock might have a hazy idea of Kiddy von Kiedelsen's existence, he probably didn't dream how deeply Kiddy came into the over-all picture, or he would be less anxious.

Kiddy was thirty-five, lovable, careless, handsome, generous and unbelievably rich. The Kiedelsen millions were indisputable and they were all his. Kiddy couldn't, even with earnest effort and inexhaustible checkbooks, spend his money.

He was spending lots of it now on Tilly. Creamy leis, faintly scented, came daily from his place in Honolulu. Candy came twice weekly from New Orleans and Baltimore. Handkerchiefs appeared in flat boxes, and Tilly was experienced enough to know that the price of each one would buy a dozen filmy beauties finer than any she had ever known in her girlhood as Matilda Buckins, waitress in her mother's wayside coffeeshop.

The way had been long, since then; the ice sometimes had been thin, but Tilly had enjoyed every step. Marriage to prosperous Jim Phillips had been tremendously helpful, not but what she had loved Jim with all her affectionate heart. But marriage to Kiddy would eclipse all Tilly's other ventures, risks, acts of daring. If she got away with it—and she knew she could—there would be no more risks, and poor Havelock would wear a smile of perpetual bliss. There would be security. Security at last.

And the best part of it was—or at least one very good part of it was—that Kiddy would be happy, ecstatically, ideally happy. He would have the happiest times of his life, with a devoted, amusing, completely companionable and beautiful wife beside him. They would go from the Florida villa to the yacht, to the Maine shooting box, the maisonette at the Ritz. There would be the grand old German-town mansion, with its heavy treasures of silver and linen and mahogany, to explore.

Always the suites de luxe on the big liners, from now on. Always the quiet little rear rooms at the jewelers', when a present for Mrs. von Kiedelsen was under discussion. The twinkling emeralds, the creamy pearls would be spilled out on little squares of black velvet. "Adrian, darling, don't be such a fool!" Tilly would protest.

But he'd buy it, whatever it was. He loved to be a fool, for her; for seven weeks now, since the evening they had first met, he had been a happy fool, over Tilly. He was helplessly, besottedly in love. He loved everything about her.

He adored her at dinner, when her full, smooth, sun-tanned breasts rose from the cramping hold of velvet or brocade, when her flawless throat was circled by pearls so much less rare than those he planned for her, yet made thrilling by the touch of that firm flesh. He adored the deep blue eyes, with their serious look followed so quickly by the smile that seemed to glow in them like the liquid light of sapphires.

He adored the lean cheeks, the deep eye sockets, the delightful wide mouth and big teeth, the curve of golden brown hair over the hidden small ears. And something about the grip of the flat, square, ivory hand, the sound of the husky voice that always had a note of protesting laughter in it, rendered Kiddy helpless with love and desire, rode his waking and his dreams, made every road go to "Beachover," and every telephone hold potentially the sound of Tilly's golden voice.

His approach was clumsy, but strong. He was going to ask her very soon, perhaps today! Tilly walked out onto the terrace of Beachover and stood looking at the sea.

THE servants' wing and the four garage stalls were on the road; guests walked through rocky gardens under mammoth oaks and giant eucalyptus and past twisted silver cypresses, to come about the awninged windows and reach the terrace and the potted plants, and the half acre of grassy beauty that sloped steeply down to the rocks and the sand, and the intruding, outrushing Pacific.

Beachover was a show place. Jim Phillips had built it for Tilly; they had spent summers here. Frivolous, splendid summers that always made the society columns, truly, but nothing like the summers that would come now, as Kiddy's wife.

Tilly loved California and Beachover. She might be ruined now—Havelock in his dull gray-mustached way had indicated that she was—but while she had the house she had credit, and just of late the extravagance of her life here had seemed a good investment. To have the right place in which to entertain him—to be fresh and carefree and young for him.

That was the catch. Kiddy was openly, joyously thirty-five. Tilly was fifty-four. He had been married before, of course, but not successfully. His bride, straight from the heart of Texas, had swiftly developed Hollywood ambitions, had "loved another," as Kiddy told Tilly with his mouth drawn down and his great laugh ready to burst forth, had disappeared from his life, burned her own little life out at twenty-three (Continued on page 38)

She heard a step and turned to see him standing at the corner of the house. Something odd in his eyes chilled her with a moment's fear, but it did not last

ILLUSTRATED BY
TOM HALL



In a voice like a rusty bugle, Ted Healy sang Ol' Man River while the chimp acted it out. The one on the left is the author

I'm A Sucker for Screwballs

By BILLY ROSE

In the realm of strait jackets and padded walls there are a lot of people who can say, "Billy Rose knew me . . ."

ALL my life I've been intrigued by the Daffy Dans who were almost, but not quite, ready for the long white shirt with the starch. You can pal around with the normal guy who takes the 5:15 to East Orange. I'll take the Nutsy Fagan who eats chocolate sundaes for breakfast and bets the room rent on 50-to-1 shots.

Why do I prefer screwballs to solid citizens? Well, screwballs are more fun. Why waste my life on a rich buttonhole maker when I can be listening to the man who sells life-giving elixir—or your money cheerfully refunded?

My favorite psycho was the late Ted Healy. Ted came into my life when I was doing Crazy Quilt. I remember when he first exploded into my office. He was wearing a beat-up Skippy hat, carpet slippers, and a camel's-hair coat big enough for a camel. He was accompanied by a chimpanzee.

In a voice like a rusty bugle, the comedian sang Ol' Man River while the chimp acted it out. Naturally, I had to have such a team in my show.

A few months after Crazy Quilt opened, Healy and I were having a beer together. Suddenly he got up and said, "I think I can trust you. Come with me."

He emptied the pretzel bowl into his pocket and led me back to the darkened 44th Street Theatre, where our show was playing. Lighting matches to see our way, we climbed to the floor above the electrician's booth. Finally we got to the door of a low-ceilinged prop room. Healy opened it, and I saw a pair of shining eyes at the far end of the room.

"What is it?" I asked. "A pussycat?"

"Nope," said Ted proudly, "a Zip."

He lighted another match. Sitting on some old canvas was one of those pygmies with a head like an inverted ice-cream cone.

"I've had him up here for a month," said Ted as he fed the pinhead the stolen pretzels. "Bought him from a side show at Coney. It's good luck to have a Zip."

Some months later when the show was playing Missoula, Montana, I dropped into Ted's hotel

room. The chimp, which Ted had brought with him on his first visit to my office, was sitting on his bed, sucking a popsicle.

"How can you live in the same room with that aromatic ape?" I asked.

Ted gave what for him was the complete explanation. "He's muh pal."

ANOTHER STANDOUT in my cuckoo cavalcade was English Bob, the nose biter. Bob walked into my office one day, wearing a cocoa-colored suit and an Edward VII derby. He talked like a man with a monocle in his throat.

"Could I interest you in a miniature which once belonged to Madame Pompadour?" he said. "Ten dollars."

"Into the street with you, laddie buck," I said. My press agent, a sure-footed old-timer, dragged me into the hall.

"Listen, Thunderhead," he said softly. "I think you ought to buy the miniature. That's English Bob, the nose biter. When thwarted, he goes ber-

Collier's for November 20, 1948

serk, grabs you by the lapels and bites off the tip of your nose!"

"Let him nibble on Jimmy Durante if he's hungry," I said.

"Don't make any two-bit jokes about this gentleman," said the press agent. "A few years ago a judge gave him thirty days for vagrancy. In open court, English Bob pointed his finger at His Honor's schnoz and announced, 'I'm going to bite off the tip when I get out.'"

"Thirty-one days later when he was just out of stir, he grabbed the judge on the courthouse steps and snapped off the end of his smeller."

"On second thought," I said, "that miniature would look very good on my mantel."

SHORTLY AFTER the Aquacade closed, I hired a scenic designer named Rudolf Richter to do a show for me. Rudy was a talented gent but a bit of a wack, and it was a standard gag along Shubert Alley that when a producer hired him, he had to hire another fellow. The other fellow's job was to follow Rudy and fish him out whenever he dropped into an open manhole.

One day Rudy fell in love with Bess Morgan, the top looker in our show. Naturally, none of the mob backstage thought the daffy designer had a chance with this doll, but they were wrong. The girl started going steady with him, and for a simple reason—he had asked her to marry him.

A month after he proposed, Bess married him. And the day after the wedding, he told me they had rented a six-room apartment on Park Avenue, and invited me to drop around as soon as they were settled.

A few weeks later I did, and I took Eleanor along.

Rudy and Bess were at the door to meet us, and when we walked into the apartment, I looked around, and so did Eleanor. And then we looked at each other.

There were no draperies, no carpets and no pictures. In the living room there was a phone on the floor—and nothing else. There was nothing in the master bedroom but a bed, and the only stick of furniture in the dining room was a plain deal table on which Rudy kept his crayons and paints.

When we left, Eleanor said, "I'll be darned if I can understand it."

"I think I do," I said. "We see Rudy's place as an empty apartment. But with Bess sharing it with him, he probably sees it as a cross between Solomon's palace and Marie Antoinette's boudoir."

"I don't care what he sees," said Eleanor. "I'm betting the marriage won't last." And how right she was!

A couple of weeks later, I ran into Rudy on Broadway. "How's Bess?" I asked.

"I wish I knew," said the designer. "She left me last week for another guy."

"I'm sorry to hear it," I said. "Who is he?"

"I don't know," said Rudy, "but I think he's in the furniture business."

ANOTHER charter member of the Screwball Social and Athletic Club was the late Myron Selznick, Hollywood's most successful agent. In 1932, he got me \$5,000 for a song that wasn't worth five. And for the wackiest of reasons.

For years I had been hearing stories about Selznick and how handy he was with his fists; that when John Barrymore had talked out of turn one night at a party, Myron had dumped him on his distinguished *derrière*, and it had taken a dozen men to dissuade the little agent from remodeling the world's most famous profile, etc.

In the summer of 1931, I

spent several week ends at Ben Hecht's house in Nyack, New York. One afternoon while Ben and I were fooling around in the gym he had rigged up in his cellar, a West Coast agent I'll call Bill Meyer dropped in. He made some snide crack about the way I was punching the light bag and then asked me to feel his muscle. I reached up and felt him behind the ears.

Meyer got mad and started bragging about how many guys he had licked. Just to be ornery, I offered to bet him Myron Selznick could belt his brains out. We put up twenty bucks and Hecht held the stakes.

The following year I found myself fresh out of folding money and decided to go to Hollywood, figuring I might sell a song or two to some tone-deaf producer. I had hardly been in my Hollywood hotel room ten minutes when Myron's secretary phoned. "Mr. Selznick wants you to come right over," she said.

I knew Selznick didn't send for people unless the deal involved big numbers, and so I put on a clean shirt and panted over to his office, and the girl at the reception desk ushered me in with everything but trumpets.

"I've been wanting to meet you," said Selznick. "How long are you going to be in town?"

I told him it depended on how I made out.

"I've instructed the office to put a car at your disposal," said Myron. "How about having dinner at my house tonight?"

During dinner, I kept wondering when Myron would start talking business. At nine o'clock he tested his knuckles against his palm and said, "Let's go find Bill Meyer."

"Bill who?" I asked.

"Bill Meyer," he repeated. "Ben Hecht told me about the wager. I'm going to knock Meyer through a wall tonight and win your bet for you."

During the next six hours, we cruised around Hollywood looking for the agent. At 3:00 A.M. Selznick got Meyer's mother out of bed. When she told him her son had flown to New York that morning, Myron took it pretty hard.

"The double-crosser!" he kept muttering.

By this time I knew that the big deal Hollywood's number-one agent had for me was to hold his coat while he took Meyer apart.

"So long, Billy," he said at the hotel. "Sorry I let you down. Is there anything I can do to make it up to you?"



Once Over Lightly, a part-time pickpocket, and his crony Dr. Slowly, sometime dentist, enjoyed an evening of friendly chess and slander



English Bob grabbed the judge on the courthouse steps and bit off the end of His Honor's smeller

"Well, just by coincidence," I said, "I happen to have a great ditty in my inside pocket—"

Next day the little game chicken got me \$5,000 for a song that wasn't worth five.

NO SCREWBALL SAGA would be complete without Nick the Greek. One summer evening some years back, I was standing outside Lindy's Restaurant when Nick strolled up.

"If you have nothing better to do," said the legendary gambler, "walk down to Thirty-fourth Street with me. They're playing tonight across the street from Macy's."

We walked south on Broadway, and as we moved along Nick told me about some poems he had been reading, by Swinburne. I had heard that Nick was a patron of the arts as well as of the freckled cubes, but had never believed it. By the time we got to Thirty-fourth Street, I did.

At the doorway of an old loft building, a gent with a toothpick in his face gave us the up and down. On the third floor, a second toothpick-in-the-face opened a metal fire door, and we walked into the biggest dice game in the world.

This was the floating crap game of O. K. Coakley—the bootleggers' Bradley. In the center of a low-ceilinged room big as a skating rink stood a billiard table. Around it, four deep, clustered the players. They made room for Nick as fishermen might for Izaak Walton. I recognized Arnold Rothstein, Big Frenchy and a couple of bootleggers.

As usual, Nick bet against the dice. A few minutes after we came in, a well-known comedian began to roll them. Nick faded him and covered all side bets. The comic made eleven straight passes.

"See you again, gentlemen," said Nick as he turned away from the table.

He had lost \$240,000.

On the way back to Nick's hotel, I kept waiting for him to curse, kick a garbage can, do anything. Instead, he analyzed a painting he had seen at the Metropolitan Museum—Old Woman Cutting Her Nails, by Rembrandt.

"There's some doubt about its authenticity," he said. "It's been ascribed to Nicolaas Maas, but it's a great picture no matter who painted it."

At the hotel he invited me up for a nightcap. I kept waiting for the gesture which would indicate he was unhappy about losing almost a quarter of a million in a quarter of an hour.

Nick's room was high up and cool. On the night table by his bed was a plate with an orange on it. He poured me a drink, and as I sipped it, I saw his brows pull together in a frown.

"Here it comes," I said to myself.

He reached for the phone. "I want the manager," he said, the softness out of his voice.

"McKelway," said Nick, "when I checked into this hotel, I asked that an orange and a banana be sent to my room each night. The orange is here, but the banana is missing." (Continued on page 78)

Cry deep, Cry still

By ERNEST HAYCOX



Martha Mercy watched her husband depart and then turned
to face the wildness and the rains of Oregon alone.

Young Tom was sick and the wolves were prowling

WINNER OF THIS WEEK'S
\$1,000 FICTION AWARD



AT FOUR o'clock that morning when John Mercy rose to search out and yoke the oxen, it was a mud-black world. The scudding clouds of a southwest storm were breaking in violence against the hills and releasing a fat rain which searched through the cabin walls and became a humid sweat upon everything. Today would be only a sullen, end-of-the-world twilight, as yesterday had been, and for as many days back as Mrs. Mercy cared to remember.

Mercy returned for breakfast, the heat of the room dyeing his wind-stung cheeks to blood crimson. He said brief grace and looked about the table, to his wife Martha, to Caroline in her flannel nightgown, to young Tom still drugged with sleep. "The devil's crying at the eaves but he can't get in." The hard work of a first fall in Oregon, the laying up of the cabin and the breaking of land, had taken twenty pounds from him, but he was cheerful, his eyes as blue as old velvet. "I'll let Tom milk and fetch water. It will save me an hour. It's a slow sixty miles each way, the Yamhill and the Tualatin to ford. They'll be high."

"You can't ford the Willamette or the Columbia," Mrs. Mercy said. "What'll you do?"

"At the Willamette's mouth I'll find some Indians to canoe me to the fort."

"And leave wagon and beasts for them to steal." "I don't contemplate it," he said. "Eight days ought to see me back here."

"How can those pawky little canoes carry you, two millstones and a barrel of flour? You'll sink. What would we do, left three alone out here two thousand miles from home?"

"Don't contemplate that either," he said. He rose and made slow work buttoning on his overcoat while he watched his wife. "You'll be all right?"

"Worry for yourself."

"It might be nine days instead of eight," John Mercy said.

"If you see anybody along the way that we came over the plains with—though that would be like finding a penny in the ocean—tell them hello and say we're doing well."

"So we are," he said agreeably.

"Just say it," she retorted.

He went about the table to kiss the top of his daughter's head. He said, "Magpie for sharp," and he nodded at his son. "Do the chores without being asked and cause your mother no worry. You're the man here." He took up the sack of food and moved to the door, but there he swung to give his wife a grave moment's look.

She was aware of it and suddenly fell briskly to her chores about the fireplace, ignoring him. She said, "Well, you'd better get started," and then noticed the mud he had brought into the house with his shoes. "Dirt, dirt, I'll die of it." He looked at her but said nothing, and went into the darkness.

Wind rushed past him with its fat, stinging rain. He threw the food into the wagon and walked abreast the oxen to prod them into motion. "Hup, Dandy, Babe! Hup!" The beasts stirred the covered wagon forward, into the meadow and across it toward a valley lying blind in the night.

Fort Vancouver, toward which he was bound for millstones and flour, was sixty miles northward

Before she got quite to the corner of the shed she caught sight of a movement in the trees, and a sunken-flanked wolf came silently into the clearing

through a country inhabited by scarcely more than a hundred white people; this was December and the year of 1842 came to its gusty ending in rain and wind. He bent his head and trudged forward over the spongy soil. . . .

After he was well gone, Martha Mercy opened the door to look after him, sighting nothing now. She listened to the dashing roar of the wind in the fir tops high over the cabin; the sound of it drew her mouth into a displeased line and she closed the door and walked to the fireplace, a young woman with a clear brown face rarely lighted by a smile, with restless hands and a preoccupied manner. "Tom," she said, "the cow can hook off that top rail of the gate. You take a piece of rope and tie it."

The wind's rustling was endless, and she noted the glitter of water seeping through the log spaces. She turned to frown at the room: the beds and table and chairs cramping it, the boxes piled over boxes, the extra bedding and furniture stored above the rafter crosspieces, the crowded shelves, the clothing hanging from pegs everywhere; she saw the mud near the door and it was a match exploding her discontent. She seized the broom and went vigorously around the room, under the beds and under the children's feet at the table. Caroline said, "I want to dress now."

"Light the lantern, Tom. Put on the heavy coat."

She pulled the big kettle, with its simmering water, from the crane and scalded the milk bucket. Bundled against the weather, young Tom went out into the darkness and as soon as he had gone Caroline changed from nightgown to clothes.

MARTHA MERCY got the comb, and stood back of the chair for half an hour's patient combing of the girl's hair, forming its exact part, braiding it and tying the braids. Momentarily, she was pleased. Caroline was pretty.

"Now, then, if you're sharp as a magpie, as your father says, do the dishes," Martha said.

She went to the shed and carried in the full pans of another day's milk, took off the cream and dumped the skim into a bucket for the pigs; she scalded the pans and filled them with the fresh milk young Tom brought in. Young Tom went slowly out to feed the pigs, a first light then creeping like dirty water into the morning. She thought: He's tired for some reason, and began to worry about him; he never had Caroline's bubbling health.

She put on her big cloak and tied a scarf around her head. From the shed she got an armload of pitch wood and stove sticks and carried them to the outdoor fireplace. She laid the pitch wood, brought a bucket of coals from the cabin and got the fire going, the variable currents of wind throwing smoke into her face. When the fire was strong she hoisted a great iron scalding pot and lodged it on the rock ledge above the flame and took a bucket behind the cabin.

A barrel stood here on stilts, a tub beneath it. Fire ashes filled the barrel, the rain washed through the ashes, and lye water trickled into the tub; she made three trips from tub to kettle with the lye water, then got an egg from the house and dropped it in the lye water for a test. The egg floated, its end barely above surface. Out of the cabin she brought the grease saved from butchered deer, from two bears Mercy had shot, from bacon drippings. This went into the kettle with the lye water.

She fed the fire and (Continued on page 44)

ILLUSTRATED BY PIOTR DIMITRI



Brazilian jungle rhythms explode in a frenzied orgy in the Broken Pianolita number, high spot of Magdalena. Dance convolutions are shown on opposite page

Jungle Jamboree

By BRUCE DOWNES

In Magdalena, California's gift to Broadway, a Brazilian composer's jungle rhythms enchant audiences who like their operettas hot

DRAMATIC critics, the marauding mosquitoes of show business, are never more comically expendable than when faced with music. When Magdalena, California's gift to Broadway, opened in September, the early season's doldrums burst into a sudden frenzy of Brazilian music and critical cacophony to remind the customers once more that criticism is spinach.

The opening night was followed by a morning-after rash of brickbats and balm that frightened the spotlights out of impresario Homer Curran and the angels, who had invested close to a third of a million dollars in this opulent operetta, staged it in Los Angeles and shipped it circus fashion in a twelve-car special train to New York. The show had made its world *premiere* under the long-haired auspices of the Los Angeles Civic Light Opera Association, with the customary civic hoopla.

In New York there was no civic pride. "Magdalena," wrote the New York Times' scholarly and ordinarily amiable Brooks Atkinson, "is one of the most overpoweringly dull musical dramas of all time." From this atomic attack on up to the Daily News' John Chapman's rave, the rest of the critics hemmed and hawed. For the most part they couldn't see the show for the plot, which did on occasion yawn and creak dismally.

But by the end of the first week the perverse

public, as if to flout the tottering New York critical politburo, began flocking to Billy Rose's Ziegfeld Theatre if not to see Magdalena, certainly to hear the extraordinary music of famed Heitor Villa-Lobos, whose bizarre, tropical rhythms, accompanied by some of the most remarkable rump-writhing in recent history, has been mesmerizing habitués ever since.

Villa-Lobos, no Brazilian tin-pan alley cat, was guilty of originality and sound music (the music critics said so) whose themes and melodies doubtless disappointed the juke-box devotees.

Jungle Rhythms Spark the Show

Stemming as it does from the Brazilian jungle music of the primitive Indians, the Magdalena score sparks and vitalizes the whole show—from Howard Bay's tropical settings and the warm, richly earthy colors of Sharaff's costumes, to the Jack Cole choreography and the first-rate singing of the principals.

Magdalena (the name of a river in Colombia, not, as you suspected, of a sultry heroine) is a lush dish for eye, ear and libido; and when imported native percussion instruments like the *matraca*, the *reco reco* and the *pio de metal*—to name three of a dozen in the orchestra pit—get going under the auspices of the Villa-Lobos genius, the stage throbs

with color, movement and such anatomical manifestations as those now scorching these adjacent columns.

The dancers, arrested in their gyrations by the Peskin brothers' high-speed photography, are in the throes of the Broken Pianolita number, in which the mesmeric power of the Villa-Lobos music drumbeats the dancers into a voluptuous frenzy. The scene begins with a religious chant, which is interrupted when Pedro, the pagan hero, tinkers with an old pianola until it comes alive with halting, dissonant notes. The religious chant continues as counterpoint to the vulgar and barbaric music of the broken pianola as the native pagans rise to the rhythmic stimulus.

This sound and sensuousness overpower the rest of Magdalena. The plot and dialogue are a yawning chasm resting on the hyphen between Villa and Lobos. Unconventional and larynx-breaking as their songs are, Dorothy Sarnoff, as the heroine, and John Raitt, as the pagan hero whom she converts, sing exceedingly well and cope more successfully than you'd expect with the vintage dialogue of Frederick Hazlitt Brennan and Mr. Curran.

In the interstices, Irra Petina, the Russian-born Metropolitan Opera singer, comes through as both a powerful voice and as a predatory comic-opera cook, the one note of genuine comedy to be found in Magdalena. □□□

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID AND HY PESKIN





The Hudson's Bay Company's fur post at Port Harrison, Canada. To your left is the manager's house; to your right, the trading store

Chain Store in the Wilderness

From the pleasant streets of Canada's cities to the stormiest outpost in her boundless wilderness, Hudson's Bay stores fly the flag of civilization. What do you want? Meat and potatoes? A sable coat? A pair of socks? A diamond? These stores can serve you

LAST summer a Detroit auto executive invited four friends to be his guests on a seaplane fishing trip into the wilds of northern Ontario. The four arrived at the dock smartly dressed in explorer's gear. Their host, awaiting them, was in his business suit, without baggage or tackle. He had not, he said, had time to go home for his equipment. "But," one of the guests replied, "you told us the lake we're going to fish is a hundred miles from the nearest town."

"Right," the auto executive said, "but I can get along—don't worry."

They flew 700 miles into some of the wildest territory left on the globe, alighted on the lake and made camp. The host unstrapped their canoe from the port float of the plane and paddled away. In an hour he returned, dressed in bush clothes and holding the tiller of a new outboard engine. He tossed a duffel roll with five new blankets on the beach, handed out a fishing rod, and came

By JAMES DUGAN

ashore carrying a half-pound can of pipe mixture and a copy of John Kieran's Poems I Remember. "I went over to the store," he said.

"The store!" His friends stared at the silent shore lines of the great lonely lake.

"Sure. The Hudson's Bay Company is just around the island there. The post manager thought we might want to do a little reading. I radioed my wife that everything is okay; she'll call the other girls."

The auto man's magic is everyday business for the Hudson's Bay Company. The world's oldest chain store, founded in 1670, serves the top half of our continent, the great Canadian North. If you live north or west of the Great Lakes, one of the 275 "Bay" stores is not far away. There you can buy almost anything you may need.

The company sells calico and plug tobacco to the Indians and Afghanistan rugs and *smörgåsbord* to the palefaces. It sells the Eskimo his English-made snow knife, his Irish fishing net, and even the caribou skin from which he makes his parka.

It also sells black prairie farmland in Manitoba, custom-tailored suits in the arctic, and vitamin pills to pop into the mouths of Ojibway Indian papooses.

The full moniker of the firm is The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay, chartered on May 2d, 1670. Once a name synonymous with the fur trade, the Hudson's Bay Company is now a merchandising giant with numerous exotic side lines. It runs a shipping fleet, a cargo air line, a continental radio-telegraph service, six big department stores, fifty sizable general stores, a distillery in Scotland, a golf course, a Persian lamb ranch in South Africa, an anthropological museum, a dozen restaurants, a wholesale liquor firm in New (Continued on page 30)

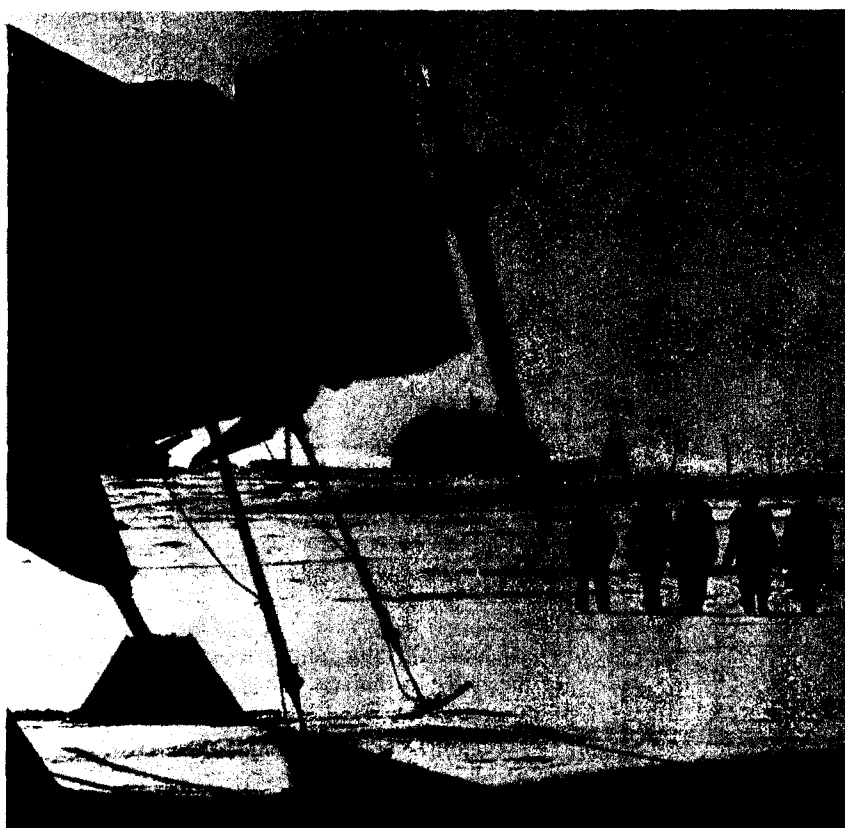
Collier's for November 20, 1948



The manager at Port Harrison obliges an Eskimo with a little free dentistry. Surgical and medical instruments are supplied by the company. H.B.C. managers must, of necessity, be Jacks-of-all-trades



The manager's family lives in an 8-room house. H.B.C. supplies the children with special diets, medical advice by radio, and correspondence schooling. Post wives are flown to a hospital for childbirth



An H.B.C. Norseman ski plane calls with supplies at an arctic post. A plane is always available for emergency missions no matter how bad the weather may be or how great the distance to be flown



Bob Urquhart, H.B.C. fur post manager, greets some trappers who have come in to trade fox furs. The visitors will receive tobacco, tea, flour or any of the thousands of items carried by the post stores

PHOTOGRAPHS BY R. W. HARRINGTON



It is not often that such a
despicable woman so richly
deserves to be murdered

By LAWRENCE G.
BLOCHMAN

ACCORDING to the newspapers, *Monsieur le Juge*, you are the examining magistrate in the case of James Patterson, the American soldier who was arrested last night while carrying the body of a woman named Mimi Lacourt from a bench on the Promenade des Anglais. The papers say the soldier was about to dispose of the body in the sea, but—

You have already turned the boy over to the Americans for court-martial? But I tell you the French civil courts must retain jurisdiction in this case. You must insist, *Monsieur le Juge*, because the Americans will hang Patterson—and they must not hang him. Let me tell you why.

My name is Paul Murdock. I hesitated about coming to you, *Monsieur le Juge*, because people in Nice call me a renegade, a bad American, and a collaborationist.

It is true that I did not return to America when Marshal Pétain surrendered—perhaps because I was too comfortable in my Riviera villa, perhaps because I have lived in France for forty years, perhaps because, although I am no longer young, I still love to paint the red sea cliffs and the olive-covered hills and the houses drowsing in the sun beside the blue Mediterranean.

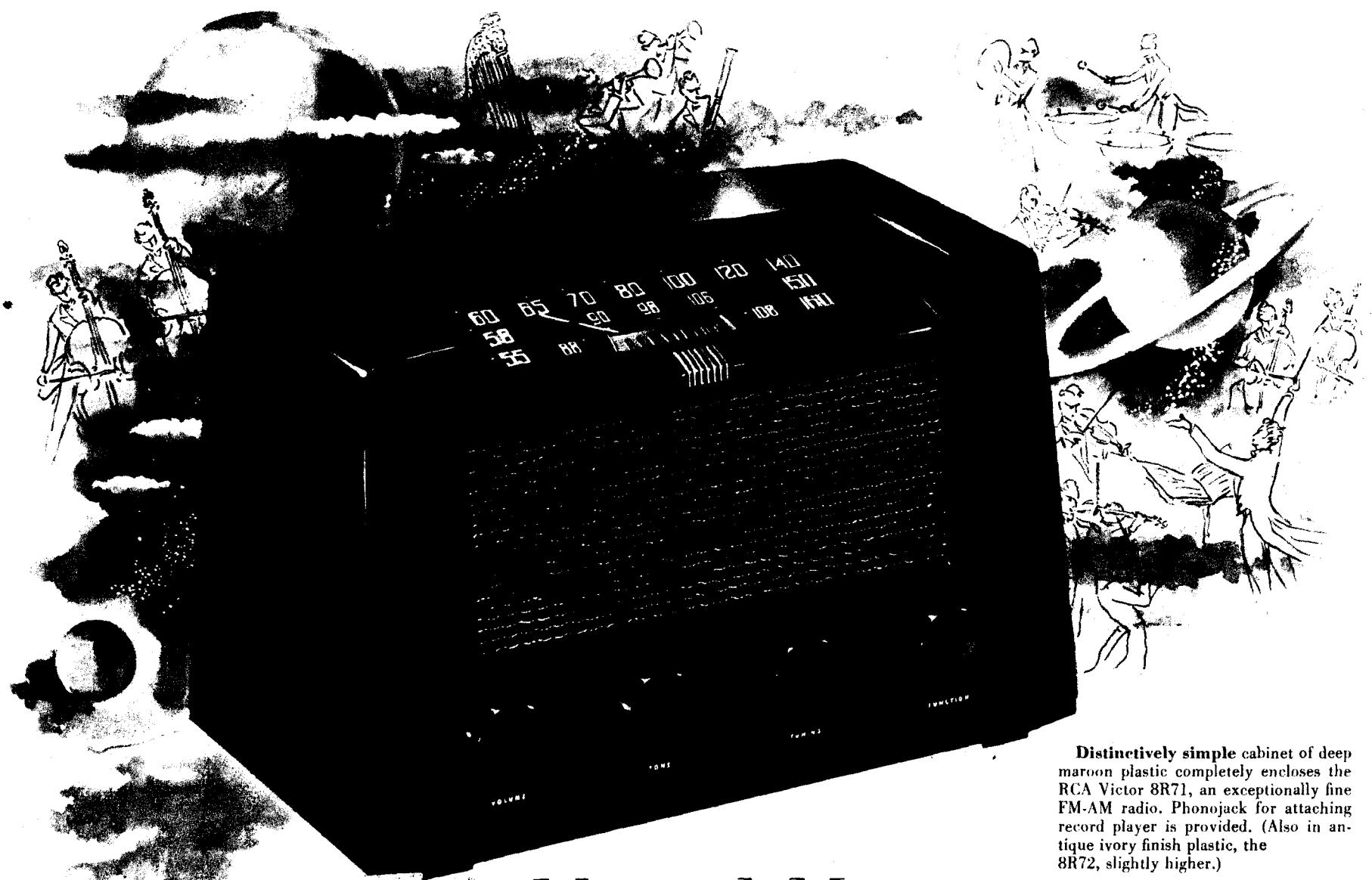
It is also true that I was frequently seen drinking *apéritifs* with Major Giacomo of the Italian Armistice Commission, which is the reason, people say, that I was not molested by the occupation forces. But I should like to point out, *Monsieur le Juge*, that I knew Major Giacomo when he was a buyer for a New York art dealer. He was caught by the war in Rome, and being as easygoing and as unconcerned with politics as I, he preferred a commission in the Italian army to a Fascist concentration camp. He was a man of the world, and it was pleasant to dine with him and his beautiful French mistress.

When the Americans landed in North Africa and the Germans overran the Riviera, Major Giacomo returned to Italy. I cannot swear that he bequeathed his mistress to Oberstleutnant Fritsch of the Gestapo. But I do know that when she asked for the address of an artist friend of mine named Bertrand and I gave it to her—I did not dream that an artist would be working for the underground—Bertrand was arrested and shot.

I lived in terror for the next few weeks. I think I was more terrified by the fact that the Germans did not molest me than by the possibility of being sent to Germany and interned. At last I fled to a mountain village back of Saint-Sauveur. For nearly two years I lived like a peasant. It was not agreeable, but it was safe, and it was far from the war—so far, in fact, that when my countrymen landed on the southern coast and swept up the Rhone Valley and over the Alps, I was (Continued on page 72)

The papers say the soldier was about to dispose of the body in the sea. They must not hang him

ILLUSTRATED BY LOU CUNETTE



Distinctively simple cabinet of deep maroon plastic completely encloses the RCA Victor 8R71, an exceptionally fine FM-AM radio. Phonojack for attaching record player is provided. (Also in antique ivory finish plastic, the 8R72, slightly higher.)

Musical Magic...

RCA Victor FM and the "Golden Throat"

RCA Victor engineers are perfectionists—and they've surpassed their own exacting standards in this new FM-AM table model! It's one of the finest of many outstanding values you'll find waiting for your choice at your RCA Victor dealer's.

You get, of course, brilliant performance for standard radio, with extra power, a big, supersensitive speaker . . . but wait till you

tune in Frequency Modulation! With RCA Victor's simpler, more sensitive FM circuits plus the tonal perfection of the "Golden Throat," you hear *pure music*, as though it were floating through a clear, moonlit sky... no static, no background noise to mar your pleasure. It's a completely new experience in listening! Hear and judge for yourself at your RCA Victor dealer's.

Exquisite, "Fine-Wood" finish enriches the plastic cabinets of these new RCA Victor FM-AM table radios. The characteristic graining is faithfully duplicated in the 8R76 (shown) of modern blond wood...the 8R75 of Butt Walnut...the 8R74 of Fiddleback Mahogany.



Only RCA Victor makes this perfectly balanced 3-Way Acoustical System. It gives you radio tone so rich, so true that in actual public tests even trained musicians could not tell the "Golden Throat" from an "In Person" performance.

When you're in New York, see the radio and electronic wonders at the RCA EXHIBITION HALL. Open free to all. 36 West 49th Street, across from Radio City.

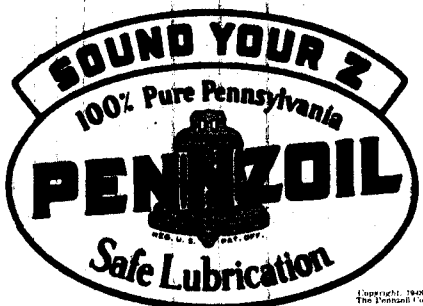
RCA VICTOR  
DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA



**DOUBLE
ACTION
PENNZOIL
MOTOR OIL**

**FLOWS FAST
STAYS TOUGH!**

Change to genuine
Pennzoil for winter.
Sound your "Z" at this
sign of better dealers
from coast to coast.



Registered Trade Mark Member Penn Grade Crude Oil Ass'n., Permit No. 2
Tough-film PENNZOIL gives all engines
an extra margin of safety

CHAIN STORE IN THE WILDERNESS

Continued from page 26

York, a coffee and tea import house, a woolen mill in Yorkshire, and it provides the annual stipend of the Anglican Bishop of Rupert's Land.

The fur-trade department of the giant enterprise consists of 215 fur posts strewn over 3,695,189 square miles of Canada and the arctic. There is also a great fur auction house in London, an experimental fur-breeding farm in Manitoba, and four beaver preserves as large as Massachusetts and New Hampshire combined.

This is a complicated setup, but it is nothing compared with that of the old days. The Hudson's Bay Company once owned half of North America. It conducted naval battles, fought several land wars, founded most of the large cities of the Northwest, supported all the missionaries, both Protestant and Catholic, and made the U.S. government pay \$450,000 through the nose for land acquired in the Oregon settlement of 1846.

Until 1869, when the company yielded its civil power to the infant Dominion of Canada, the Hudson's Bay man was law in more territory than was then contained in the United States. He could hang you or marry you. The company issued its own currency. It had the right, and still has, to put its initials, HBC, in the corner of the Canadian flag.

The modern company, operated from air-conditioned headquarters in Winnipeg, is glad to be rid of naval battles and homicide sentences. Its executives are kept busy enough with high-powered merchandising, labor relations and the logistical problem of moving tonnages over an almost entirely wild area from Baffin Island to the Pacific and the Great Lakes to the Arctic straits.

Terms of Original Charter

The charter of the world's oldest chain store was granted by King Charles II on May 2d, 1670. It was a dilly. It gave all the Company of Adventurers the rights to "the whole trade of all those seas, straits and bays, rivers, lakes and creeks, and sounds within the straits commonly called Hudson's Straights, together with all the lands, countries and territories upon the coasts and confines of the seas, straits, bays, lakes, rivers, creeks and sounds aforesaid."

The regal gesture took in 2,000,000 square miles. The rugged Scotsmen who put the corporation to work in the wilderness even improved on it. At one time or another they ran fur posts in Bermuda, California, Hawaii, Siberia and Russian Alaska.

Two hundred and seventy-eight years later the company is still 90 per cent British-owned, and it holds on to a lot of ancient trappings. The chairman of the board, Sir Patrick Ashley Cooper, is called the governor. Stockholders are proprietors and their annual meeting is the general court. The old charter obliges the company to pay a novel tribute to members of the British royal family when they visit Canada—two elk and two black beavers. The Duke of Windsor, then Prince of Wales, got his skins in 1927, while the present royal couple collected in 1939.

Department stores are now the biggest part of the \$43,000,000 business, with large stores in Winnipeg, Edmonton, Calgary, Vancouver, Victoria and Saskatoon. The company also owns fifty modern general stores supplying gold-mining towns and paper-pulp towns. The snazzy store in the frontier gold camp of Yellowknife grossed a million bucks last year. On the frozen shore of Great Slave Lake, a thousand miles north of Spokane, the "Bay store" last year presented a New Look fashion show.

In place of the fabulous express canoe brigades paddled by singing *voyageurs*, the lonely posts are now linked by non-singing bush pilots who arrive on pontoons and skis, bringing supplies, cost accountants and district supervisors.

When the company lost its fur monopoly eighty years ago a lot of exotic holdings had to be consolidated. The only enclaves on U.S. territory are the wholly owned subsidiary, Lampson, Fraser & Huth, Inc., of New York, which auctions H.B.C. raw furs, and another company which wholesales Best Procurable Scotch—and also Jamaica and Demerara rum and cognac, as well as the most famous blankets in the world, the Hudson's Bay point blankets.

When the spring breakup in the bush and arctic barrens brings the annual Eskimo and Indian harvest of beaver, mink, fox, otter, muskrat, seal and caribou to the post store, the furs are baled in great wooden presses, some of them older than the Liberty Bell.

After the lakes are free of ice, Norseman float planes, Catalina flying boats and the H.B.C. shipping fleet move into action to get the bales out to auction in New York and Beaver Hall, Garlick Hill, London. Auction sales are held on Garlick Hill in the spring, autumn and winter.

The company deals only in raw furs. In its own department stores you cannot be sure of buying a fur coat with the hammer-pricked insigne "H.B.C." on the insides of the pelts. The skins may come from Revillon Frères or dozens of other competitive fur traders.

Indiscriminate slaughter of fur-bearing animals has almost extinguished the beaver in large areas of Canada. The Hudson's Bay Company has taken the lead in preserving wild beaver by main-

taining four preserves around James Bay, comprising 17,000 square miles. Indians and Eskimos have shot almost all the caribou in the eastern arctic. Caribou is the warmest of all skins for parkas and boots; now the natives have to buy them at the Hudson's Bay post.

The company maintains an experimental breeding farm near Winnipeg, where experiments are conducted to produce new mutations of wild furs. Here a Hudson's Bay employee holds one of the world's unique jobs. He sits all day in a fifty-foot tower, training binoculars on the animal pens and recording mating interludes in his logbook.

Too Many Women to Please

Jim Douglas, the superintendent of the breeding farm, is the most hen-pecked man in the world, in that he is subject to the fashion whims of millions of women. He will spend \$50,000 breeding generations of animals to produce such an unusual fur as spotted mink, and watch it hit the fur market with a thud.

Douglas points dolefully to his superb white arctic foxes. "Why don't the women like that pelt?" he sighs. "Long-haired furs I can hardly give away. Everyone wants mink, muskrat and Persian lamb. I guess we will have to wait for a new generation of girls to grow up who have never worn long-haired furs. Then they will discover them and the boom will be on."

Native trappers are also bewildered by the caprices of fashion. After patiently trapping their season's catch during a long winter of hardship and carrying the furs sometimes hundreds of miles to the post, they may find that the pelts have gone out of style since last year and are worth virtually nothing. When a fur tum-

Clancy

By John Ruge



Collier's for November 20, 1948

"I taxi my family 25 miles a day," says Mrs. Robert E. Prescott, Jr. of Quincy, Mass., "so you can guess why I like my new Ford. It feels so safe—something a mother appreciates." (That's because our new "Lifeguard" body combined with the 5-cross member, box-section frame is actually 59% more rigid!)

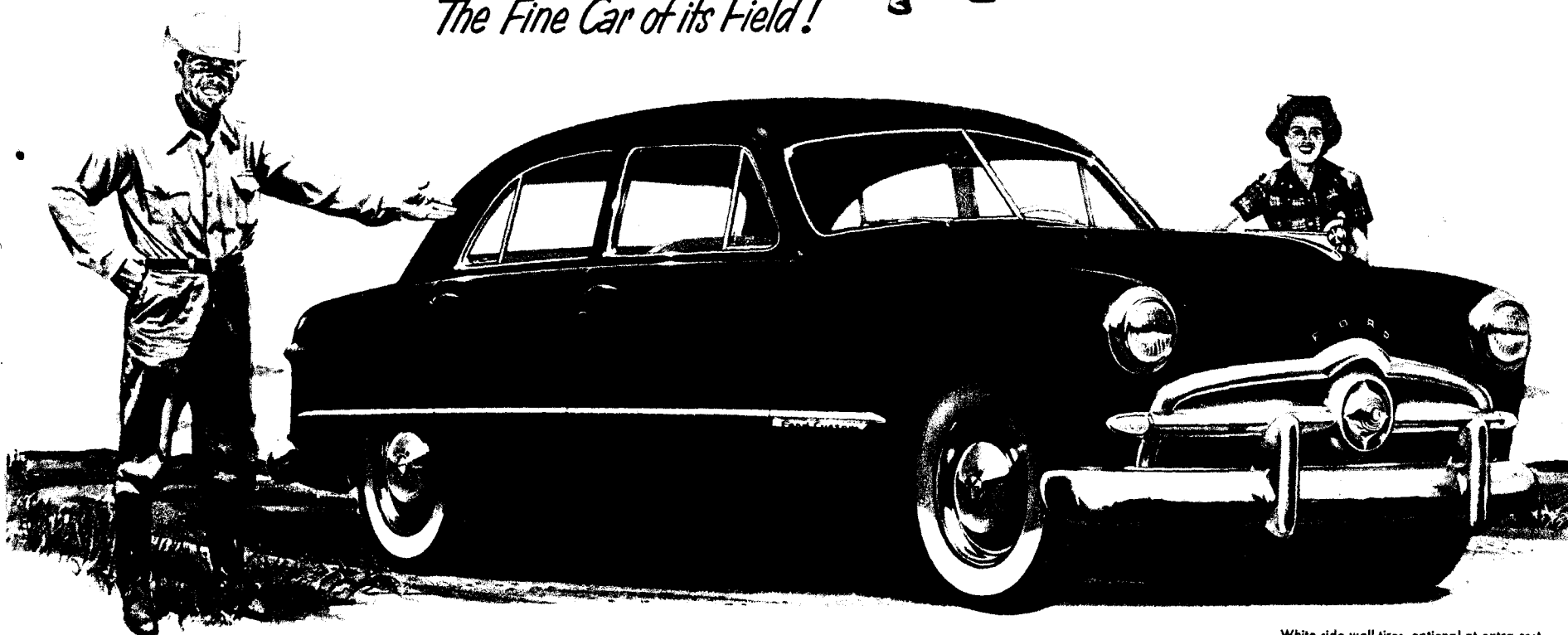
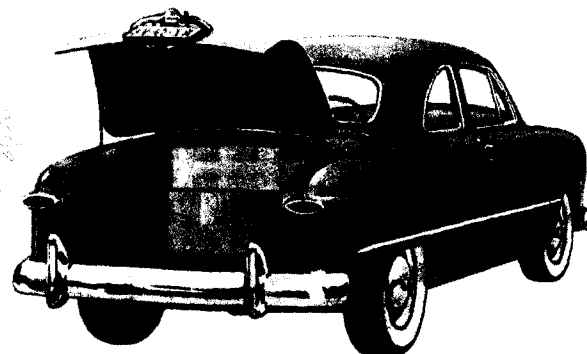


"My Ford's a fine storeroom for the various metal products I carry," says Mr. Wright Yount, Detroit, Michigan. "And traveling 750 miles a week, I'm sold on the extra gas mileage, too!" (Yes, Mr. Yount, there's lots more space in the new "Deep Deck" Luggage Locker. And that extra gas saving—up to 10%—results from improvements such as the new "Deep Breath" Manifolding and new "Equa-Flo" Cooling.)

"With some 50,000 head of cattle on approximately 900,000 acres to look after, the '49 Ford is a welcome addition to the Ford family. I can drive mine all day without fatigue," says Mr. Richard M. Kleberg, Jr. of King Ranch, Kingsville, Texas. (Thanks, Mr. Kleberg. Our new "Hydra-Coil" Front Springs and "Para-Flex" Rear Springs are what make our new "Mid Ship" Ride so smooth.)

OUT FRONT with All America '49 FORD

The Fine Car of its Field!



White side wall tires, optional at extra cost.

"The lumbering industry," says Mrs. J. Trotochau, Seattle, Wash., "means you cover miles and miles every single day. That's why I appreciate my new '49 Ford so much. No car could be easier to drive." (A few reasons for that are Ford's new "Arrow-Straight" Steering and new "Magic Action" King-Size Brakes.)

There's a ^{NEW} Ford in your future



by don herold

This car
acts
awful cranky

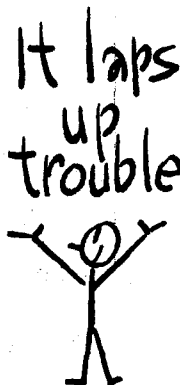


**A new product that
fixes up your car's
aches and pains—
prevents fuel line
freezing—helps easy
starting.**

Here is something brand new out of chemical science. It prevents a lot of winter motor aches and pains by lapping up condensed water in fuel systems and blending it harmlessly into gasoline, so it will "burn."

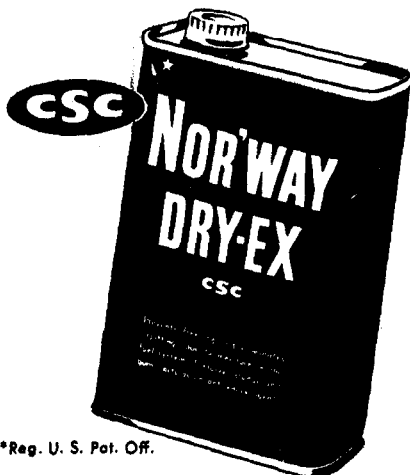
The name is NOR'WAY DRY-EX.*

It will stop your car's coughs, spits and sputters. It will prevent frozen fuel lines. It will help assure easy starting. It also dissolves sludge and gum in the fuel system.



Make it routine to give your fuel system the help of this fine, new, proven, preventive product. Get a can today!

COMMERCIAL SOLVENTS CORPORATION
Specialties Division
17 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.



*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

bles out of fashion it means less tea, tobacco and outboard gas to the Indian and Eskimo.

The present governor of the Company of Adventurers is Sir Patrick Ashley Cooper, a gigantic Scotsman who is thirtieth in a line of governors stretching back almost three centuries to Prince Rupert, "the Mad Cavalier," who was the losing general to Oliver Cromwell at Naseby. The third governor was Winston Churchill's distinguished ancestor, the Duke of Marlborough.

When Sir Patrick took over in 1931 not a single man of the previous 29 governors had ever visited Canada. He repaired the neglect of 261 years of absentee management by instituting annual visits to the vast chain of stores and fur posts across the top of the American hemisphere.

Once every year over Hudson's Bay House in Winnipeg there flies the governor's flag of the Company of Adventurers with its two rampant moose supporting a shield of beavers. It signifies that Sir Patrick and the able Canadian Governor P. A. Chester are seated in the Canadian committee room under Sir Peter Lely's portrait of Prince Rupert, planning the course of the ancient corporation.

From Winnipeg the two governors set out on their summer aerial inspection of the posts. A hundred years ago the 5,000-mile annual tour was made by canoe from Montreal. The great Canadian Governor Sir George Simpson took this grueling jaunt in a top hat and announced his arrival at a post with bagpipe tunes from his personal piper, Colin Fraser.

Governors Visit a Fur Post

Sir Patrick and P. A. Chester wear mosquito nettings on their heads when they step down from a company Norseman bush plane to visit such posts as Osnaburgh House in northwestern Ontario. Instead of bagpipes, Mrs. Jo Harvey, the post manager's wife, will play them a Bing Crosby number on her electric phonograph.

In her big sunny house on the headland of a blue lake, Mrs. Harvey has inside plumbing, electricity, a gasoline washing machine and oil heat. Her Venetian blinds and tasteful modern housefurnishings were chosen by an interior decorator.

She has sterling silver, Staffordshire china, double damask napkins, and a personal dog team, among the 2,700 articles of household furnishings the company issues to each fur post residence. She operates the H.B.C. radiotelegraph and radiotelephone at her post, and can exchange recipes on the radio with another fur post wife a hundred miles away.

The company likes to have families on the isolated fur posts. Houses and furnishings, fuel and power are free. Post children take the same Baltimore correspondence courses the U.S. State Department sends to consular children in out-of-the-way places. When a post kid is ten, the company foots the bill to send him out to school and gives him financial assistance up to college age.

Medical attention is free. Every home has a giant medical chest, including surgical and dental instruments, and Pa can ring up a medical advisory committee in Toronto on the radio any time he wants a clue to colic. The company publishes its own handbooks on gardening, arctic diet, prenatal care and home medicine.

Its aircraft will fly anywhere in any weather to bring out an emergency case. In 1939 pilots flew 900 miles in raging November blizzards to a post inside the Arctic Circle to bring out a frostbitten missionary. The instant air pickup of emergency cases prompted one old-time Scot fur man to declare that "a man

never had an appendix until they invented the airplane."

The company's first Canadian governor was a man named Charles Bayly. A fiery Quaker, Bayly took it into his head in the year 1661—before he joined the company—to visit Rome, with the announced purpose of converting the Pope to Quakerism. As soon as the thunderstruck Italians comprehended his scheme, Bayly went into the clink.

When released, after six months, Bayly walked back to England, where the equally unconvertible Charles II stashed him in the Tower of London. The lieutenant of the tower was Sir John Robinson, one of the proprietors of the new Hudson's Bay Company. He liked the spunk of the red-hot Quaker and made him a proposition. "If thee should go out to America and head up our fur trade I think I could spring thee."

Bayly said, "Done, by God and George Fox!" And the Company of Adventurers were off to a good start.

Fur post buildings in recent years have been made of pre-cut lumber, freighted over the ice or flown to the site. The nonchalant H.B.C. bush pilots are surprised at nothing in the way of cargo. They have flown live beavers and cows, sled dogs that fight and get airsick, and steel beams for church roofs. As animal herders they have it a little easier than the H.B.C. men who attempted in 1833 to drive 1,300 sheep from Kentucky to Manitoba on foot—and actually arrived with a few sheep left.

Today the inquisitive Eskimo is forcing the company into the radio repair business. When the jolly aborigine purchases his portable hellbox he takes it apart. Now the Eskimo has mastered marine engines, but he has a few baffling trinkets left over when he reassembles his radio set. The company is subcontracting an estimated 4,000 repair jobs this year on new Eskimo wireless sets.

The Indians in the giant Hudson's Bay Company parish have given up making their own moccasins. They buy the H.B.C. muleskin brand made on the machines of the Casey Jones Company of Winnipeg. Indian beadwork has

almost vanished. Like many other crimes against humanity this is due to Adolf Hitler. When the Nazis occupied Czechoslovakia in 1938, they cut off the Indians' principal source of beads.

In the decade before Czech beads were again displayed in the Hudson's Bay posts the Indians lost their beautiful craft. Occasionally you see a bright glimpse of beadwork on an old man's moccasins but it is obscured by the rubber overshoes the Indians wear.

A Wealth of Historic Data

In its long imperial 278 years, the company has amassed mountains of archives which contain gold veins of our continental history. So the old company, among its other chores, has gone into the history-publishing business. The Hudson's Bay Record Society has published ten volumes of fascinating archives, edited by English and American scholars. The Archives Department is also providing dope for Dr. Vilhjalmur Stefansson's vast Encyclopedia Arctica.

In the big Winnipeg department store the Hudson's Bay museum displays company documents and relics associated with northern history. It does not contain the usual collection of local junk which makes the small-town museum a mockery and bore, but spends its postage politely declining to give its stuff away to the Museum of Natural History in New York and the Musée de L'Homme in Paris.

The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay may be the oldest corporation still in business, but it isn't ready to drop dead for some time to come. The history is still going strong. Recently at Port Harrison in the eastern arctic, Billy Woodrow, the young son of the post radio operator, was playing war with some Eskimo kids. When it came to declaring which belligerent they represented, one of the Eskimo boys said, "Americanie, me." The next said, "Japanesie," and the third, "Shermanie." Then they asked Billy who he was. "The company!" he cried.



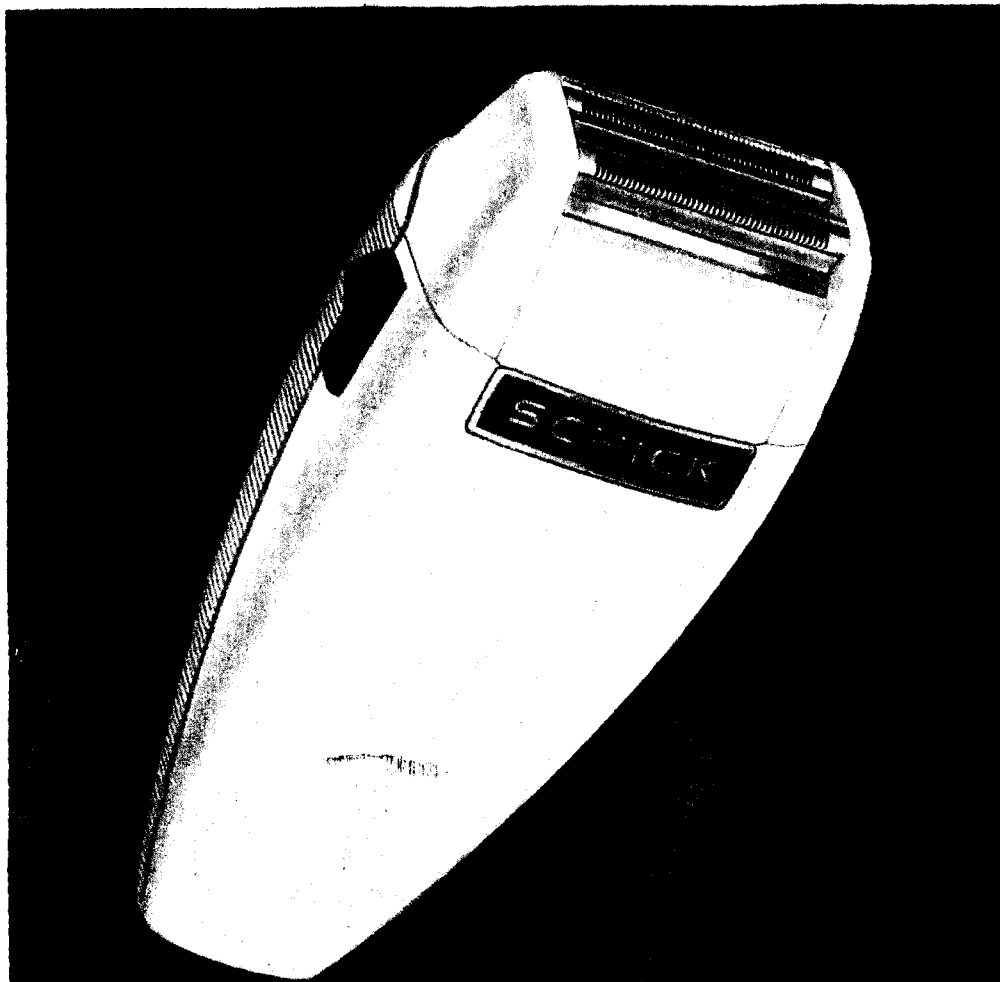
COLLIER'S

"This dress seems all right. I'll take it!"

JARO FABRY

Collier's for November 20, 1948

Latest and Greatest Schick takes Slaving out of Shaving!



WHAT'S NEW? PLENTY!—INSIDE AND OUT!

NEW Shaving Ease, speed, comfort, convenience—with the V-16 shearing heads.

NEW Stop-Start Switch—no wheel to spin. Starts and stops the shaver.

NEW Power — ½ more power to zoom through the toughest whiskers.

NEW Mighty Motor — 37% more efficient. Hi-speed oil-impregnated bronze bearings on ingenious new motor shaft for stronger, smoother running.

NEW Nylon Cushioning — nylon rubbing blocks — plus springlike actuating lever and brazed points—for longer life, trouble-free performance.

NEW Stay-On Whisk-Its — catch all beard clippings, can't come off. Strong closing and opening. Note how they blend into the shaver.

NEW Travel Case—all metal, hand-somely covered, stamped in gold. Even a new, handier plastic cord ring.

NEW Stream-Flo Styling—by Raymond Loewy. Unbelievably light. Easy to hold. Non-slip ribbing.

And—It Fits the Schick Shaverest — the automatic wall-holder which keeps the shaver finger-tip handy, shuts off the current automatically, zips up the cord.

Shaverest—Trademark Schick, Inc.

It's new and it's news! New electric shaving speed and ease — new outside, new inside — new Stop-Start Switch, new power-packed motor, new styling, new everything.

Step up and introduce your face to the dynamic new Schick — new in beauty, new in power, *new from the sound up.*

On the outside, see Stream-Flo Styling, lovely to look at, easy to hold. See the handy new Stop-Start Finger Switch that snaps on and off in a flash. See those new Stay-On Whisk-Its that catch all beard clippings — how they blend into the shaver, how firmly they work.

And on the inside — here's where all the power comes from. The all-new Mighty Motor — new Nylon Cushioning — new Hi-Speed Bronze Bearings — a flock of other features.

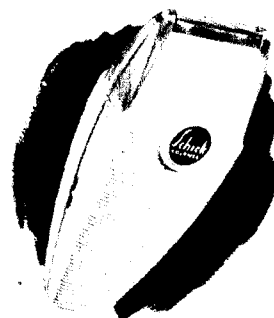
Put 'em all together and all these spell easy shaving, *fast* shaving.

Extra power zips Schick's V-16 Shearing Heads through the stubbornest stubble. Your beard seems to *vanish*. Your face winds up looking as though a whisker *never* grew on it.

What's more, the new Schick runs with just a happy little hum. It runs smooth — and *stays* that way year after year.

We could list scores of engineering reasons why you'll want to toss away *any* shaving device for this one. (And we ought to know, after pioneering electric shaving 18 years ago — and making Schick America's No. 1 shaver.)

But — see for yourself and your face. There's a brand-new Schick in its grand new case waiting for you at a nearby dealer's!



THERE'S A LOT THAT'S NEW IN THE COLONEL, TOO!

There's a new head on the Colonel's shoulders. It's the new 3-M Hollow-Ground **SHEARING HEAD**—with Fast Pickup **INTERCEPTOR BAR** that pops up each whisker to be cropped clean at skinline. Also — the Colonel comes in a smarter travel case. Schick Colonel with new 3-M Head \$16⁵⁰

New Power-Packed Schick Super — \$21.00

SCHICK INCORPORATED, STAMFORD, CONN.

All-new, through and through **SCHICK** ^{ELECTRIC} **SHAVER**

CHESTERFIELD SUPPER CLUB

Perry Como, Chesterfield's radio, recording, and motion picture star, teams up with lovely Jo Stafford and their new partner, pretty Peggy Lee, to make the Chesterfield Supper Club radio's outstanding nighttime show!

All NBC Stations—Five nights a week!

PERRY COMO JO STAFFORD

CHESTERFIELD

In person, on the radio the juke boxes—covering all Islands, and the

GREAT ENTERTAINMENT!

Chesterfield CIGARETTES

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

PEGGY LEE ARTHUR GODFREY

HEADLINERS

on records at home and in
America, Alaska, the Hawaiian
Philippine Republic.

GREAT STARS! GREAT SHOWS!

CHESTERFIELD

ARTHUR GODFREY TIME

Arthur "Buy 'em by the carton" Godfrey—and
all "The Little Godfreys"—Janette Davis, The
Mariners, Archie Bleyer's Orchestra, plus Art-
hur's special guests—delight you with their hilari-
ous antics on radio's most unpredictable show.
All CBS stations—Five days a week!

ABC
ALWAYS BUY
CHESTERFIELD

MAKE YOURS THE **MILDER** CIGARETTE... *They Satisfy*

Steve Canyon and Me

NUMBER 3 IN A SERIES DEVOTED TO AMERICA'S TOP COMIC STRIPS

By MILTON CANIFF

NO ARTIST-WRITER of a newspaper strip dealing with high adventure in far places ever dares to go anywhere himself. If he did he would cease to be a travel agent for all the readers who spend a few minutes each day in the atmosphere through which their comic-page favorites move.

However, I did get about a little in the early days. My parents migrated to Redlands, California, from Hillsboro, Ohio, several winters running and it was my custom to make a big splash during geography lessons in the Redlands schools by holding forth as an authority on the soil, creature habits, weather, exports and such of the Ohio area.

On some occasions, when I would start to school in Ohio before taking off for the Coast, this procedure would be reversed. The result of my reports is an entire segment of the populations of each of the two states which is wholly misinformed on the vital statistics of the other.

Later I batted around Europe, but I have never been to any of the places I have tried to illustrate in the three commercial strips I have drawn.

The procedure I use to bring about the illusion of knowing what I am talking about is the same as that practiced by the top-shelf spies of all countries. When a continuity is to take place in a given area I go to the file and pull out all the material I have collected on that section.

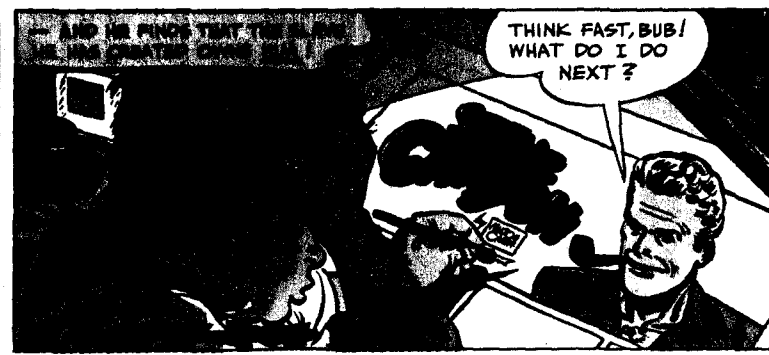
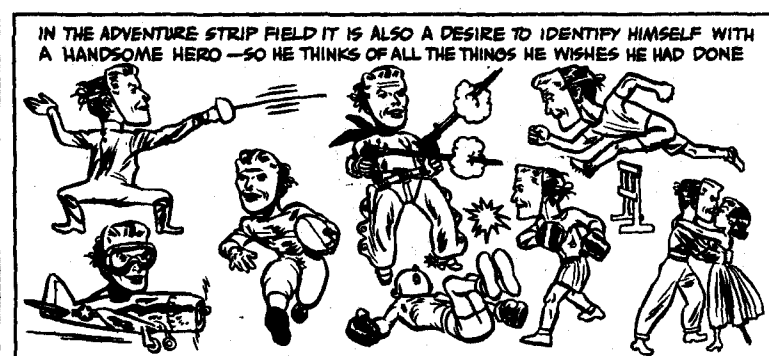
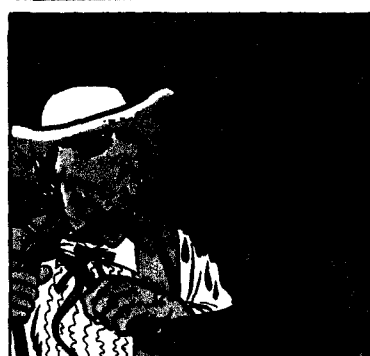
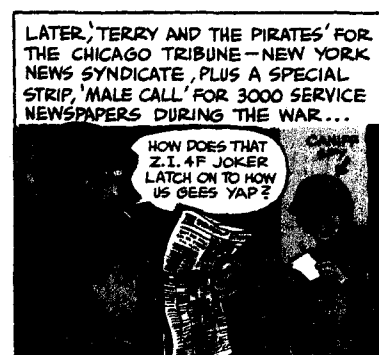
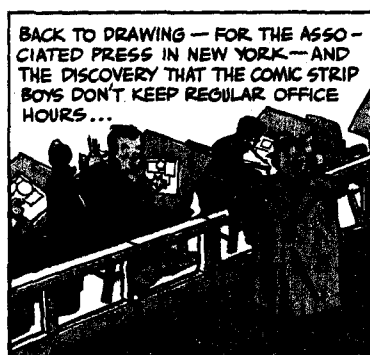
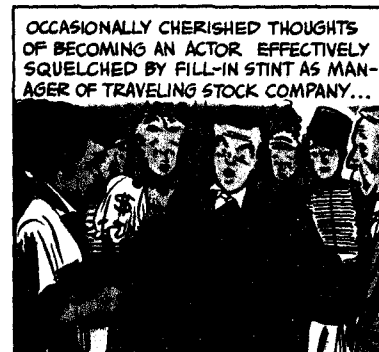
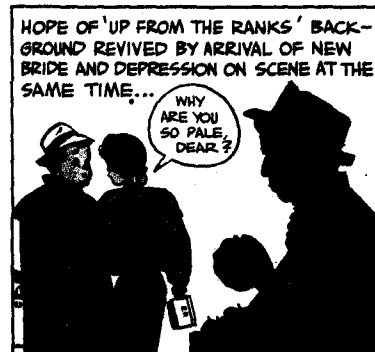
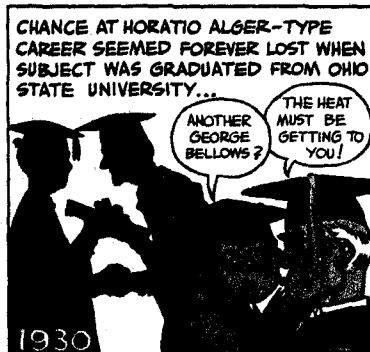
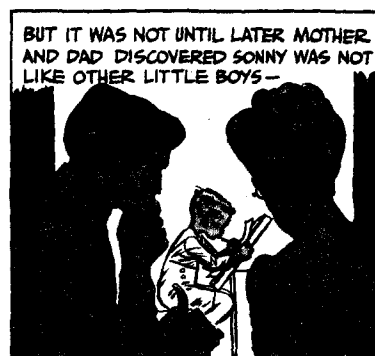
The next step is to interview people who have lived or traveled in the area chosen. The air-line crews are especially good reporters and have the perspective that comes from moving about and meeting all kinds of characters.

After the establishment of the atmosphere and the setting of the stage, there is nothing more to do except write a story fundamental enough so that it could have happened anywhere.

When Steve Canyon was taken into the Air Force Reserve (Serial Number AO 041 044), these excerpts appeared on his War Department Adjutant General's Office Form 66:

"Named officer is six feet two inches tall, weight 190 pounds. Left college (where he participated in three varsity sports) to join Army Air Corps. Progressed through the required stages of pilot training to become a second lieutenant and B-25 pilot flying out of the 12th Air Force Headquarters in England (later in North Africa); 22 combat missions, 150 hours over Europe. Successive check-outs in transport aircraft, with service in India, China and the Air Off Japan. He received the Air Medal and four Oak Leaf Clusters, the Distinguished Flying Cross, a Presidential Citation with one Cluster, and a flak wound brought him the Purple Heart."

Of course I made all this up, since there was no real-life counterpart of Steve. Do you see what I mean about the adventure strip guy doing some fast wishful thinking through the character he has tailored for the trade?



STEVE CANYON CHARACTER COPYRIGHT 1946, SUN AND TIMES COMPANY T.M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



FENCING AT M. DE FLORETTE'S ACADEMY, PHILADELPHIA, 1763*

Philadelphia

BLENDED WHISKY

The Heritage Whisky



GOOD TASTE THROUGH THE YEARS...

*Demand pre-war quality. Demand Philadelphia,
the superb blend that's backed by vast reserves.*

*From a Series of Historic Paintings Designed for "Philadelphia"—The Heritage Whisky—Famous Since 1894

86.8 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION • PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Men like this will be OVERJOYED!



So will all the many people kept awake, made nervous or jittery by the caffeine in regular coffee! For . . .

THE NEW IMPROVED SANKA COFFEE

—the “drink-it-and-sleep” coffee—now has a new, marvelous flavor to delight lovers of fine coffee! It has a truly wonderful taste—yet it's still 97% caffeine-free!



FINER FLAVOR in Sanka Coffee is due to a brand-new flavor-saving process . . . a miracle method of taking the caffeine out of the coffee.

Try Sanka Coffee today. See for yourself what a great flavor-improvement has been made. Sanka comes in two forms: Ground for drip or percolator; Instant Sanka, made instantly in the cup. Products of General Foods.



SECURITY

Continued from page 19

and then turned on the gas somewhere.

Tilly wasn't like Iva. She gave Kiddy everything that he wanted—appreciation, laughter, companionship, charm. She was intelligent enough never to let him know how intelligent she was. She was beautiful. But she was fifty-four.

In her heart she acknowledged forty-nine: she thought of herself as forty-nine. Women speculating about her guessed middle forties, and felt that they were being a little mean.

“She's a good ten years older than Kiddy!” they said. But after all, to marry Kiddy von Kiedelsen would silence all voices, answer all criticism.

SHE'D got this far somehow, Tilly mused. Companion to old Mrs. Fenimore, marrying Jim, meeting the right people, widowed with two graves to tend, Jim's and her daughter Cicily's. Dying, Jim had left money, and Tilly in those years had spent it sparingly. Weeks with Fran, in Europe, at Fran's expense. The loan of Beatrice's flat in Mayfair. Traveling with Lil, until Lil got back her health. Wearing old Mrs. Gerber's mink coat. Havelock had approved of her then.

But now—well, the old fellow really had been worried this morning. Perhaps tomorrow she could give him a definite hint about Kiddy. After all, her security meant something to him, too—

She heard a step and turned to see him standing where the corner of the house and the terrace met. Something odd in his eyes chilled her with a moment's fear, but it did not last, for she realized immediately that her appearance in the soft oceanside sunshine, with the light filtering through the silk of the slowly twirling parasol, and the fineness of her frock silhouetting her like an upturned peony, was actually too much for him.

“My good Lord—” he whispered, coming toward her.

Tilly laughed, her own breath somewhat quickened. “Like me?” she said, against the hard brown cheek that smelled so bracingly of soap and sunburn and clean male flesh. Oh, there's nothing like a man, close to one—close to one, Tilly thought.

“Yes,” he said quietly, in a voice slightly deeper than his usual voice. “I—like you. Where'd you get this outfit?”

“Magnin's. I felt extravagant.”

“You,” he said, “are an extravagant little devil.”

“I know it.” Her dark blue eyes were blazing with laughter and assumed repentance, close to his. She smelled faintly, elusively, of all the flowers that ever bloomed.

“What's that you've got on?”

“I don't know. Stuff Linda gave me, maybe.” It wasn't, of course; it was Demain Peut-être at thirty-five dollars the ounce.

“Do you know what your indebtedness is and what your assets are?” Havelock had demanded heatedly. And immediately he had repeated the same words gently, apologetically, in a hopeless and patient tone.

“Well—” Tilly had said.

It appeared that apart from Beach-over—this oceanside hacienda, luxurious, exquisite, envied—and some invested securities that would bring her in a scant two thousand a year, and the little Skyline cabin, and her jewels and wearing apparel, her principal possession was a heap of frightful bills, amounting to—what was it?—over thirty-one thousand. Security! Why, she was balancing on the very edge of a volcano.

Her smile as she turned to Kiddy was radiant. Here stood security personified, in the shape of a tall, good-looking young man in multicolored dress; big

square Oxfords, yellow sweater, checked brown worsted coat, bluish-gray trousers and black knitted tie.

“You are really—” he said in a whisper, still close to her, his arms still about her. He broke off. “My gosh—” he said. Tilly looked up, laughed and slipped from his arms, and went about the corner of the terrace, Kiddy following her like an enslaved puppy. They got into his low, rakish open car, and the lovely country slipped and slid about them; the ocean on their right, the eucalyptus woods rising up to the gate; then the oak-strewn woods of the slope going down into old Monterey, and the northbound highway.

While Kiddy described a regatta and the house parties down on Long Island that had accompanied it, Tilly fell into a happy dream. Truly, there might be only a few years ahead of her, as Kiddy's wife. But they would be good years. If only Cicily were alive to share the new fortune! What fun it would be to say, “Come on, Duckums, your aged mother is about to give you a mink coat. Cicily, lamb, rent the place in Palm Beach, have a nice three months! Because here's the handmade pink slip that Mummy made for you.”

Kiddy mentioned the New York Yacht Club. The *Pilakia III* was at anchor there. Kiddy hadn't commissioned her since the Navy had given her back; Tilly had never seen her.

“You like yachting?”

“I simply adore it.” Tilly knew certain cup winners by name. They talked boats.

“I'd like to go to South America, fool around there.”

“South America—Rio, you mean?” she asked lazily.

“I guess so. Buenos Aires.”

“It must be the oddest feeling, to be on a little floating hotel, able to go wherever you want to go. But isn't it frightfully expensive?”

“Morris worries about that,” Kiddy laughed.

KIDDY always laughed at the mention of little gray Morris, who paid bills and bought tickets and arranged transportation, and asked only Kiddy's scrawled signature in return. Morris was the machine that kept the steady wonderful stream of fresh crisp bills flowing through Kiddy's worn limp pigskin wallet. And when there was a Mrs. John Adrian Behrens von Kiedelsen, that same river of reassurance and security would flow through her life, too.

“Comin' to South America with me?” Kiddy asked. Tilly sat very still. Her heart beat fast. “You know you are, honey,” the man added, turning the car at the club gates in quiet, tree-roofed Burlingame. He stopped the motor and faced her. “How's about it?”

“Don't ask me if you don't want me.” “Oh, Tilly, Tilly, Tilly!” the man said thickly, with an awkward laugh, as he laid his big hand over hers.

“Are we crazy?” she whispered.

“Cracked!” he answered. “You know how it is with me—you know I've been making an exhibition of myself—”

“Kiddy,” said an urgent stout young man in white, coming up breathless to the driver's side of the parked car. “Can you play Terry in the singles semi? They've shifted things, you drew a blank, Miller's out, Corky's playing doubles now three-three with the Cutters and Lily.”

He poured this out in entreating accents; he glanced now and then at a penciled card that was crushed in his hand.

“Sure. Come on and watch,” Kiddy said, coming about the hood to hand Tilly down.

Slim, straight, almost girlish in the

Collier's for November 20, 1948

"Grandpa refused to budge
until - - -"

"Next to talking politics, Grandpa likes comfort. We couldn't pry him away from that easy chair of his. Then we got the new Plymouth and I started raving about that wonderful Air Pillow Ride. 'Air Pillow—what?' snorted Grandpa. And then I began to coax."



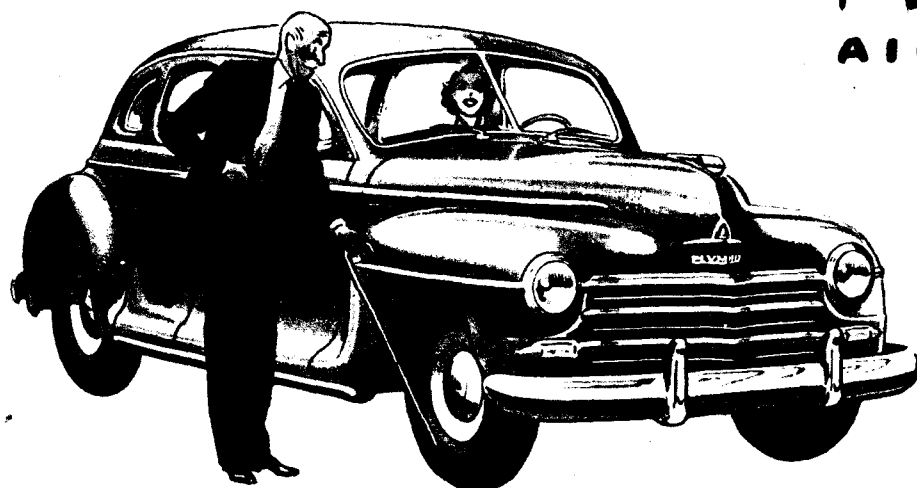
"It wasn't easy, but Grandpa finally agreed to take a ride. He was plenty wary when he first sat down on the rear seat. 'Relax, Grandpa,' I told him. 'You're sitting on millions of tiny air pillows. Yes, that seat cushion is made of Airfoam, the wonderful new cushioning material you get in Special De Luxe Plymouths at such slight extra cost.'



"Grandpa soon got the idea. He stretched out his long legs and settled himself deep in that soft, buoyant cushion. Then he smiled as only Grandpa can smile when he's really comfortable. 'You're not only riding on air—the Plymouth is, too,' I told him. 'We have those sensational new bigger and fatter Super-Cushion Tires. And they come as standard equipment at no extra cost.'

PLYMOUTH

AIR PILLOW RIDE



"Grandpa was really talking a blue streak by the time we got back home. He got out and took a good long look at those new tires. 'Biggest I ever saw on a car,' he said. 'And they sure do soak up the bumps. That's the most comfortable ride I ever did have. Air Pillow Ride—indeed. Darned if these Plymouth people haven't put my easy chair on wheels!'"

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS . . . GOOD SERVICE KEEPS THEM GREAT. Your nearby Plymouth dealer will provide the service and factory-engineered parts to keep your present car in good condition while you're waiting for your new Plymouth. PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit 31, Michigan.



free slow sweep of her walk, she strolled between the two men to the bleachers. Then Kiddy dashed off for the lockers and the game went on. The sun shone down; the shadows of great oaks did not move on green turf. Tilly felt in her soul a deep content. It was high noon. In an hour or two they would have lunch, on a shaded veranda, gossip, perhaps bridge afterward, unless by some chance Kiddy should be in the finals. If he were, she would come out again and watch.

She found herself the object of pleasant unusual attentions. That was because everyone was watching her and Kiddy, of course. Even the young girls, so pretty in their fresh cottons and broad hats, sent her flashing smiles as they rushed about on their own affairs.

Kiddy presently finished the set in a blaze of glory, and came thundering up to stand before her, wiping his hot face on a towel, and predicting an earthquake immediately—it was "earthquake weather"—before dashing off to the showers. Half an hour later they went together, a little late, to the reserved table on the wide awninged porch, Tilly nodding, with her dreaming half smile, to acknowledge other greetings here and there; Kiddy shouting tennis comments and predictions across the women's flowery hats and the men's slick-combed hair. They were joined at the table by Frances and Lee Devereaux.

This was all as it should be. This was her world. It was hard work to stay in it, even with her brains, beauty, courage, friends. It meant constant effort; only Tilly knew how constant. But it paid. She must sleep late mornings, she must waste hours on the dullness of hairdressing, facial treatments, beauty care. Her weight must be kept down, her vitality up. She must never miss gym, nor King Taylor on his weekly round of massage and weighing and advice.

Tilly's eyes, meeting Kiddy's over their luncheon, were full of laughter and interest, but her thoughts were busy. It would not be long now. She would not waste time, once he had spoken. The marriage, quiet and unannounced, would take place only a few weeks—perhaps days—from the time when he asked her. Then they would go East, perhaps driven in Kiddy's big low open car, and be off in the yacht for some lazy weeks—

ATALL, plump girl had come out to the dining porch, and was interviewing old Goncourt, the fat duck-footed waiter, with the blue bullet visible in one brown temple. Her voice was so anxious and insistent that curious eyes turned toward them from every direction.

The girl was not only tall but she was bulky; she looked sixteen or seventeen; a very full peasant skirt bulged about her, the peasant blouse was limp, twisted about, several sizes too small. She wore no hat on a tumbled mass of hair whose permanent was some months old.

Goncourt seemed unhappy in the situation, but after a moment he indicated a direction, and the girl floundered obediently toward Tilly's table.

"Grandma," she said, when still some feet away. She began to cry, like the hot, scared, tired, enormous despairing baby she looked. She flopped over Tilly with a great sobbing, slobbering kiss, and Tilly rose straight and lovely, and paling under her make-up.

"Is it you, Phyllis?" she said steadily and sweetly. "Ah, waiter—" she added, with a gesture toward a hovering attendant, "will you please put a chair here, for my granddaughter? Thank you." And in her own pleasant voice she went on, "Fran, Lee, Kiddy, this is Phyllis Furlong."

Yes, this was Phyllis, gulping, sobbing, sniffing. Phyllis with no handkerchief; Phyllis incoherent between adolescent tears and adolescent laughter. Phyllis apologetic, boastful, aggrieved, in one great gush of adolescent confidence.

Papa had married again—oh, no, he and Alma were divorced, and he had married again, and she was horrible—and Phyllis was fourteen—and gosh, they acted as if she was five—and Jo-anne, Alma's little girl and Louis—well, that was Harry's little boy. Harry? Oh, she was Harriet, Papa's new wife. And gee, it was horrible, they got everything, and they were just nasty little punky kids.

And Phyllis, having relieved her mind, gulped down a glass of water, wiped her swollen eyes and reddened nose, smiled about the table into four serious and concerned faces, and attacked with great gusto the loaded plate that Tilly, in an undertone, and almost with an air of absent-mindedness, had requested from a waiter. Bigger than any person at the table except Kiddy, she still gobbled like a baby of six.

TILLY watched her; she did not move her grave eyes from Phyllis' face. But she felt eyes—eyes—eyes boring into her on all sides. She felt the flutter of suppressed gossip—delayed, but deeply delicious gossip, going over the porch like a breeze. She had but one emotion, a suffocating desire to get away. Just to get away. Just to have this hour over. What they thought didn't matter, what this meant to her affair with Kiddy, what Havelock would think of her crashed prospects, no, none of that was important. But just to get away!

Earthquake rocked the solid ground beneath Tilly's feet, and the subterranean roaring was in her ears. Deep waters swept over her, and snatched away her breath. Fires raged, and burned her world to cold white ash. And life went on, for everyone else, and for her. . . .

Five weeks to the day when Kiddy played for and won the amateur tennis cup, Tilly sat on the porch of a pine-wood cabin, high up under mighty redwoods, two miles west of the Skyline, seven miles east of the sea.

All about her, similar humble cabins were scattered along the ridges and down the heavily wooded slopes, but none was in sight; the view from where Tilly sat swept to the far Pacific unmarred by the hand of man. Along the rise of some of the hills lay open meadows starred with oaks; down into the valleys marched the even ranks of the redwoods. Tilly's two-acre estate pastured a Mexican caretaker, twenty-one chickens, two dogs and a Jersey cow; her smart car stood in an open shed near a chopping block. Smoke from her hearthstone floated into the still air and scented it with bay and madroña.

The month was August; at seven o'clock the light of the dying day still drenched the world. Tilly was silent, and the girl who sat on the top step just below Tilly's chair was silent too. Tilly had long forgotten how negligible is dinner dishwashing when only two women have supper together, but it had come back to her with many other lessons of long ago, in these last weeks. Now she was rubbing her hands with a scented cream; Phyllis sat perfectly still, with her fine big oversized hands in her lap.

Phyllis wore coolie cotton tonight, soft blue, generous, the frogged coat buttoned up to her throat. The rough hair had been brushed back loosely, and was tied with a blue ribbon. She looked comfortable and when she spoke her voice was dreamy and comfortable, too.

"Gran, are you going to Woodside tomorrow?"

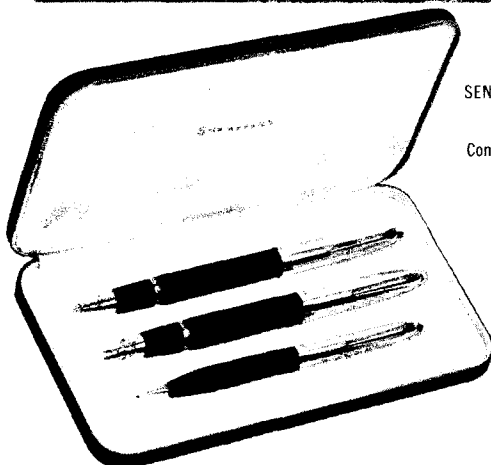
"No. I telephoned from the grocery this afternoon. I told Pierre that I was going to let my hair go gray—this is a wonderful chance."

"How a chance?"

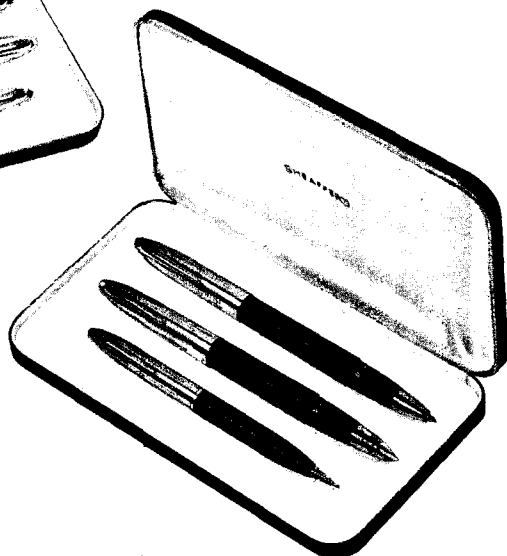
"Well, weeks—months, maybe, before anyone need see it all streaks and spots." Phyllis laughed. "You'll look cute with it gray," she observed.

"I think I might. Anyway," Tilly said, with a deep sigh, "that's one long struggle over."

Collier's for November 20, 1948

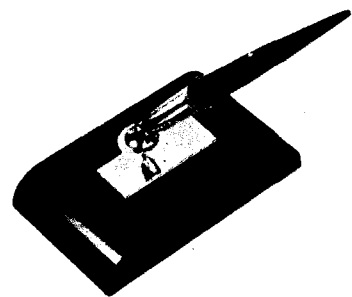


SENTINEL DELUXE THREESOME
Pen, \$15.00—Pencil, \$5.00
Stratowriter, \$10.00
Complete Set, \$30.00; no fed. tax



CREST DELUXE THREESOME
Pen, \$17.50—Pencil, \$6.00
Stratowriter, \$12.50
Complete Set, \$36.00; plus fed. tax

Sheaffer's THE FINEST GIFTS OF ALL!



"TRIUMPH"
Desk Set, \$17.50
Other Sheaffer Desk Sets:
\$10.00 to \$108.00

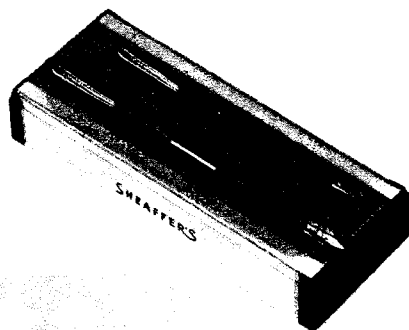
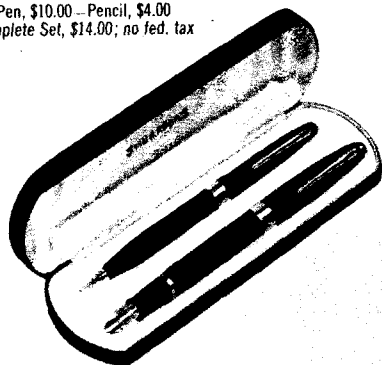
Of all gifts you may select, Sheaffer's world-famed writing instruments rate highest in beauty—utility—enduring satisfaction . . . in year-in—year-out appreciation. And Sheaffer's wide selections of colors, styles, and combinations in every price range make your Christmas shopping easy and certain. Use this page as your gift list guide . . . and be sure to please.

W. A. Sheaffer Pen Company,
Fort Madison, Iowa and Malton, Ontario, Canada

SHEAFFER'S

Copyright 1948, W. A. Sheaffer Pen Company

STATESMAN ENSEMBLE
Pen, \$10.00—Pencil, \$4.00
Complete Set, \$14.00; no fed. tax



ADMIRAL ENSEMBLE
Pen, \$5.00—Pencil, \$3.00
Complete Set, \$8.00; no fed. tax

Every Sheaffer Writing Instrument, handsomely boxed, individually or in sets, makes a magnificent gift

For sale at all good dealers throughout the United States and Canada

"You said that about Havelock, too."
 "Yes. It'll be so pleasant," Tilly dragged out the words luxuriously. "It'll be so pleasant not to have to explain things to Havelock any more," she said.
 "But—but doesn't it mean that you— you haven't much money any more, Gran?" the girl asked hesitantly.

"Well, I didn't really have the money I had, you see," Tilly explained after a moment. They both laughed.

"Then—then if I hadn't come, you couldn't have gone on anyway?"

"No."

"But then what would you have done?"

"Oh, gone crashing on, somehow. Borrowed, maybe. Married someone, maybe."

"But would you—would you really marry, Gran?"

"Well, it would be quite a—quite a job," Tilly admitted. "Always looking young and acting fresh and eager, and trying to keep his friends from seeing that one was so much older," she added half aloud.

"But he might be the older," Phyllis suggested.

In
Collier's
 next week

DOUBLE OR NOTHING

BY HARRY SYLVESTER

As thrilling as the greatest foot-
 ball game you've ever seen

"Of course," Tilly was silent for a moment. Presently she said, "Yes, there are three stupid obligations got rid of. The Pebble Beach house is sold—the Clydes have been after that for years. Well, they've got it at last. And Havelock's precious bills are paid—there's another slate washed clean. And no more weekly dates with Pierre, with my hair looking such a lovely golden brown every Saturday morning and wearing down to such a fuzzy pink-gray-yellow mix by Friday night. *That's over.* Repairs to the Pebble Beach house come out of Geoff Clyde's pocket now. Havelock has finished me up with a good, firm, two thousand a year in government bonds and I'm done with him. So there we are."

"Gran, could we live here always?" Phyllis asked.

"You'd like to, I believe."

"Oh, Gran, not to see them again, and have Harriet fighting with Dad, and Alma coming over, and everyone telling me how dumb I am, and always another school—"

IN THE pause, Tilly said, "You're not dumb. You're fourteen. It's not quite the same thing. Two stepmothers, and two step-grandmothers," she added judiciously, "are too much for any girl."

"I was horrible, too," Phyllis said, not turning.

"I've been horrible to you, but I didn't want to be," Tilly said thoughtfully, as if half to herself. "I somehow thought of you as being about six or seven. And your father and his people were so extremely disagreeable when your mother died—"

"They weren't so bad," Phyllis said, after a moment, as Tilly's voice died away. "I guess I was an awful pest, stumbling over things and having weak eyes and spilling ink and all that. And then Alma, that's Dad's divorced wife, has two little boys now, by her new husband, and there wasn't much room for me

there, and Harry—that's Dad's wife, you know—has a little girl, Shirley, by her first husband, and she dances and wins prizes and all that, and they have a new baby boy, too. So Aunt Ethel said—I told you that. She's Dad's sister; they sent me to her—"

"Aunt Ethel said," Tilly pieced it quietly, "that if it wasn't that you were going to come into some money from your grandmother, when you were eighteen, that she'd have your father send you away."

"I don't care about the money!" Phyllis said aggrievedly.

"Well, not in that tone!" Tilly said amiably. "No self-pity."

"I know. I'm dumb!" Phyllis laughed as she turned her head to glance over her shoulder.

SHE'S only taken off eleven pounds, Tilly thought, and yet she's really beginning to look quite—not like Cicily, of course, but her father's family is handsome, too. Great big bruisers, but good-looking. I shouldn't wonder if this poor baby elephant of mine—

Aloud she said, "No, you're not dumb at all. The way you've taken hold here shows that. The way you're sticking to that diet shows that. Now about the money, Havelock will look into it. He's like a cat at a rathole, he loves that kind of thing. If it's really been piling up, so much the better. If it hasn't, why—"

"Why, here we are," said Phyllis.

"Here we are."

"You've taken hold of my life, Gran," the girl presently said, "and you're just fixing everything. But I sort of feel as if I'd mixed up yours—upset everything and changed everything."

"In what way?" Tilly demanded serenely.

"Well—that nice man, who had the telegram that he had to go back to Detroit—you know, the one who showed us the telegram while we were at Mrs. Court Elster's house?"

"Adrian von Kiedelsen."

"Yes. Him, he."

"Him is right. Yes, Kiddy."

"And then all those ladies saying how surprised they were that you had a grandchild. Were they—they didn't sound—nice."

"Some were and some weren't," Tilly said, after thought.

"That Virginia one was."

"Yes. Virginia's—pure gold."

"And that Marjorie one."

"Marjorie Keightley, yes. Marjorie's going to live in South America, and she wants us to take her place at Palm Springs, Filipino servants and all, for January and February."

"Would you like that, Gran? It sort of made you cry, didn't it?"

"Well," Tilly said, "you must remember that that was the day after we sold the house, and I'd been going over rugs and china and so on, and Havelock had been talking me black and blue. I was—tired. Yes, it rather made me cry to have Marjorie so decent."

"Yes, but, Gran, to leave them all—and your beautiful house right on the ocean—everything! It must be so hard for you."

"No—" Tilly said dreamily. "It proved to me what, I suppose, everyone would like to prove. That there are much worse things than having the worst happen. That life can—crash and smash and blaze all around you, and when you come out of it you—well, you're alive. I mean with a smooth cool bed at night and good books, and scalding hot coffee for breakfast—" She stopped.

"I get everything out of it," Phyllis presently said gratefully. "But—but it seems hard on you."

"Why, I got the best thing in the world out of it!" Tilly asserted briskly.

"Oh, what?" the girl demanded eagerly.

"Security," Tilly said. □□□

*the
 fabric
 that's
 planned
 for value!*

GARFIELD

"ACE"*

*Tailored by
 Merit*



*TRADEMARK

This magnificent men's clothing is a real budget beater. Fabric by Garfield is planned for value. Tailoring by Merit is perfect down to the last hand-tailored stitch. Look at any other men's clothing... double the price... and compare. Suits and Topcoats at only \$49.75. Zip-in warmer for topcoats, \$10 extra.

FABRIC BY GARFIELD • TAILORED BY MERIT

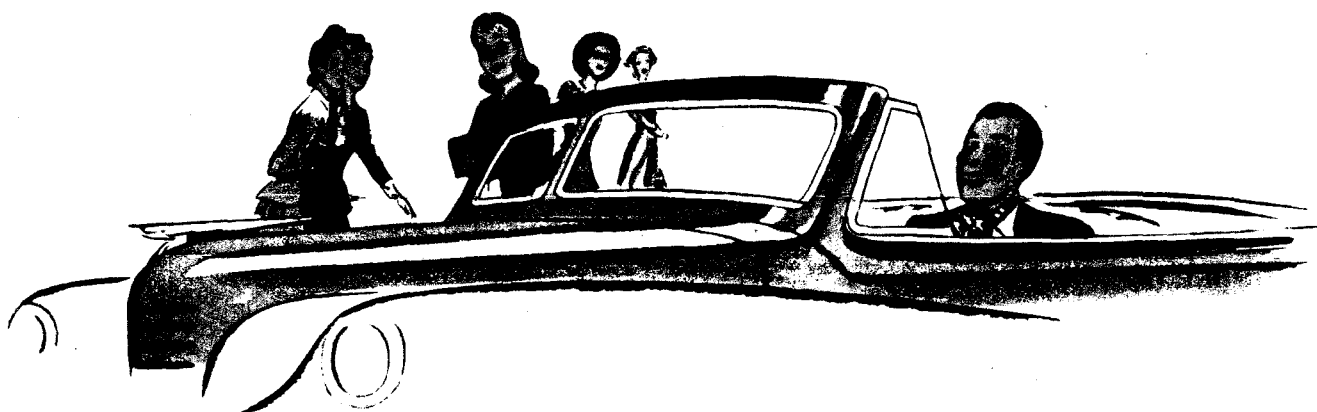
If you can't locate a dealer, write to Merit Clothing Company, Inc., 200 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N. Y., and we will direct you.

COPYRIGHT 1948 BY GARFIELD WORSTED CO.

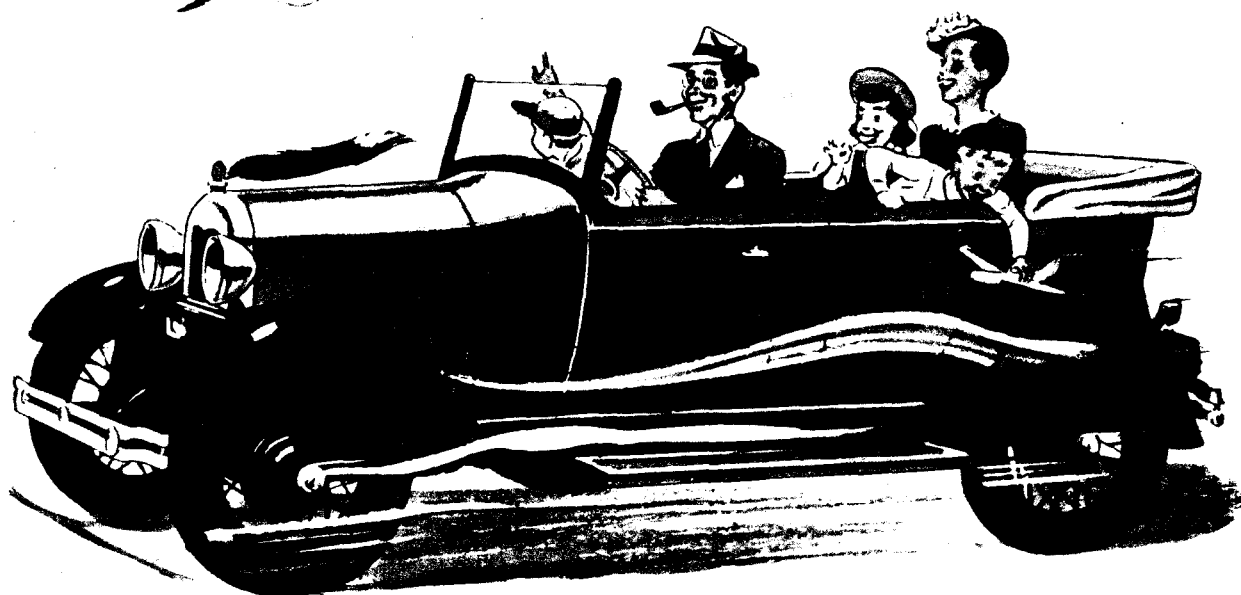
Whether you're
on your
honeymoon...



still
single...



or a
family man...



use less oil
...use less gasoline
...get more power

You use **LESS OIL** with Premium Sinclair Opaline because Opaline's special chemicals assure better piston seal. Better piston seal means increased engine efficiency...less wasted **OIL**, less wasted **GASOLINE** —and **MORE POWER** for smoother performance. Stop at the Sinclair H-C Gasoline sign for Premium Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil.

PREMIUM
SINCLAIR OPALINE MOTOR OIL

Keeps your motor clean as a whistle

Sinclair Refining Company



The Impudent Rifle

By DICK PEARCE

The Story: When Lieutenant Philip Royall arrives at Fort Gibson, the Army's westernmost outpost, he soon learns that not all of the Army's trouble is caused by Indians. Frank Ollers, the richest man in the territory, is shrewdly using Governor Sprague, who has been commissioned by President Andrew Jackson to move the Choctaw Nation to the west, for his own purposes. Lieutenant Royall knows that Ollers is determined to get the money from the government for moving the Indians. Also living at Fort Gibson is a sultry half-Indian girl, Harriet, who is Ollers' daughter. Major Traut, the acting C.O., is in love with Harriet and when he sees Royall walk with her at night he sends Royall out of the fort for the summer. Unknown to Royall, Ollers has forced Traut to recommend that the Army abandon Fort Gibson and withdraw to Fort Johnson in Arkansas. Ollers knows that without the Army to protect them the peaceful Choctaw

will be slaughtered by the Comanches and Pawnees. On the way to Fort Johnson, Royall makes love to Beth, the governor's daughter, even though he knows his friend, Sean Donnell, is also in love with her. Governor Sprague, still thinking that he is in control of the situation, calls the neighboring Indian tribes to a peace-treaty meeting at Fort Gibson. All the tribes, even the Comanches, sign a treaty. It seems as if peace is assured. But when the old Comanche chief leaves the fort he is ambushed and murdered at a river crossing. Royall knows that Ollers is responsible for this, but he cannot prove it. Major Traut orders Royall to accompany the Sprague party with a detachment of men to the Choctaw country. About that time a war party of Comanches begins to make raids on the defenseless Choctaw. Royall and his men ride out to meet the Comanches. They withstand the first attack, but Royall knows that they may not live to see the sunrise.

CONCLUSION OF A SIX-PART SERIAL

IT WAS hours later that the snow came. It began as small and vagrant flakes. The men sat up, looking at nothing in the blackness above them, listening to a stronger murmur of wind in the treetops.

The bulk of a man rose, stamped numb feet, then came and settled down beside Royall. When an animal grunt came out of the man, Royall recognized Hogue. It came to Royall that this was the second time Hogue had silently found a place beside him.

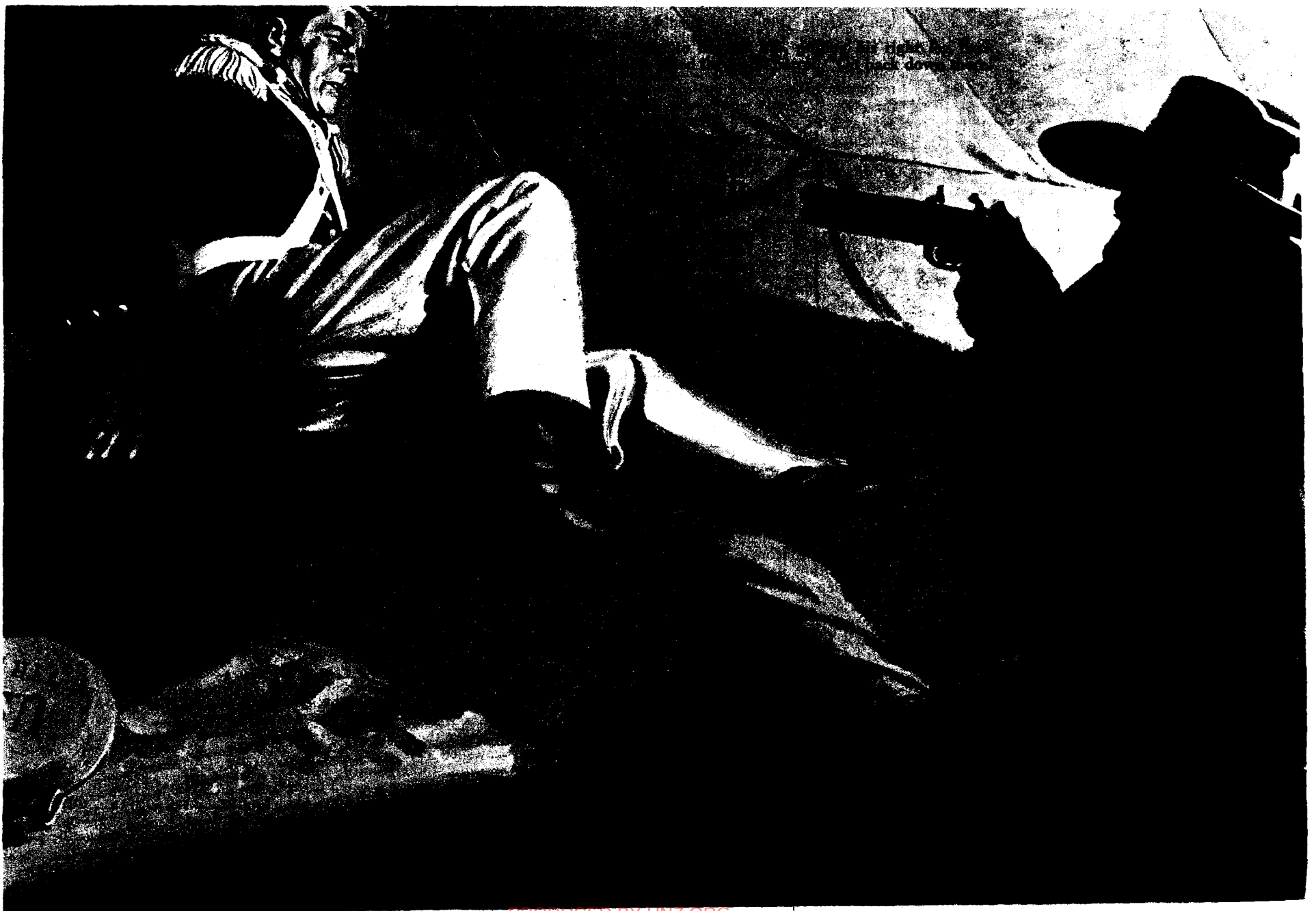
"You saved my skin, Hogue," he said.

Long after Royall decided there would be no answer, Hogue replied, "I didn't know it was you on the other side of that horse."

"No matter. I am thankful, and I shall remember it."

(Continued on page 52)

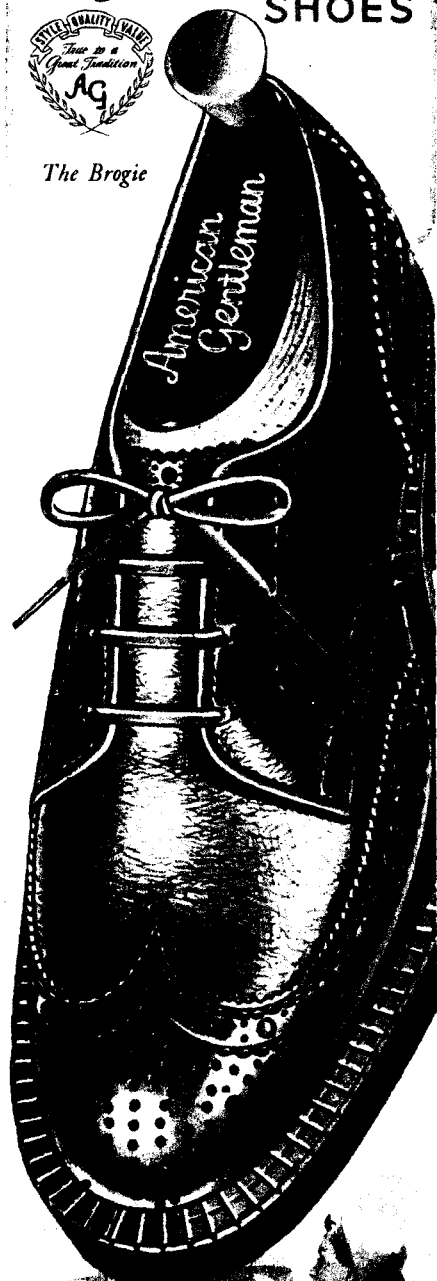
ILLUSTRATED BY GLEN FLEISCHMANN



American Gentleman SHOES



The Brogue



Ahead on points

Style -- first
Quality -- finest
Value -- plus

\$8.95 to \$12.50

A FEW STYLES HIGHER
Distant Points Slightly Higher

Write for Name of Nearest Dealer
AMERICAN GENTLEMAN DIVISION
Craddock-Terry Shoe Corporation
Lynchburg, Virginia

CRY DEEP, CRY STILL

Continued from page 23

stepped into the cabin, the lower half of her dress and her shoes sodden. The dishes were done, and Caroline stood dreaming at the fire.

"You take your book and go through your letters," said Mrs. Mercy.

"I'd rather make soap."

"You'll get to make it someday," said Mrs. Mercy, "and wish you didn't need to." She put on Mercy's extra pair of boots, her feet entirely lost within them, and returned to the kettle to find that the inslanting rain had dampened the fire. She brought more pitch kindling and chunks of dry fir bark from the shed. Tom watched her. She said, "Tom, take the milk clabber to the chickens. Count and see if they're all there—and get the eggs."

SHE fed the fire with wood standing ricked by the shelter, the sharp smoke making her cry. The morning moved on, such as it was. The plowed field beyond the foot of the hill—where the winter wheat lay—was black as coal from its month-long soaking; sullen clouds skimmed the earth and lodged in the timber so heavily that a fine fog sparkled all about her. Young Tom returned from the chicken shed and ducked into the shelter of the cabin's doorway. "Six eggs, chickens all right." His face was solemn, his shoulders drawn up.

Trying to imitate his father, she thought, but she looked closely at him, not quite sure; this was the way he sometimes appeared just before coming down with cold. She said, "Take the ax and go strip me some cedar bark, about this long." She spread her arms to indicate the length. "A lot of it."

"You'll kill the trees."

"We've got trees to kill," she said.

At noon the soap was half thick in the kettle, young Tom had stacked a pile of cedar bark in the back shed, and both of them were soaked. She made a meal of cold scraps and fried eggs and sassafras tea, immediately going back to the tedious chore at the fire. By four o'clock the soap was a clear, clean jelly the color of isinglass; she heard it spatter as it bubbled, and judged it right, and drew it from the fire, ladling the soap into a wooden tub. She stored the tub in the shed and returned to clean out the kettle while the darkness of a premature night whirled down about the cabin.

"Time for milking, Tom."

After supper a greater wind and rain rushed against the cabin and stormed through the trees with the sound of a river cataract. She put Tom to his arithmetic and took the lantern out to look at the chickens huddled in their small house; still restless, she went to the corral to make sure Tom had tied the top rail well enough. To get anything in this country was very hard; to lose anything was a tragedy.

She went on to the store shed, playing the lantern's light along the shelves, over the salt corks, the potatoes, cabbages and apples and pumpkins given them by their nearest neighbors, the Teals, four miles away. She brooded over the scantness of the bacon and the half-empty salt-pork tub; it was six months before the garden came on or a hog could be killed, a close thing with four mouths to feed. When she stepped into the cabin she saw young Tom shiver and she knew that he was going to be sick.

"You go to bed."

She stood at the fire after both of them had settled for the night and gave Mercy a moment's thought, he camped somewhere in a dripping grove fifteen miles away; but he would be inside the wagon cover and he would be warm. She drew the fire together, laid her hand on young Tom's cheek, feeling no fever there yet,

and snuffed out the lights. "Turn your back," she said to him and got ready for bed.

The firelight performed its golden, leaping dance on the walls. They were both young, but work was making them old too fast, all because Indiana had got too small for Mercy's notions and he wanted a mile of land in Oregon and his own grist mill. The endless rain was hard to bear, for it took her back to her home where the snow now was a shining crust on the ground and the cold wonderful air shook down the brown oak leaves, banking them in windows against the rail-fence lines. She saw the little town with its houses spaced in their blocks, and the church bell's sound was strong in her ears. Past Pennoyer's, Gregg's and Jackson's she walked, rattling her knuckles against the fence pickets, over the packed snow to Burglon's store, whose shelves were so common then and seemed so rich now. Bob Burglon, learning the business from his father, waited on her; she stirred on the bed and closed him from her mind with effort.

Above the storm she heard a sound beginning, like the tearing of cloth. It grew suddenly to a snapping and whining, and she sat upright in terror and felt the cabin tremble—actually jump—as the tree struck close by with its roar and its dying shower of falling branches.

Caroline whimpered and young Tom woke and began to cough. She listened to her heart's pounding; wind yelled through blackness, and the blackness was heavier than lead. This was the hour when, no matter how she tried to stop it, she thought of Ellen Mercy, born dead, lying inside the rail fence beyond the meadow. The blackness and the wet cold earth brought the thought to her.

EARLY on the fourth day she rose to make broth from a piece of salt meat simmered with potatoes and onions. On young Tom's waking she fed him against his will, but stopped when she saw he could hold no more down. Fever had cracked his lips, and his arms showed a first thinness, and though he was sleepy he could only catnap. She got Caroline's breakfast, took care of the milk and fed the chickens. Using two water buckets at a time, she made four trips to the creek, a hundred yards distant, to fill the water barrel in the shed; on her return from the final trip she found Caroline in the cabin's doorway, her eyes round as dollars.

"There's a dog. He went around back of the barn."

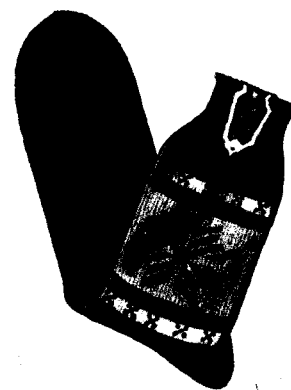
Mrs. Mercy dumped the water into the barrel. "There's no dog. There's nobody but the trapper yonder and he's got no dog. The Teals are across the river. It couldn't be their dog." Young Tom was at the moment sleeping and she hated to disturb him, but his face was so bright a red that she touched it with her hands. "There's no dog," she said.

"I saw him, right in the yard. He went back of the barn."

Mrs. Mercy looked at her daughter, shaken by a dreadful coldness. She pulled her into the cabin and closed the door and got the rifle from its pegs; she found a cap for the rifle's nipple. "Stay here till I come back and don't open the door." She let herself into the yard and stopped to look through the gray light, toward the meadow, toward the hills. She circled the house, half afraid to turn the corners, going on to the cowshed.

There was nothing to be seen between cabin and shed, and beyond the shed the trees cast a thick shadow. She swung to come straight upon the open door, to see inside the cowshed before she got too close to it; the cow stood forlornly there, disliking the rain. She drew a long breath of relief and walked toward the far side

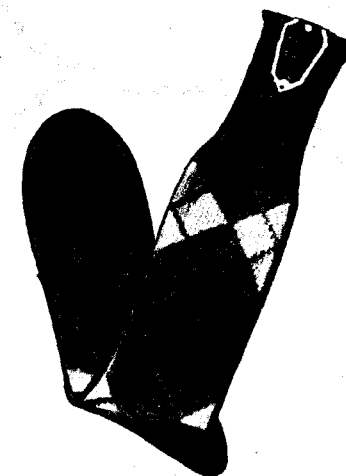
Phoenix Socks



are seen
in the



best
circles



65¢ and upwards at leading department stores and men's shops
PHOENIX HOSIERY COMPANY • MILWAUKEE 1, WIS.

Collier's for November 20, 1948

of the shed; before she got quite to its corner she caught sight of motion in the darkness of the trees, and a long, sunken-flanked wolf came silently into the clearing, saw her and stopped.

He was evilly thin, of a dirty, rusty gray and his eyes were a strange green staring at her with an unhuman steadiness; he had a mind and he was thinking whether he should be afraid or whether he should jump at her—that she knew in the paralyzing moment of her stillness. She never thought of the gun in her hand, never realized she had it. She said, "You dirty thing—get!"

THE sound of her voice startled the wolf. He made an easy turn of insolence and went shadowlike into the timber. Then she remembered she had a gun, but he was gone.

She ran to the shed, seized a piece of rope and fixed it to the cow's halter, leading the cow to the cabin door and tying it there. When she opened the door, Caroline stood waiting.

"Where's the dog—why's the cow here?"

"If it was a dog, he might hurt the cow. I didn't see the dog."

She rested the gun beside the door. "Don't touch that." She went to the fire and rested her head against her hands to let the waves of weakness go through her. Maybe he wouldn't come this near to the house, but maybe he was hungry enough to dare; she had to leave the door open to watch the cow.

She turned, hearing Tom threshing on the bed. He was awake but he looked at her in a strange way and she knew the fever, still strong, made him lightheaded. It was more than a cold and he was in danger. She laid her hand softly on his chest, and he rolled his head, looking up to her with fear in his eyes.

"Am I going to die?"

"It's just a little thing. It's a cold. You've had colds before."

She held him up for a drink of water, pulled the quilt over him and briskly turned to her work. She made Caroline a bite to eat, she scalded the churn, and brought the milk from the shed; seated at the doorway, the churn between her legs and her eyes on the yard, she worked the dasher up and down.

Down the meadow, a voice hailed the cabin, shocking her, and in a moment Mrs. Teal, skirts dripping from a four-mile walk through wet meadow grasses, appeared at the door; with her was the oldest Teal boy, a basket in each arm.

Mrs. Teal said, "I missed your visit Sunday and got to wonderin'."

"Mercy's away to Fort Vancouver." A great relief from loneliness came upon Mrs. Mercy, so great that for an instant she was happy. But she could not reveal to this woman her weakness; she showed Mrs. Teal a steady face, and rose to accept the baskets with proper thanks.

"Just some garden things," said Mrs.

Teal. "They'll rot in our storehouse, we've got so much. It'll be the same with you when your garden's started. First year's always a hard thing—nothing to do with." Mrs. Teal saw young Tom on the bed and walked over and bent and looked at him. Her voice was quiet: "What's ailin' him?"

"A cold," said Mrs. Mercy.

"If we just had some mustard for a plaster," said Mrs. Teal. "There's never anything. I'll be happy when there's a store." She looked again at young Tom, silently and long; she was worried, Martha Mercy realized. The Teal boy stood beyond the doorway, waiting.

Mrs. Mercy looked at young Tom and Caroline and spoke to Mrs. Teal: "Maybe your son could take the gun and go look on the other side of the cowshed. There's a dog around." She added quietly: "A gray dog, Caroline thinks."

"Oh, dear," murmured Mrs. Teal. "They do bother in winter when they get hungry. Joe—" But Joe, reaching for the rifle, had already gone. "Have you got any turpentine? On a rag soaked with water, it would draw."

"No."

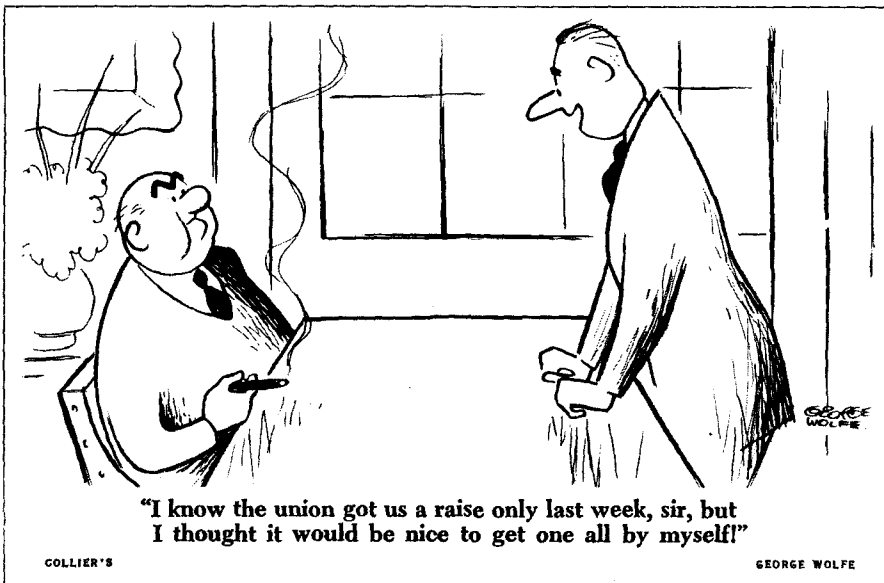
Mrs. Teal looked at her narrowly and lowered her voice: "You got another baby started?" When Martha Mercy shook her head, the other woman murmured, "Well, then, it's weariness. You been up most of the night, I guess. That's a terrible big tree that fell. Mercy better clear more away. I'll leave Joe here to sleep in the shed tonight. And to fetch me if you have need."

"It's a trouble for him."

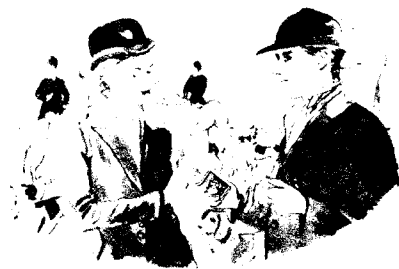
"Great stars!" said Mrs. Teal. "What's people for? And there's no need to stand off. Not out here. People have got to have each other. Even if they don't like each other, they got to get along. Well, it's soon dark and I'll go." She gave a last look to young Tom and went into the yard, calling to her son. Joe Teal appeared from the timber a moment, listened to his mother's words, and went back into the timber, as lean and easy and insolent as the wolf itself.

CAROLINE MERCY sat down before the churn, lifting and lowering the dasher in steady rhythm. Covertly from time to time Mrs. Mercy threw a glance toward young Tom. The fever was growing, the breaking point hadn't been reached. She kneaded the butter and took it to the storehouse, poured buttermilk into a jug and brought young Tom a glass of it; when she lifted him upright to drink she felt the fiery heat of his body. He drank the full glass and fell back on the bed, fretful and weak. She brought up the quilts around him.

Darkness came down with a rising wind and rain. She made supper for Caroline and for Joe Teal, who, coming out of the darkness, ate as though in a haste to be back at his hunting. "I'll sleep in the cowshed," he said, and took



Collier's for November 20, 1948

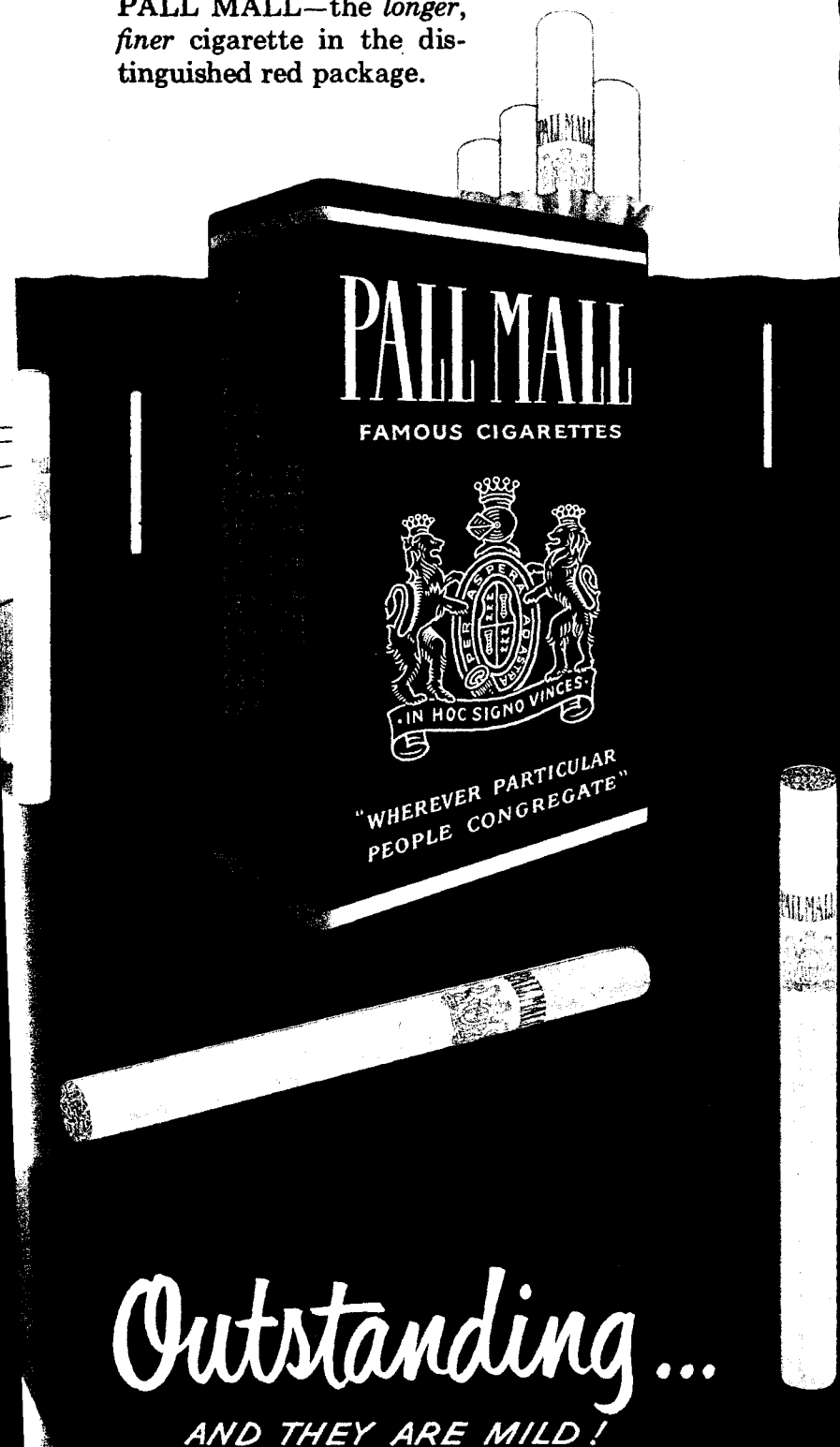


I've discovered the longer, finer cigarette

PALL MALL

PALL MALLS are good to look at—good to feel—good to taste and good to smoke. PALL MALL's greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos filters the smoke on the way to your throat—gives you that smoothness, mildness and satisfaction that no other cigarette offers you.

PALL MALL—the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package.



Outstanding...
AND THEY ARE MILD!

210 x 78 x 62 !



THAT'S NASH !

You'll say it's the biggest—the longest—the lowest and most rakish one you've seen—

Just look at a new Nash *Airflyte*!

Nearly eighteen feet long, over 6½ feet wide—one sweep of racing curves from bullet nose to tear-drop back.

That's Nash. *That's the Airflyte!*

Here is the car interior with far more room than standard, curved like an air-liner's lounge, safety engineered, rid of senseless ornamentation. You've never seen such room!

Around you—one breath-taking sweep of curved windshield—no center-post in the way! All your instrument dials near eye level.

The world's first car with Uniscope and Cockpit Control—

That's Nash. *That's the Airflyte!*

World's first car with Uniflo-Jet carburetion . . . last word in fuel efficiency.

Economy of *more than* 25 miles to the gallon at average highway speed . . . in the big, beautiful Nash "600."

World's first car Girder-built with Unitized body-and-frame—one super-safe welded unit that's lastingly free of rattles and squeaks.

World's first car with *Twin Beds*, for quick day-napping, or all-night comfort.

A new lower center of gravity—and coil springs on all four wheels—for a ride that's incredible . . .

Weather Eye Conditioned Air System for all year 'round automatic heat and ventilation . . .

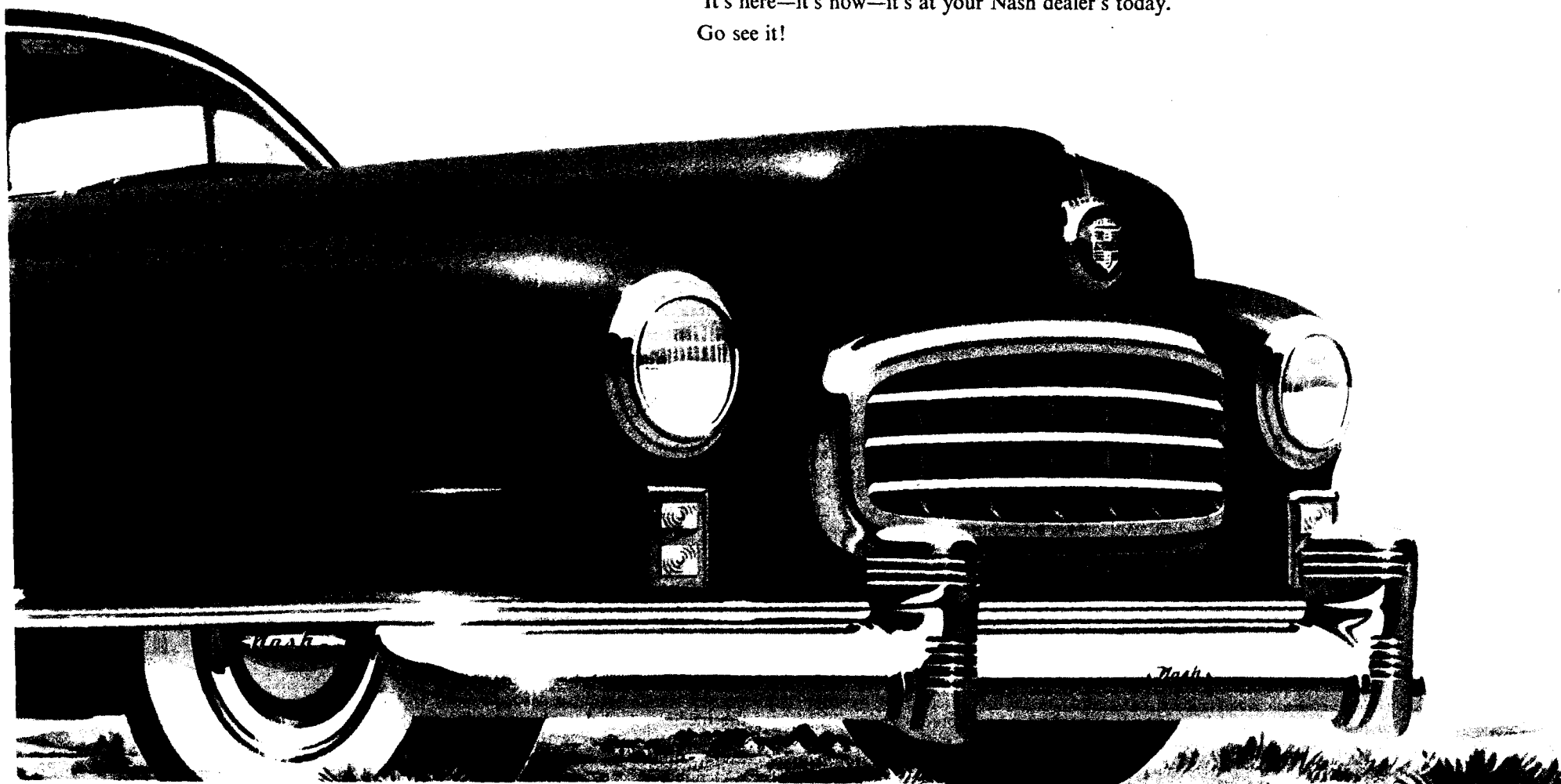
That's Nash. That's the Airflyte!

A new word—for the softest, smoothest, swiftest travel man ever experienced in an automobile—

Airflyte!

It's here—it's now—it's at your Nash dealer's today.

Go see it!



On Display throughout America . . .
the Nash Airflyte comes in two
great series . . . the Nash "600"
in the lower-price field, the Nash
Ambassador in the medium-price field.
Designed, Engineered and Built
with the Touch of Tomorrow.

Nash
Airflyte

GREAT CARS SINCE 1902

Nash Motors Division, Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit

Remember when



there was
never enough
Hot Water?



but today
**EVERYTHING'S
UNDER CONTROL**

Today you get all the hot water you want when you want it. "Robertshaw" or "Grayson" controls on your automatic gas or electric water heater, gas range, space heater or automatic laundry machine assure dependable automatic operation. Look for them, just as industry looks for "Fulton Sylphon" as a mark of quality in industrial controls for temperature and pressure. All are trademarks of Robertshaw-Fulton Controls Company.

On gas and electric ranges, "Robertshaw" thermostats control oven heat—"Grayson" time controls turn gas ovens on and off automatically. Look for them.



"Robertshaw" or "Fulton Sylphon" controls on automatic heating, ventilating or air-conditioning systems assure comfortable room temperatures—no overheating or overcooling. Look for them.



IN HOME AND INDUSTRY
EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL

Robertshaw-Fulton
CONTROLS COMPANY
YOUNGWOOD, PENNSYLVANIA



FULTON SYLPHON DIVISION
Knoxville, Tennessee
GRAYSON CONTROLS DIVISION
Lynwood, California
BRIDGEPORT THERMOSTAT DIVISION
Bridgeport, Connecticut
AMERICAN THERMOMETER DIVISION
St. Louis, Missouri

a blanket from her and led the cow away. She ate nothing, having no appetite. She washed the dishes, combed and put up Caroline's hair and sent her to bed.

"The light's in my eyes," said Tom. She snuffed the candles and drew a chair beside young Tom's bed, holding his hot hand. "Now, then," she said, "you'll be better in the morning. This fever's about burned out the corruption, and then it'll go and you'll eat like a pig." His breathing was fast and heavy, the labor of it exhausting him; his heart alarmed her with the violence of its pulsing against his skin.

A TERRIBLE helplessness came upon her and out of it came bitter thoughts and a moment of hatred for John Mercy. He was an ambitious man who couldn't abide the thought of being small in Indiana—believing that a mile of land, a mill and someday a store out here would make them happy and leave the children well off. But what good was that to young Tom now, half dead with fever? It wasn't a healthy country, no freezing weather to kill the putrid things in the earth and air each year, only this wetness which sickened people and kept them damp winter long.

In sleep, young Tom cried. She sat in the slowly chilling room, listening to the fever have its way, holding his hand and silently praying her will into him. She feared to let his hand go and she feared to move. Mercy, about now, would be starting back over a country without roads or bridges; she had no tenderness in her thinking of him, only a feeling that if young Tom should die, her mind would die.

Pain struck her in the back of the neck, and she seized the edges of the chair to avoid falling. She had slept a few moments and her hand had fallen away from young Tom's hand. She searched for it, and panic came upon her at the quietness that was upon him. She bent, placing her head near his face; his breath rustled against it, but the sound of hard struggle was gone; and when she touched his face the heat, too, had gone. He was motionless; he was in the sleep of exhaustion and the fever was broken. She pulled the covers around him and, removing only her shoes, she got into bed beside Caroline and lay awake, too tired to be relieved. . . .

On the seventh day the rain stopped; and the water-beaded trees around the house were all asparkle. A wolf hide hung in the cowshed, shot by Joe Teal, who had gone home. Young Tom sat propped around with pillows, his eye sockets deep and a waxiness on his face, too weary to complain at being in bed; but he was hungry and he was better.

She carried ten pails of freshet-yellowed water from the Cobway and set on the washtub. "You're not so sick you can't do some studying," she told him. "It's time wasted that's sinful, and I'll not have you ignorant like that trapper. Caroline, get that arithmetic book for him." She hoisted the boiling tub to a bench before the door, and, her skirts tied up, she did the washing.

Joe Teal slipped into the cabin with a bottle of berry wine sent by his mother, having covered the four miles like a hound and yet breathing softly; and he refused food and quietly disappeared.

By afternoon the washing hung from every overhead pole in the cabin, beneath which she had to duck to make a meal and tend young Tom. The closeness of this living crossed her and made her more and more irritable. This was her mood when a straight, thin and whiskered man in a dark suit so old and hard-used that it had a green cast to it stepped from a horse before her door and cheerfully announced himself.

"I am Reverend White, ridin' my circuit," he said. "It was Sister Teal that said you were here. The boy's better? This, I guess, is Caroline, and I've struck

you at washin' time and you won't like me for it."

She didn't. It offended her enormously to bring him into this room with its crowded furniture, and its damp clothes scraping the top of his gray head. But he was a minister and she was courteous to him, by nature respecting his profession. She went hastily around to make up a meal which, because of its poor showing, further depressed her. He ate and he talked and he was full of good spirit.

"Husband be back soon? It's a long ride to Vancouver. Sister Teal mentioned he was after millstones. A miller by trade?"

"He's got knowledge of it," said Mrs. Mercy.

"He'll make out, he'll do well. He's got good land, good water power—he's had the best choice before the multitude come. There's no land like it for richness." He gave her a passing glance and went back to his food. "A little rain, of course. There's the gift it's got—water to make things grow. I recall the harshness of Northern winters."

"I pine for cold weather," she said. "That's natural, but another year here and you'll not hanker for home and friends. You'll have them here."

"Will they ever come?" "By the thousands," said Reverend White, "and if you bend your ear, sister, you can hear the trampling of their feet now. It's destiny. That winter wheat planted in the field?"

"Yes." "The rain that troubles you will bring that wheat on fat and heavy. The rain is your bread and butter." He looked at the wine bottle on the table; she felt shame that he should see it and wondered what his thoughts were.

"That's Sister Teal's elderberry, I recognize. No medicine like it for your son."

"Could I offer you some, Reverend?" He said, "No," in a rather reluctant way and at once said it stronger. "No. Barely enough for him. Now then," he said, rising, "it's twenty miles to the next family and I have got to ride." He laid a hand on young Tom's head, on Caroline's head, his hands blackened from the reins of the horse.

HE WAS a minister, but he had none of that refinement about him which, in Indiana, sets ministers apart; he was a man before a minister, more like a millwright than anything else. He thanked her for the meal and rode downgrade to the meadow and out of sight. She was disappointed because he had neither asked anything of her spiritual condition nor had knelt with them in prayer.

She would have been surprised at Reverend White. Passing around a point of the hill he came to a grove of oaks well beyond the cabin, here dismounting to kneel before a tree. He knew her story from Mrs. Teal, he knew her trials from the trials of other women before her and he knew, by her expression, the depth of her unhappiness. Knowing it, he prayed for her aloud, naming all the troubles she had undergone and all the excellences he saw within her. He listed them in a good round voice to God, stating her case as a lawyer might have done; and in the same voice he asked for a small amount of forgiveness, for a great deal of help. Then he rose, brushed his wet knees and rode into the gathering twilight toward a cabin twenty miles away. . . .

She milked, fed the pigs, and gathered the eggs and locked in the chickens after counting them. After Caroline had gone to bed she got her basket and pulled the rocker to the fire—all the long day waiting for this restful moment—and settled there with thread and patch cloth. For a moment the redness of her hands drew her attention and she let them lie while she became aware of the scratches upon them. She remembered that her grandmother's hands had been like this, but



Read

One secret of making better
Dry Martinis and Manhattans

between

is to use the Vermouth made
especially for cocktail use

the lines!

by cocktail specialists—the world's
largest producers of cocktails.

Heublein's

This Vermouth is made from our own
wines and natural herbs exclusively.

Vatted

Carefully planned from wine to vat.
Always crystal clear in the bottle.

Vermouth

Sweet for Manhattans
Dry for Dry Martinis

G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford, Conn.

Collier's for November 20, 1948

not her mother's; for her grandmother had gone through the same drudgery while her mother, marrying the village merchant, had lived a calm life.

She might have married a merchant, too, and her days would have been as pleasant as her mother's. All day long the voices of the town would be around her, leaving no room for lonesomeness, and she would belong, she would dance, she would go to church. She had not let herself think too much of Bob Burglon—that was a kind of unfaithfulness—but now she let him come into her mind and his courtship sent its sweetness through her as she recounted it.

It was hard to know, sometimes, what put one man above another and why John Mercy, so abruptly coming into her life, had made Bob Burglon seem no longer right. It had been clear enough then. She looked closely at Bob Burglon, she looked closely at her husband—and she said silently, "No more of that," and put it out of her head. The fireplace light at last made her eyes tired and she went to bed. . . .

She was up still earlier next morning and by daybreak had finished the never-changing chores. Now she brought in from the shed the slabs of cedar bark young Tom had cut, and began pounding the cedar fiber free, at last having a pile of it and a great mound of fluff around her. She brought out a loom, tacking on the stringy cedar twine as warp, and began the tedious hand job of running the woof through; by noon she was sorry she had begun and grew cross when young Tom became hungry. "Caroline, fix his big stomach something."

She hated to waste time, and by two o'clock, having had no meal herself, finished the cedar mat, threw it on the floor before the doorway and was done with it. But for a moment she studied it and thought: Why, it's not bad, and saw how she could do better next time. She was in haste; everything piled up on her. From the shed she got a venison joint, and put it into the deep skillet. She made a pie, and at proper time laid onions and potatoes and parsnips around the baking venison. Twilight came on, she turning rapidly from one piece of work to another.

She changed young Tom's bed, washed his face; she did Caroline's hair and was momentarily happy with her daughter's prettiness; and then at last she did her own hair and tied on a new apron. It was full dark by that time; standing at the open doorway she listened for the sound of Mercy's wagon to rise from the far deep quiet of the night. She began to worry, to see the rivers he had to cross, the Indians who

went back and forth through this country in their roving bands. Young Tom said, "It's way past suppertime."

"You can wait a little longer," she said; then, in the distance beyond the meadow, she heard Mercy's call. "It will be just a little while," she said. She looked at them, adding, "We will not say we've been troubled, mind you." She looked from one to the other. "I want you to know that there's always trouble, and each one has got to stand his own, or everybody'd always be crying. Your father's got his, and bears them, and we'll bear ours."

HE CIRCLED the wagon into its place beside the cabin, seeing his wife and daughter framed in the doorway's gushing yellow light. He said, "That's a pretty sight. Everything well?"

Mrs. Mercy said, "We got along."

"I said eight days—and eight days it was."

"You can thank the Lord as much as your own good guessing," she said. He unyoked and led away the oxen and came slowly back, walking with a weary man's loose knees. He got something from the wagon and said to Caroline, still standing in the doorway, "Magpie," and saw young Tom in bed. "What's here?"

"He had a cold," said Mrs. Mercy, "but it's all right now. We'll eat when you've washed." She looked at him, knowing he had spared no strength to be back on time; he met her glance and a sparkle got into his eyes and he said, "Well, then, I've not been missed?"

"Don't be foolish, Mercy. It's not right to beg for sentiment." She watched him reach into the package he carried, laying out a clustered chunk of transparent rock candy, and a string of Hudson Bay beads. "Candy, from London, for the kids. Beads for you. Pretty things."

She looked at them, she didn't touch them, she didn't meet Mercy's eyes. Her manner was brisk, almost impatient. "I hope you didn't waste money on me. You know I don't wear trinkets. They will do for Caroline," she added and turned to bring the roast to the table.

He sat heavily on the rocker and got out of his boots, into his slippers. He washed and combed his hair and took his place at the table. When his family had come about it, he looked at them, one by one, and dropped his head.

"For the food, for a safe return, and for the health of this family, Lord, thanks, Amen." He raised his head, a steady faintly austere benevolence coming to his face. "No trouble, then?"

"Nothing to speak of," said Martha Mercy.



Collier's for November 20, 1948

Bostonians Ritz



The Authentic French Toe
Classic simplicity—neat, trim
lines with a hint of foot-
flattering squareness. Truly
Bostonians—from \$13.50

Bostonians

WHITMAN, MASSACHUSETTS

That Noble, *Noble* Flavor !

*because
it's
unhurried*



© K. D. C.

KINSEY "GOLD"

Rich, full-bodied . . . a truly luxury whiskey. You'll find it exceptionally smooth and satisfying. Try this superb blend tonight.



KINSEY "SILVER"

Light, mellow . . . a wonderful value! Ideal for mixed drinks because it retains its delicious, distinctive taste always!

Choice Blended Whiskies. Gold Label: 86.8 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Silver Label: 86.8 Proof. 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

I Catch Bank Embezzlers

By **LESTER A. PRATT, C.P.A.** as told to *Bill Davidson*

There is no such thing as a typical embezzler, as the author discovered after carefully studying thousands of cases

With a wave of bank frauds sweeping the country, Collier's asked Lester A. Pratt, America's foremost bank-fraud expert, to help prepare this nontechnical article. Mr. Pratt is a Washington, D. C., Certified Public Accountant, who has conducted several thousand embezzlement investigations for the Comptroller of the Currency, Treasury Department, for the big surety companies and for individual banks in most of the 48 states. He is the author of Bank Frauds, Their Detection and Prevention, the only recognized textbook on the subject, which is now being used by the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation in the training of its bank examiners.

RECENTLY, the directors of a Middle Western bank took an unexpected peek into the bank's assets, and developed an immediate suspicion that someone had been dipping his hands into the till to the extent of \$30,000. They investigated a bit further, and all the circumstantial evidence pointed to a horse-playing assistant cashier. However, rather than call in auditors, the F.B.I., etc., for a long, messy investigation, the directors decided to use psychology.

That afternoon they called the entire staff together and addressed them as follows: "Thirty thousand dollars is missing. We are sorry, but tomorrow morning all of you will have to subject yourselves to lie-detection tests."

As expected the assistant cashier was missing the next day.

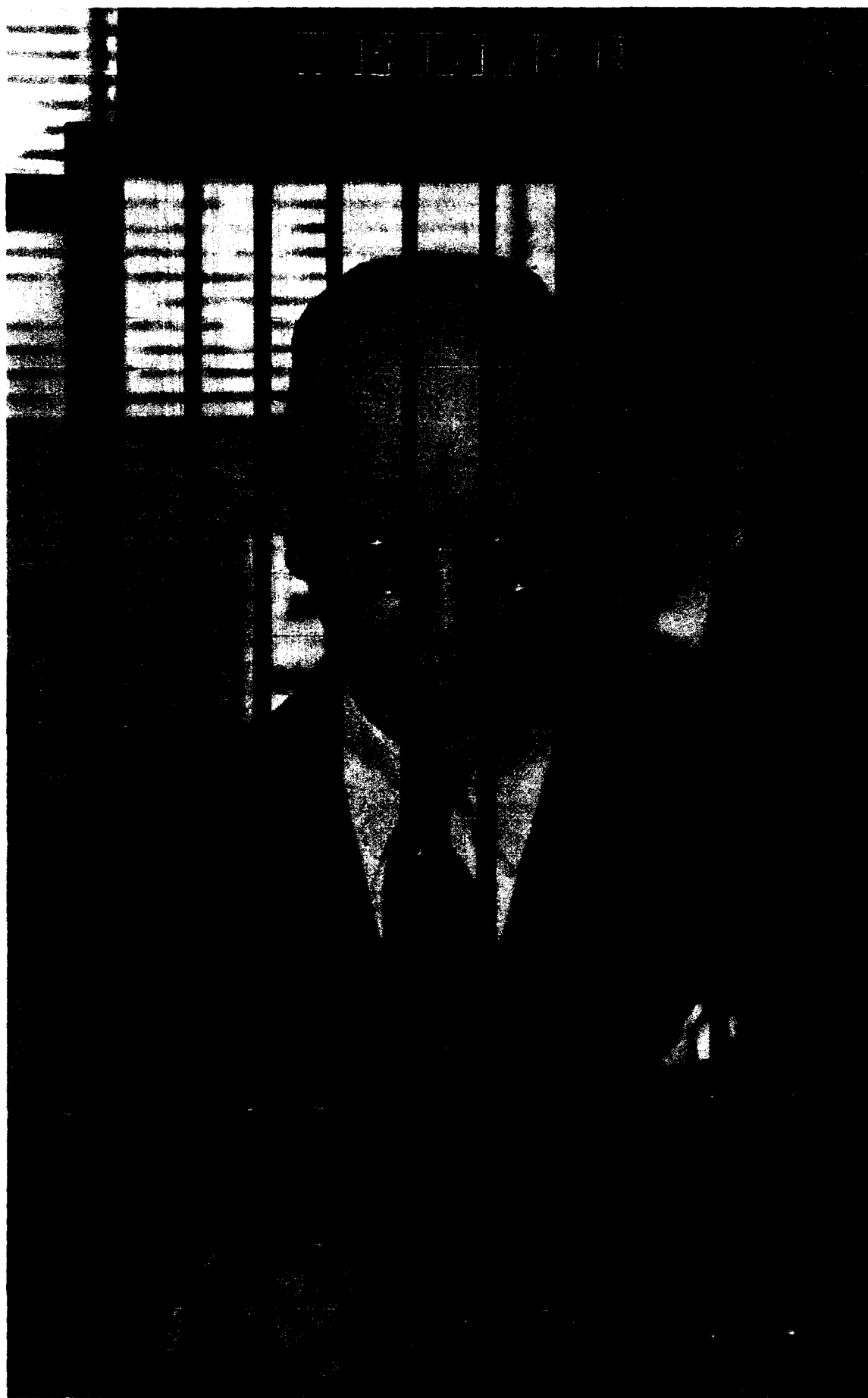
But so were two tellers.

This case points up a theory which I developed a long time ago in my 30-year career of running down and exposing inside-job bank frauds. The theory is that all but the most saintly among us can be tempted to steal, if the circumstances make it appear easy to get away with same. The statistics, apparently, bear me out.

A surety company recently announced that \$2,000,000 currently is being embezzled on every single business day—a little less than one sixth of that from banks; and the F.B.I. warns that we are approaching the peak of a bank-fraud crime wave.

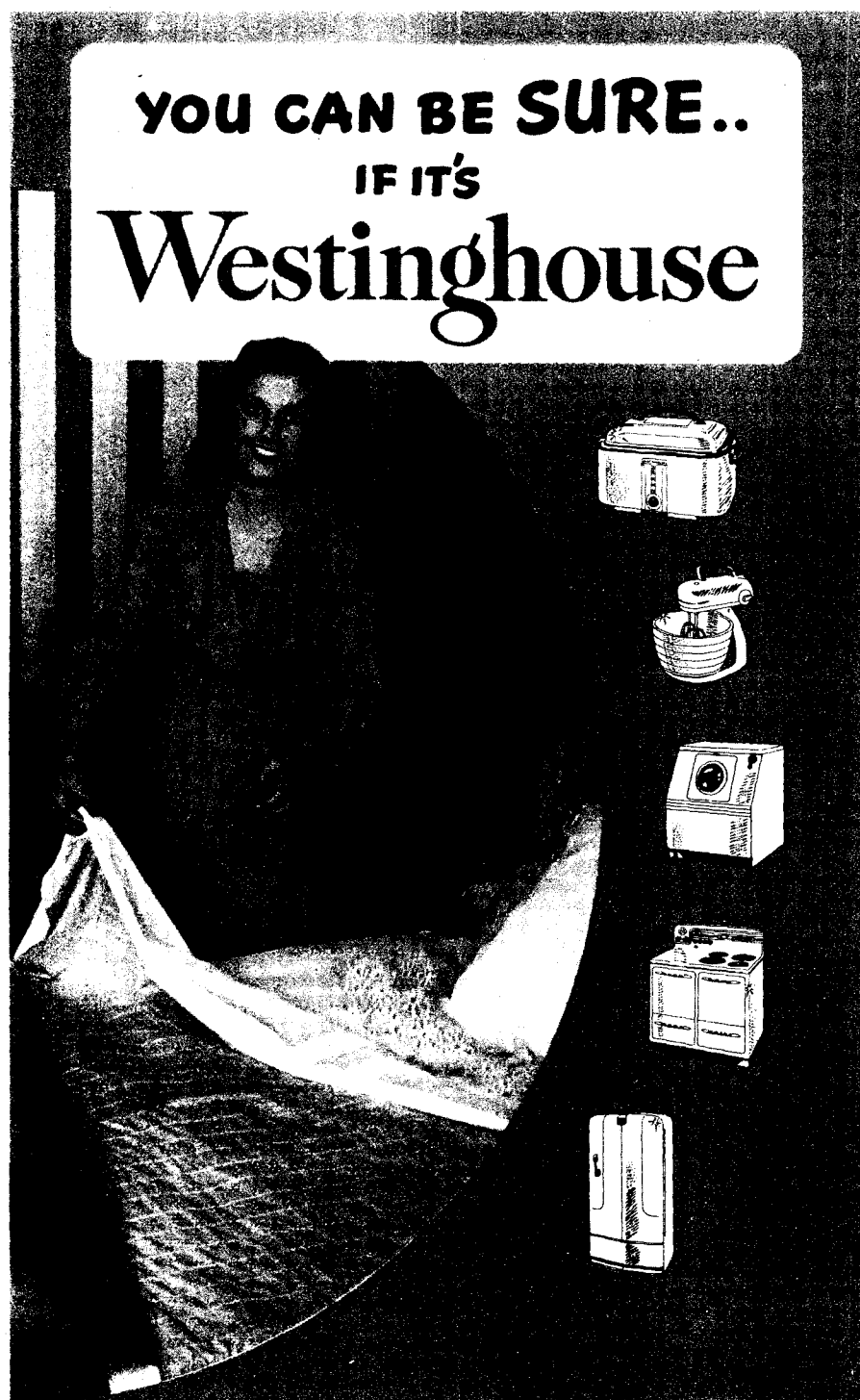
Because the federal government now insures all the deposits in banks (up to \$5,000 for each depositor), embezzlements no longer bring widespread disaster to depositors, and few people even are aware of it when a teller runs off with \$50,000 of their money. Nearly every day, however, you can pick up the newspaper and read of bank-fraud convictions.

Recently I was consulted on two cases that hit the newspapers at exactly the same time. On July 10, 1948, the telephone rang in the office of John J. Dickerson, New Jersey's State Banking Commissioner. A muffled voice (*Continued on page 78*)



Lester A. Pratt, bank fraud authority, takes his place in the teller's cage to examine the bank's records

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY RUTH ORKIN



**YOU CAN BE SURE..
IF IT'S
Westinghouse**

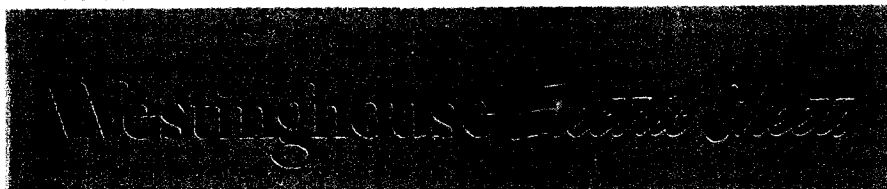
NOW..it's the **ELECTRIC SHEET**

- Sensational, New, Practical Bedcovering
- Safe, Automatic Warmth Without Weight
- Use it With Your Favorite Blanket or Quilt
- Easily Carried on Trips; Plugs in any AC Outlet
- Comfort Beyond Words, at a Startling Low Price

Tops for Christmas Giving! Here's the latest in Electric Bedcoverings . . . at a price so low you'll want one for every bed. It's practical, comfort-giving, completely different and new! Just spread the Electric Sheet over the regular top sheet, then any blanket, quilt or comforter you have can be used as a top cover. You get *automatically controlled* warmth without weight. Simply set dial—the Automatic Watchman Control maintains the warmth you select. Packs easily into overnight bag. Fits double or twin beds. Approved by Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc. See the new Electric Sheet at your Westinghouse retailer's now. It's the big news . . . and the favorite gift . . . of the year!

ONLY \$29⁹⁵

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC CORPORATION • APPLIANCE DIVISION • MANSFIELD • OHIO



TUNE IN TED MALONE...EVERY MORNING, MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY...ABC NETWORK

THE IMPUDENT RIFLE

Continued from page 43

"None of that," said Hogue harshly. "We're even now, Pretty Boy."

So nothing was changed. Hogue was born a brute and would die a brute. Nothing would ever change him.

When he judged that dawn was near, Royall balanced his force on all four sides of his quadrangle; an attack in the first light could come from any direction. He took the northwest corner, blinking through the sting of sleet and wind—but no attack came.

"Fires!" he shouted. "Get your fires going. In the pit first."

It was no time to worry a spark. He made a taper of paper and gunpowder, while men fashioned wood in the pit, and fired it with his pistol. The wounded men hugged the flame. Standing apart as sentinel, Royall was the first to see the four Comanches emerge out of the eddies of blown sleet to eastward.

He drove the men to the barricades, but no more of the enemy appeared. The four renewed the pantomime; then vanished southward in a swirl of sleet.

Royall called out, "Saddle a horse, Hogue."

He crossed the brook and rode at a gallop down the valley, staying as close to the protection of the trees as he could. When the valley began to bend westward he left the brook and raced across the open ground on his right. He hit the slope, protected again by trees, and turned south along the hillside, riding slower now and stopping often.

At the third stop he made them out, each leading his extra war pony and still riding south—a rear guard, left behind to divert and hold him in his quadrangle while the main body departed.

It was the weather that beat them. Even in his first elation Royall admitted it. His honesty as a professional soldier would not permit anything else.

If he lived now, he would write his report of this battle in the most minute detail. This was a new kind of war. Infantry could never stand against these savage cavalymen. If he lived now—

He stopped thinking that. Of course he would live now. The fight was over. Why was the thought of danger still with him? Frank Ollers. Yes, but that was an old danger. He had lived with that danger for months. Realization that there was now a difference came gradually. At some time in the long hours of last night he had come to a decision. If he survived this battle, he would seek out and destroy the man who caused it.

He had survived. What could he do? He could force a duel. Or he could simply shoot Ollers down. The possibility of that latter choice did not shock him. Too many had died, and too many would die in the months and perhaps years to come, because of Frank Ollers.

Royall said slowly, "I never knew his name, but it didn't matter. You see, I had given him my own."

Sean smiled. "A savage lord of the plains named Philip Ashton Royall. It is not really too strange an illusion, Phil. But I don't believe the resemblance of your young Comanche to you was as deep as you think."

"It doesn't matter now."

"Yes it does. It accounts for some of that abiding anger of yours. Your Comanche had the same utter confidence in himself that you have."

Royall nodded, though not wholly agreeing, and pushed deeper under his blankets. Warmth, plain body warmth, was a sensation satisfying beyond belief.

He lay in the partly finished cabin he occupied with Sean. It had puncheon floors and a peaked roof of linen tenting around which the wind whistled shrilly. Sean sat on his own bunk, a blanket

around his shoulders. He had not been really warm in days. The fact alarmed him, but he would not speak of it.

Sean resumed, "A people as warlike as the Comanches would have fought sooner or later. The governor's peace couldn't have lasted."

"It sounds like an excuse for murder."

"No," said Sean patiently. "I'm not excusing Frank Ollers. I'm trying to make you see there are forces at work here far larger than the evil of any one man. If you killed Frank Ollers, you would really change nothing."

"No!"

"Listen to me, Phil. A strong people is a force of nature, as surely as a hurricane is. And when a strong people applies superior force, that becomes justice for that time and place and period of history. There is no more cruelty in it than there is in a hungry jungle animal that kills to fill its belly."

Royall said half angrily, "Listen to the weak argue for the strong." He saw the pain come into Sean's eyes and was instantly contrite. "Forgive me, Sean. That was worse than unfair."

"It's all right," Sean smiled. "I am one of the weak. Maybe that's why I understand the strong."

"Get out of here," murmured Royall.

HE CLOSED his eyes and sent his thoughts back to that day he boarded the Rachel on the Mississippi. He remembered how he was drawn to Sean at once. He had envied Sean his tranquillity, not realizing the price Sean had paid for it, not understanding that a life of illness had forced Sean to stand aside until his will to dare had died from disuse.

For the first time Royall saw clearly that he would never possess tranquillity. Nor did he want it. He closed his mind to that old, old problem and slept.

A new day was far advanced when he awoke. He lay for a time listening to the shrilling of the wind. When he moved he found his shoulders stiff and sore.

He stuck his head out to call for warm water, and saw with astonishment that a tub of it simmered on an open fire before his cabin. Sergeant Taylor, coming from beyond his fire, had the explanation: "Miss Sprague said you'd be wantin' it when you woke up, sir."

"Miss Sprague is a pearl of matchless beauty and God's gift to the wilderness, Sergeant. How are the wounded men?"

"Comin' along, sir. She has a way with 'em."

Royall examined the gray day. "When is this storm going to end?"

"Well, now, she built up slow and she'll go out the same way."

Royall frowned, thinking of the Choctaw train. Ollers surely would go into camp until this passed.

"Get a wagon started after that salt, Sergeant."

He shaved, washed and ate before turning toward the depot headquarters. Patches of sleet ice crackled beneath his boots. Even if the Choctaw train was in motion it could cover little ground.

He spoke to Sean and Governor Sprague and passed into Beth's room where he found her with the two wounded. The men were cheerful and improved enough to be embarrassed that a woman should tend them. Watching her he thought that he should have known she had this competence.

Her nearness stirred the violence in him, making him wheel from the room because he could not trust himself.

At dusk he moved through the routine of inspection with Sergeant Taylor, bending his head before the sparse and flinty sleet. Before he went to his blankets he stared northeastward. If

Collier's for November 20, 1948

Frank Ollers was not already in camp, this would force him to it. The thinly clad Choctaw could not travel through this.

The first sound Royall heard in the dawn was the hard tinkling of sleet. He routed out Sergeant Taylor.

"We're going to find Ollers," he said. "You and Hogue and I."

He breakfasted and went to the headquarters, finding word of his intention had preceded him.

"I'm going with you," said Sean.

"No. You won the argument, Sean. I'll not shoot him down."

"Shoot him down?" Governor Sprague spoke fretfully. "Philip, are you talking about Frank Ollers?"

Royall ignored him. Sean asked, "Then why are you going?"

"To look after the Choctaw. To bring Ollers here. To knock the truth out of Scanlon and the other two."

"Stop this!" shouted Sprague. In the silence that followed he glowered from one to the other. "Now then, Sean, what are you talking about?"

"Phil believes that Ollers intends the Indians out here to destroy each other, and ordered the two Comanche chiefs killed for that reason."

Sprague looked incomprehensibly at Royall, shocked beyond bluster.

Sean added, "I believe it too."

Beth crossed and put her arm about her father. He stared down at her dazedly. "Beth, this—this infamous slander and plotting going on all about me..." His voice trailed off, only to rise again like a boom of empty thunder, "This is more of the Army's doing! I'll go straight to the President with this!"

"Sit down, Father," said Beth.

Sean said stubbornly, "I'm going, Phil."

Royall looked into the earnest face of his friend and nodded assent.

They followed the trace made by Ollers' freight wagons. Royall set the pace with an anxious eye on Sean. An hour before dark they stopped and built a fire and windbreak. Sean was cheerful, but so exhausted he could eat little. He sank immediately into sleep.

Sometime in the night Royall awakened to a slight noise. It was Hogue replenishing the fire. Royall thought about this, trying sleepily to remember any other time that Hogue had done a thing without waiting for a command. He could not. Before sleep came again, he heard Sean cough. It was a thick cough, deep in his chest.

They were in the saddle at daybreak. The sleet slacked off again, but the bit-

ter wind still ruled. A deeper flush lay beneath the redness of cold and wind on Sean's cheeks.

The hills grew a little less broken, the valleys between them flattened. Here and there a great cypress grew. An hour before noon Royall called a halt.

"They can't be far," said Sergeant Taylor. "I figure we've done close to fifty miles."

Royall agreed, watching Sean climb painfully from his horse and squat down by Hogue's fire.

IT WAS early afternoon when they topped a ridge and saw the train in the next valley crawling toward them. One horseman rode at its head. It stretched back, open wagon by open wagon, beyond the limit of their vision. Figures huddled in the wagons. More figures plodding beside and behind the wagons.

Royall put his horse down the slope, thinking that he recognized the hat of the single horseman. When they were still a hundred yards from the leading wagon, Sergeant Taylor pointed an arm and swore. The closest Indian afoot was a woman. Her legs were bare. Tatters of gray cloth encased her head and most of her face. A loose cotton dress whipped about her body. She held a shawl or fragment of blanket around her shoulders, her hands gripping it from underneath at her throat.

Taylor said softly, "He wouldn't drive a hawg that way."

But Ollers would. As they drew closer, they saw that a few of the Indians drove animals ahead of them: Pigs and cows. Breeding stock for the new country. If they lived to reach the new country.

Royall drew up before Scanlon. For the horseman was Scanlon, in heavy boots, and fur gloves and a mackinaw, and the same dirty hat.

"Turn your wagons," Royall commanded. "You're making camp till the weather breaks."

Scanlon peered out of his coat. "Who says so?"

Royall put his horse hard against Scanlon's. "Get down," he said.

Scanlon hesitated, looked at Taylor and Hogue, and dismounted.

"Search him, Sergeant."

Taylor stripped back the mackinaw. From Scanlon's waist he took a double-barreled pistol.

Royall said, "Where's Ollers?"

"He ain't here." Scanlon saw Taylor raise the pistol and added surlily, "He stays in last night's camp till afternoon, and catches up to us just 'fore dark."

"Where are the other two hostlers?"

Christmas is More Fun at our house with TOYS

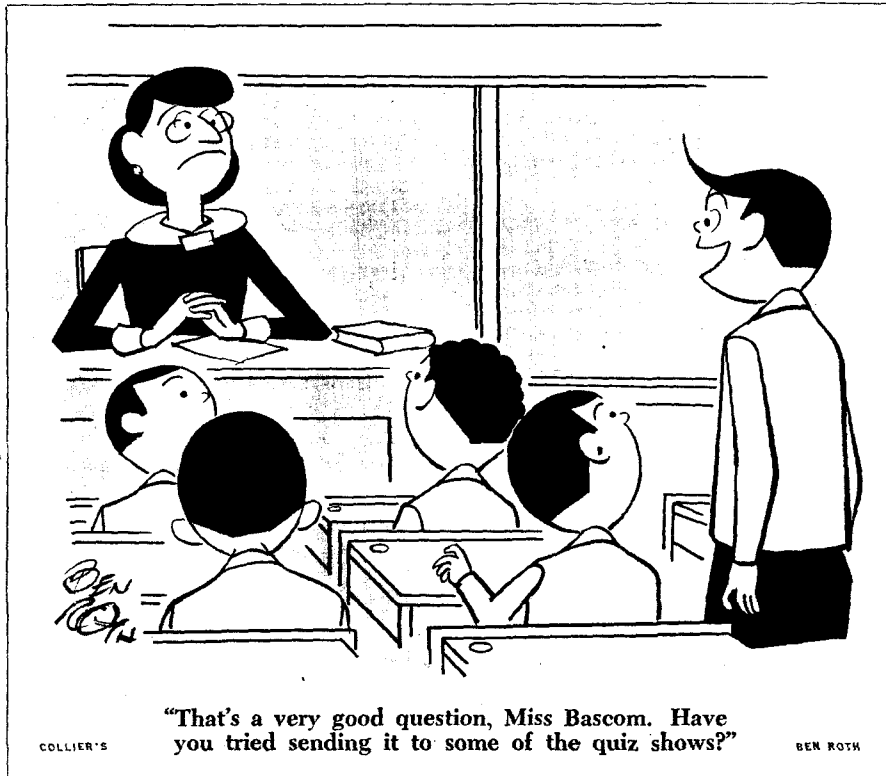
Excitement galore accompanies this authentic miniature racing car! Molded and distributed by Ideal Novelty & Toy Company, 200 Fifth Ave., N. Y., N. Y.

There's real fun in this modern doll house bathroom set! Molded and distributed by Plastic Art Toy Corporation of America, 1 Maple St., East Rutherford, N. J.

The Kolor Kinet is a rolling rainbow of entertainment! Molded and distributed by Kolor Kinet, Incorporated, Henderson, Ky.

This flashy little steamship floats and whistles—provides lively amusement! Molded and distributed by Amos Molded Plastics, Edinburgh, Ind.

Skipper Duck is gay company in crib or tub. Molded and distributed by Knickerbocker Plastic Company, Inc., 4101 San Fernando Rd., Glendale, Calif.



Christmas is for Kids... and kids have their own ideas about Christmas. What small tots really want is lots of color... lots of action and lots of toys! That's why Christmas is more fun with toys made of Styron (Dow Polystyrene). You'll find Styron toys inexpensively priced at leading department stores, chain stores and variety stores everywhere.

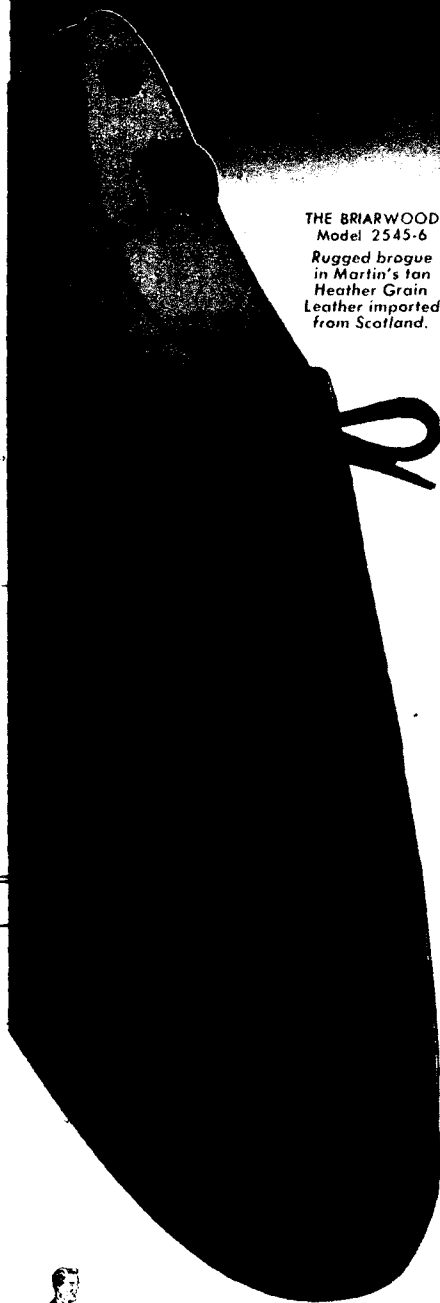
PLASTICS DIVISION, TP-19

THE DOW CHEMICAL COMPANY • MIDLAND, MICHIGAN





WEYENBERG
MASSAGIC
Air Cushion Shoes



THE BRIARWOOD
Model 2545-6
Rugged brogue
in Martin's tan
Heather Grain
Leather imported
from Scotland.



**Be style-right
... EXTRA
COMFORTABLE in
MASSAGIC SHOES**

You get double pleasure in wearing distinctively styled Massagic Shoes with their built-in comfort. Their patented resilient air cushion and flexible Arch Lift keep you feeling foot-fresh. Their pace-setting smartness wins enthusiastic admiration.

WEYENBERG SHOE MFG. CO.
Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin

Taylor answered: "They're comin' now, sir."

The two rode up to see what was holding the train. They looked into Royall's rifle and dismounted sullenly. Taylor explored their clothes.

"No guns on 'em, sir."

"They had rifles and pistols when they left the depot," said Royall. "We'll look for 'em in the supply wagons later. Keep these three together, Sergeant. Hogue, go down the line and tell the teamsters to make camp and build shelters."

Royall turned the first wagon, guiding it toward the nearest trees along the valley's watercourse. Ancient males and crones shared the scant warmth of their bodies with small children in a huddled mass on the wagon bed.

REACHING the trees, Sean climbed slowly down from his horse. He swayed as he tried to stand and caught at the stirrup.

"Sean!"

"It's all right, Phil. It's all right. I'm not even cold any more."

Royall looked at his hot eyes and the trembling of his shoulders. "Of course you're not. You're burning with fever."

He built a fire, spread Sean's blankets beside it and forced him into them. Sean lay back; his head rolled weakly. Royall looked down at him, alarmed. Sean had so little strength.

Sean forced a smile. "I deserve this."

"Lie still and rest."

Royall strode to Scanlon. "I want your tent. Go get it."

Scanlon replied complainingly, "We only got one for the three of us."

"Then sleep in the open. I want your lantern too. Sergeant, give him back his pistol. Keep it out of sight, Scanlon. Now on your way."

Royall caught Taylor's look of puzzled inquiry and nodded toward Sean. Sean's sickness compelled a new course. Royall could not force the issue with Ollers now. Sean must have care. Constant care. All else must be put off.

He swung on Scanlon's two companions. One of them was the man Pickens, who gazed at Royall that day at Fort Gibson. The face of the other reflected pure animal viciousness.

"Get out," Royall ordered. "Go do whatever you're supposed to do to help these people."

Taylor watched them mount and ride off. "I'll not turn my back to that pair," he observed.

Scanlon brought tent and lantern and dumped them sullenly at Royall's feet.

"We'll camp apart, Sergeant," said Royall.

He chose a spot a hundred yards ahead of the first wagon and deep enough into the trees to break the wind. Leaving Taylor to put up the tent, he returned to the fire to find Hogue back.

Royall bent over Sean. "Come, Sean. We have a tent for you."

Sean reached shakily to his feet, took two steps, and fell limply against Royall. Hogue stepped wordlessly to them and put his arms beneath Sean. Together Royall and Hogue carried him to the tent. Sean opened his eyes and smiled apologetically at Hogue. The big soldier grunted and went out.

Sean coughed again, thickly and painfully. Dampness lay upon his forehead despite the cold. Royall looked down at him with the helplessness of a man who had never known sickness.

Sean whispered, "Don't bleed me, Phil. All my life I've been purged and bled, and purged and bled. I've made up my mind I'll never be bled again."

"I won't," said Royall. "Don't talk any more." He turned out of the tent to find Hogue building a shelter and Taylor busy with a fire.

"I'll fix him a tea," said the sergeant.

"Good."

They both understood that the sergeant was taking over from Royall, was

assuming responsibility for Sean in his methodical way. Royall felt relief.

He walked away, forcing his alarm over Sean from his mind to debate his position. He must control his impatience. For Sean's sake he must avoid violence. He must dissemble, must let it appear to Ollers that nothing was changed.

He found that his footsteps had taken him among the Choctaw. The old ones had crept to the fires, still brittle with cold, no longer possessing the capacity to hold warmth in their bodies. He paused to watch a young woman preparing her *ta-fu-la*. As she worked she held a boy of four in her arms. Only his head was visible. His body was thrust down inside her dress, against her breasts and stomach. She brought her pot to the fire. Before she leaned over the flame she lifted the boy out and set him down. He was naked.

Royall turned on his heel. That was when he heard hoofbeats and the clatter of an iron-rimmed vehicle traveling fast. He knew it was Ollers before he saw the curtained dearborn through the trees. Scanlon, Pickens and the third man rode their horses beside it. Ollers pulled up at sight of Royall, brushed a bear robe from his knee and climbed down. He advanced genially.

"You're a welcome sight, Royall. Where's the governor?"

"At the depot."

"Don't tell me he was worried?"

Royall started to nod; this was the time to begin the pretense. But he could not. "No," he said curtly. "I was."

"Why?"

"Because it occurred to me you might force these people to march in this weather."

Ollers laughed with strong good humor. Royall realized suddenly that the heads of all the Choctaw in sight were turned toward them. No, toward Ollers. Their eyes were on Ollers. And their attitudes were stiffened by hate.

"Your Christian mercy does you credit," said Ollers. "But then you don't know Indians, do you? An empty belly or a cold one, it's all the same to them. They're used to it. They don't feel things like a white man."

"I don't agree."

"No? Be reasonable. These Indians never had anything and never wanted anything except somebody to feed 'em. Now they've got me doing that."

A GAIN that wave of hate washed over Ollers from the silent Indians. He stood braced against it, no longer good-humored, throwing back at them his own contemptuous hatred.

"I hear," Ollers said, "that Mr. Donnell is sick. Suppose you just camp here and look after him and don't interfere with my train any more. You cost me a good five miles today."

Royall said briefly, "We'll all camp here."

"You know of course that you have no authority out here."

"We'll settle that later."

"We'll settle it now!"

So the issue would be forced after all. And Royall was alone. He should have known that he could not delay against the passion that drove this man.

"Then we'll settle it," he said. "I'm taking charge of this train. By force if necessary." He took a step back and then another until the four of them were in the spread of his vision.

Ollers laughed shortly. "What force?" Royall's glance flicked to the man at his left. The man Pickens. Pickens' head was half turned. He was searching beneath the trees. So that was it. They did not know where Taylor and Hogue were. That was why Ollers kept talking.

"Three men," said Royall. "Three men in uniform. The Army, Ollers. It would still be the Army if it was only one man. Maybe these rogues of yours will

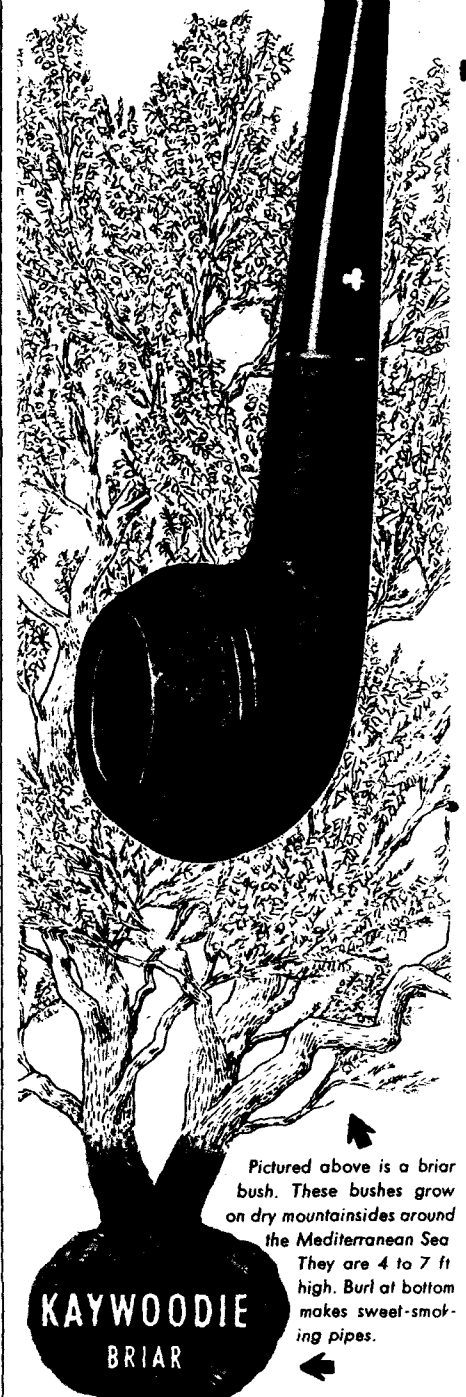
KAYWOODIE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

NEW SHAPE

**will not roll over
on desk or table**

Super-Grain Kaywoodie
No. 32C \$5
Look for the cloverleaf
on stem of pipe



Pictured above is a briar bush. These bushes grow on dry mountainsides around the Mediterranean Sea. They are 4 to 7 ft high. Burl at bottom makes sweet-smoking pipes.

**KAYWOODIE
BRIAR**

Light up a Kaywoodie Pipe for enjoyment, and peace of mind. Number 32C pictured here weighs 1½ ounces, does not feel big or heavy in mouth. It is all ready to smoke—don't treat it in any way. There are 83 shapes of Kaywoodie Pipes ranging in price from \$3.50 to \$25. Same quality and prices as pre-war. Kaywoodie Company, New York and London. 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20. Pamphlet on request.



**Give him
a Kaywoodie
for Christmas**

fight, but your teamsters won't. They won't go against the Army, Ollers."

"Nobody out here gives a damn about the Army, Royall. I told you that."

The man at his right was dividing his attention too. He was throwing glances toward the Choctaw. He felt their hate, and it robbed him of sureness.

"Make up your mind, Ollers."

"I've wasted time with you," rumbled Ollers. "I don't know why I didn't kill you that day on the Arkansas." Ollers wasn't going to fight. He wasn't ready yet.

Royall pressed his advantage: "I said make up your mind."

"I'll not give these red heathens the satisfaction of seeing white men kill each other," Ollers said. He turned his back to Royall. "Get my tent up, Scanlon. Where in hell's my supper?"

Royall tramped back to his own camp. He had won delay. But it was an armed truce. Hogue was finishing his shelter. It was fashioned of saddle blankets and cypress branches.

In the tent, Taylor said, "He wouldn't take no tea." Sean's eyes were closed, his breathing had a rasp in it. Royall nodded, and Taylor followed him out.

"He's bad sick, sir," said Taylor.

"You'd better sleep in the tent with him, Sergeant. Do what you can." He nodded toward the trees. "Ollers may try to take us. If he does, he'll try at night. I'll sleep out there someplace."

Waiting until deep blackness came, he gathered his blankets. Once away from the firelight, he changed direction. He found a cypress and made an uncomfortable bed among its roots. Before dawn the wind died, and it turned even colder. He left his blankets, circled his own camp and took up a position from which he could see Ollers' tent.

He watched fires come to life with the first light, and looked on hungrily while Ollers breakfasted. Scanlon mounted and started down the line, stopping at each wagon. Not until Royall saw a teamster spread harness on the ground and squat above it with mending tools was he satisfied. He returned to camp to find Taylor and Hogue at the fire.

Fatigue deepened the lines in Sergeant Taylor's cheeks. "It don't appear like he wants to live, sir," Taylor said. "He ain't fighting it."

Royall nodded. It seemed to him that he had known that from the beginning. "Get some sleep, Sergeant. Hogue will stand guard."

Royall heard the angry, drawn-out rasp in Sean's breathing before he entered the tent. He looked down at his

friend's thin, fine face, thickened now with the blood of raging fever. Sean had fought against it so long as he was in the saddle. But when he lay down, all desire to fight longer had passed from him.

Royall stretched out beside Sean, waiting for Sean's mind to return from its journey of fevered sleep. As hour followed hour, however, he came to question whether it was not too late. Sean was not asleep. He was unconscious.

In early afternoon Hogue came and said, "I seen Scanlon skulkin' out there lookin' us over."

"If you see him again, bring him in."

"Yes, sir." Hogue rubbed at the coarse red stubble on his jaws. "Is they goin' to be a fight, sir?"

"I don't know, Hogue."

Hogue stood up. He gazed down at Sean for a long time, his broad face devoid of expression. Presently he said, "It was a suddenlike fever that took Kate off. It come up after the captain left her." He raised his eyes to Royall, adding tonelessly, "Kate was my wife. She was no good." Then he left the tent.

NIGHT came again. Sergeant Taylor disappeared into the darkness with his blankets. For a time Royall could hear Hogue twisting about in his shelter in search of a comfortable position. After that there was no sound except Sean's labored breathing. Royall dozed, awakened and dozed, falling finally into shallow sleep.

He awakened to the calling of his name. It came again in a whisper, out of the darkness at his side: "Phil."

"Sean!"

"Do you know, Phil, I was right." The whisper came softly. "I knew dying was a simple thing. A long time ago, when I was a child, I decided that. It's so very simple—so—very—simple—"

"Sean, man, you've whipped it!" Royall's hand found Sean's cheek. Was it a little cooler? He could not tell. But it must be. Sean was conscious. He was better. "The fever's breaking, Sean. You're going to be all right. You're over the worst of it—Sean!"

There was no answer. Royall swept his arm back in the darkness and found the lantern. He strode out to the banked fire, worked a coal into flame and lighted the lantern and ran back. In the dull lantern light Sean's face had a bronze glow that it never possessed in life. It was relaxed, wholly at peace. Sean was dead.

Footsteps grated in the frozen stillness behind Royall. He swung around, still crouched to see Scanlon thrust through the tent opening. Scanlon's fist



Arrow Shoreham

Probably the most popular dress shirt worn, with semi-starched pleated bosom and turn-down collar, attached. \$6.50

Meet America's favorite "black-tie, white-tie" shirts!

When dress shirts are the order of the evening, most well-dressed men put their trust in those trade-marked "Arrow!"

Impeccable in cut and styling, they're almost as comfortable as the handsome Arrow Shirts you wear by day. And they ALL carry the trade-mark *Sanforized* (fabric shrinkage less than 1%). Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

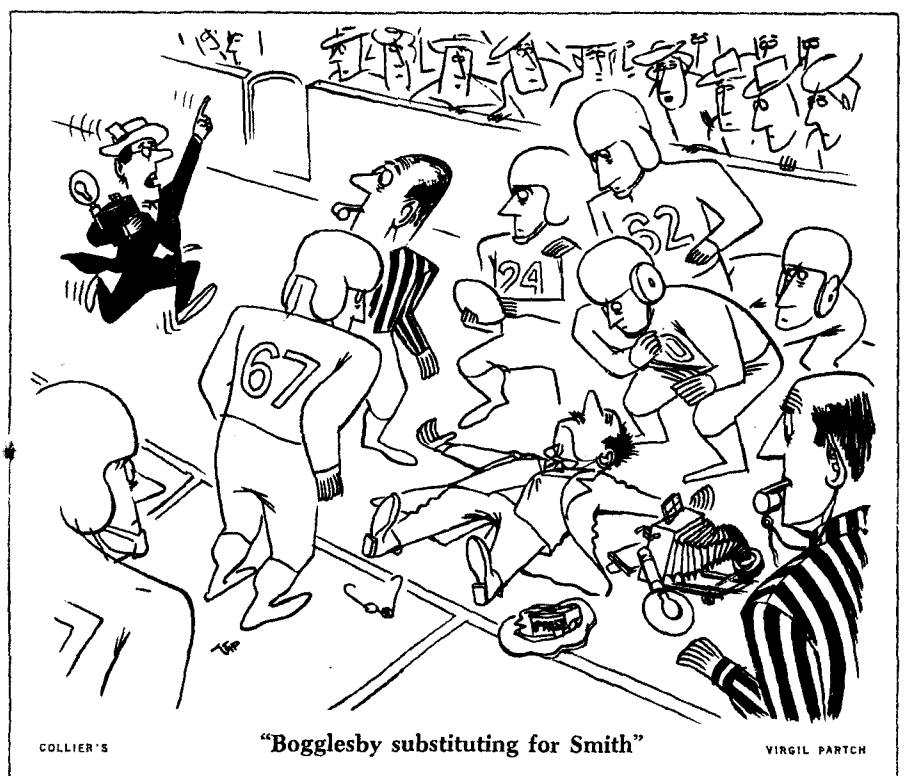


Arrow Kirk

A long-time favorite for very formal affairs. Fully starched, with fancy pique bosom and cuffs. A two-stud, neckband style. \$6.50

Look for the
Arrow Trade-mark

ARROW "DRESS" SHIRTS



"Bogglesby substituting for Smith"

VIRGIL PARTCH



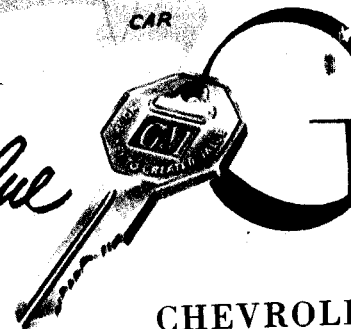
Finer performance and greater economy are the customer's reward of GM research into fuel combustion and engine design, going on year after year.

What's

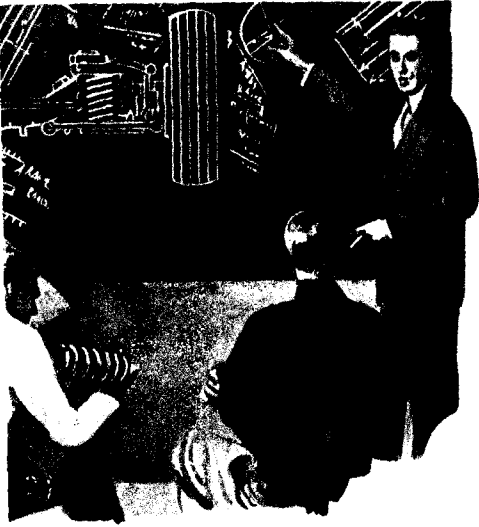
THE KEY TO A GENERAL MOTORS

CAR

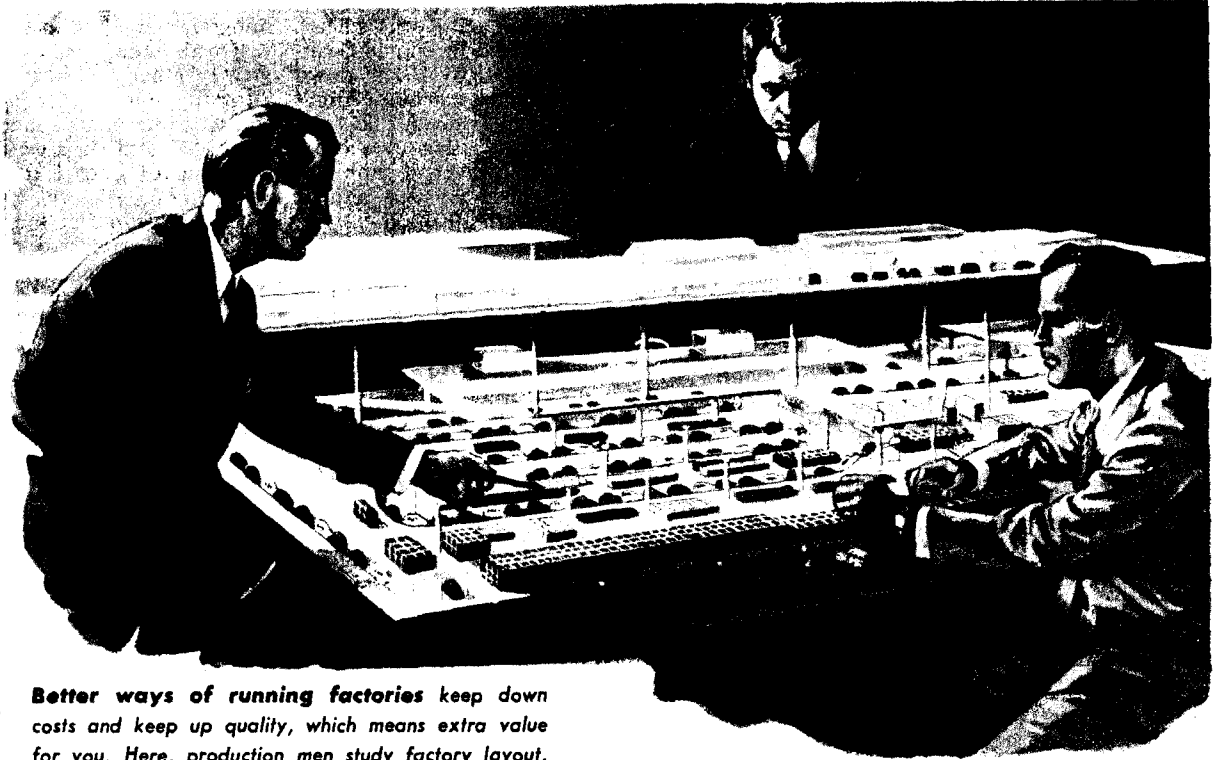
*Your key to
Greater Value*



CHEVROLE



Engineers create ideas on better design and advanced features. By pooling and trading ideas, five car divisions maintain the steady progress that keeps GM values always high.



Better ways of running factories keep down costs and keep up quality, which means extra value for you. Here, production men study factory layout.

behind this key?

This is a little piece of metal with a big significance.

Modestly stamped upon it, you can see the initials "GM," which tell you this is the key to a General Motors car.

But those initials tell you more.

They tell you that every car for which such a key is made has behind it all the vast skill and ability and resources of General Motors.

In research, in engineering, along the production lines, everything is done that can be done to make GM cars better and better.

So this is more than a key to a car. The initials it bears make it *the key to greater value.*

FOR AND BETTER THINGS FOR MORE PEOPLE™

GENERAL MOTORS

PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC • BODY BY FISHER • GMC TRUCK & COACH

On the air: HENRY J. TAYLOR, Monday and Friday evenings, over more than 450 Mutual stations, coast to coast. Hear him!



Aerated Cushioned KNAPP SHOES "Relieved of Foot Misery"



Says Dr. Metcalf
of Louisville, Ky.

DEAR MR. KNAPP:

I have been practising Dentistry in Louisville, Kentucky for thirty-five years. I've suffered pain in my feet and legs all the way up to my hips from standing long hours at the dental chair. I often suffered more pain than my patients did. Since Knapp shoes were introduced to me eight years ago, I have been completely relieved of foot and leg misery. This is due to the cushioned inner-sole made into Knapp shoes. You actually feel like you are walking on air.

Otto F. Metcalf

Sincerely yours,
Otto F. Metcalf, D.D.S.

Buy Knapp Shoes direct from factory-to-you through your specially-trained Knapp Shoe Counselor. Complete factory-fitting service. Wide selection of over 100 styles for men, women and boys! Sizes 2 to 18, AAA to EEEE.

KNAPP BROTHERS SHOE MFG. CORP.
Brockton, Massachusetts

Please send me the name of my local Knapp Shoe Counselor.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

The Knapp Franchise offers an assured future to experienced shoemen as Knapp Shoe Counselors. Write Mr. Sprong, Dept. J, Knapp Brothers Shoe Mfg. Corp., Brockton, Mass.

held the double-barreled pistol, and it was cocked and pointed at Royall's head.

Frank Ollers stepped in behind Scanlon. Ollers looked at Royall and down at Sean, showing mild surprise. "Don't tell me Mr. Donnell is dead," he said. "Now that's too bad." His eyes came back to Royall. "However, it simplifies things. I might have worried a little about leaving a sick man behind."

Royall launched himself blindly at the pistol. He saw the blur of it jerk up in Scanlon's hand. His reaching fingers missed it, and the barrel came down across the top of his forehead in a blinding blow. His fingers scraped down Scanlon's boots and his face struck the ground. In the dimness of half consciousness he knew when Ollers took his pistol and stepped around and found his rifle.

Heavy footfalls came rapidly to the tent, and the man Pickens pushed in. "The little one ain't there," he said hurriedly. "We laid out the big one, but the little one ain't nowhere around."

Ollers snapped at Royall, "Where's your sergeant?"

"Out there waiting for you to show yourself."

"Call him in."

Royall sat up and wiped blood from his cheek. "You go to hell!"

"Listen to me, Royall. Nobody's going to get hurt. I'm just seeing to it that you stay here and behave yourself for a few days while I take my train in. Then I'll turn your men loose. Now call him in."

Royall's dazed mind fumbled over Ollers' words, reaching for some ominous distinction that was there. "My men?"

Ollers answered with heavy humor, "You don't really think I should turn you loose, too, do you? After all the trouble you've caused? I'm taking you back to Ed Traut to whittle off a little of that authority you like to throw around."

So, in the end, Royall too had underestimated the capacity of this man. He thought bleakly of Harriet Ollers' warning: Her father never permitted men to know his intentions until it was too late. Now the design was clear. Royall would be started toward Fort Gibson. With Ollers. "Get out there and call him in."

"No."

Rage rumbled in Ollers' throat. "I'll waste no time on—" He stopped, slanting his head at the tent opening and pushing at his beard. He stepped to the opening and called mildly, "Sergeant, do you hear me?" There was no answer. "Listen to me, Sergeant. Any trouble out of you and your lieutenant gets a ball between the eyes. Now come in here!" "No!" shouted Royall. "Stay there, Serg—" The descending pistol barrel found his left temple, and he crumpled beside Sean.

WHEN consciousness returned, he could hear nothing for a time but the throb of his own head. Gradually he began to distinguish the murmur of two voices: Scanlon and the man Pickens.

From somewhere near by but outside the tent there came a thick voice, and a grunted reply. That was Hogue and the third man, guarding him in the shelter. Where was Sergeant Taylor?

Royall sat up slowly, his brain swirling away in pain and robbing him of balance. Scanlon's voice penetrated to him unevenly, "Have a nice sleep, soldier boy?"

Royall set himself against the dizziness, fighting to restore balance to his head and neck and spine. He put a hand to his temple. The blood there was cold and crusted.

Pickens said, "Better hit 'im again."

Scanlon stirred, said resentfully, "I'll figger when's the time to hit 'im."

Royall dropped his head forward. Warm his hands. He must warm his hands. He pushed them under his arm-pits, searching at his waist with his elbows.

The minutes ran on. Scanlon stood up

and stamped his cold feet. He said, "I'm hungrier'n a blind boar."

Royall jerked his head up at a cry. A growl rather. A hoarse growl of an attacking animal. Hogue's growl. And with it came other sounds—the thud of a fist against flesh, a grunt of surprise, a slithering of boot leather against hard ground.

Scanlon stared at the tent wall, waiting for the sounds to subside. He said nervously, "Bill needs help."

"Naw," said Pickens. "He'll cool 'im."

The growl came again, deep-throated, fierce with the lust of pain inflicted.

"Git out there," cried Scanlon.

"Not me," said Pickens. "That damn' sergeant's just waitin' for somebody to show."

"Git out there, I said. Ollers'll skin us alive if we lose one of 'em."

PICKENS drew his knife, transferring his pistol to his left hand. At the tent he hesitated, then leaped out.

Royall waited for the shot, for the boom of Taylor's rifle. He touched his hands to the ground on each side of him, flexing his legs, shifting his weight to roll forward and leap from his knees.

Scanlon said, "Don't you try nuthin'." He raised the pistol.

Royall let his arms go slack. Taylor's shot was not coming. He waited for the other shot, for the shot from Pickens' pistol that would kill Hogue.

A growl again, rising to a roar of anguish. That was Hogue. Pickens didn't shoot. Pickens was using his knife.

All at once it was plain to Royall. No shooting. Ollers ordered no shooting. No pistol fire that would reach the ears of the Choctaw and the teamsters. Ollers didn't trust his teamsters. This way the teamsters and the Choctaw would never know.

The sounds of the struggle in the shelter were subsiding. Royall shifted his weight, pulling his right leg back and under him. The pistol barrel lifted.

"Git back down there!"

Royall never took his eyes from the barrel. "You won't shoot, Scanlon!"

The barrel swung higher. Scanlon's shout had frenzy in it, "Git down, I said!"

"You won't shoot, Scanlon. You can't shoot. You're the one that missed the young Comanche that day on the Arkansas. I had to kill him for you!"

The barrel started down, wavered. This was the time Royall had gambled for. He launched himself from one knee, taking the dull blow of the pistol barrel high on his left arm, plunging his head straight into Scanlon's middle and driving with his feet.

Scanlon grunted and held his feet. The barrel was lifting again. Scanlon had to go down. Royall's boots dug at the ground for purchase. His hands found the back of Scanlon's knees. He drove his throbbing head deeper into Scanlon's belly.

Scanlon went down. His head and shoulders hit the tent wall. They fell together, the tent collapsing and folding about them and wrapping them in darkness and weight. Royall tried to claw his way up Scanlon's body. The pistol roared in his ears. Scanlon had to shoot. It was shoot or die. But Royall felt nothing. Something, a fold of tent perhaps, had caught the pistol. It caught at Royall's arms too, robbing them of power. He clawed higher, taking flailing blows at his head, digging his elbows into the inside of Scanlon's thighs, into Scanlon's belly, into Scanlon's chest.

Then he had a forearm across Scanlon's windpipe. He had his knees in Scanlon's belly. He rode Scanlon's heaving body, smashing again and again with his free arm at Scanlon's face. He struck and struck after Scanlon became still. He struck and struck to kill.

The lantern saved Scanlon's life. The lantern, knocked over with the tent,



THIS
is sure protection
for your funds
everywhere you travel!

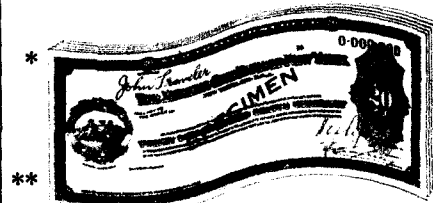
On a trip, or even at home, a thief or a moment of forgetfulness . . . and TRAGEDY . . . your cash is GONE!

If, however, you follow the practice of experienced travelers and carry your money in National City Bank Travelers Checks, your travel funds will be safe and spendable everywhere.

Your signature* and countersignature** on each check is your unique protection. If your checks are lost or stolen, The National City Bank of New York gives you a prompt refund. Good until used. You buy them in convenient denominations of \$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100. Cost 75¢ per \$100.

Ask for them at your bank.

NCB
TRAVELERS
CHECKS



BACKED BY
THE NATIONAL CITY BANK
OF NEW YORK

First in World Wide Banking

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

Collier's for November 20, 1948

blazed up and filled Royall's nostrils with smoke and reached his brain with its danger signal. He stood up, flung the burning tent from over his own head and dragged it free from Sean's body and of Scanlon before he swung around.

In the tangle of the wrecked shelter only a pair of legs was visible. Royall swept the tangle aside. It was the man who had guarded Hogue. His eyes protruded; his face was mottled black. Hogue and Pickens lay their length beyond the shelter where locked combat had carried them. Three deep knife wounds in the chest told how Pickens had died. Hogue's body was hacked and slashed from knee to temple. He bled in twenty places that Royall could see.

Obstinate, unconquerable Hogue. No army could hold him with discipline alone, no man could hold him captive with mere knife and firearm. He had choked life from the first man, his big hands never loosening their grip though the knife slashed and hacked and undammed his lifeblood.

Royall found Pickens' pistol and ran through the trees. The first three wagons of the train were swung in line and loaded with their human freight. But they were not moving. Sergeant Taylor held them and Frank Ollers at checkmate. The sergeant lay on the open ground his rifle pointed steadily at the teamster seated on the first wagon. Ollers stood beside this wagon. The pistol in his hand was aimed not at Taylor but ragingly at the teamster above him.

Some shouted warning reached Ollers as Royall sped out of the trees. Ollers came about. He braced his back against the wagon wheel—and that was the last conscious and intended act of his life.

Behind him two skinny arms lifted a cooking pot from the bed of the wagon and brought it down upon his head. It was of iron, heavy and fire-blackened. But not even hate could give strength to the arms of the Choctaw crone who held it. Protected by his hat, Ollers only staggered and swung half around, clutching at the wagon wheel for support.

A stronger pair of hands seized the pot. This time it swung high, and when it came down it traveled eagerly and

mercilessly. It crunched into the back of Ollers' skull and drove his face into the iron rim of the wagon wheel. He sank straight down, dead even before his hands surrendered their grip upon the wheel. Upon his lifeless body was flung that pot and other pots, a stone pestle, the rusted head of an adz and the scornful spittle of a people he had hated and outraged.

Sergeant Taylor came and stood beside Royall, and they looked down at what had been Frank Ollers.

"I guess," said the sergeant, "no white man oughta have to die that way. But I can't find it in me to be sorry."

When Royall did not speak, the sergeant continued apologetically, "I heard him when he was in your tent. I figured I'd take him when he left the tent and that would even things up. But he got by me in the dark. I been hidin' and holdin' a bead on him since dawn, 'fraid I'd git you kilt if I shot. When he started to move out the wagons I knowed I had to do somethin'."

Royall aroused himself. "It was well done, Sergeant. Now let's turn the wagons back."

THE pale sunlight of late winter slanted down into Fort Gibson's quadrangle. It reached beneath the gallery and touched Doctor Clausen where he stood inquiringly at the door of Ballance, the adjutant. Ballance came to the door, shaking his head. "They've been in there two hours now," he said.

"The colonel's getting old," grumbled the surgeon. "He's turning into a bigger gossip than I am. Tell him to let that young man go so I can find out what happened."

Beyond the adjutant's cubicle Colonel Arbuckle leaned back in his chair and looked speculatively at Royall. Arbuckle was a man whose years had taught him patience. His eyes were wise, friendly.

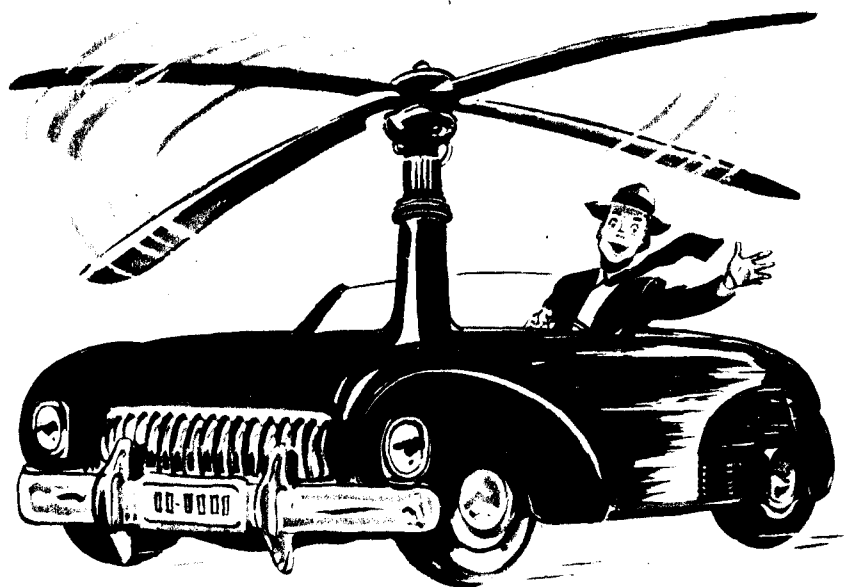
"You know, of course," he said, "that you exceeded not only your own authority but that of the Army when you forced Governor Sprague's resignation?"

Royall replied impassively, "I did not force it, sir."

Colonel Arbuckle smiled. "When you sent it along for forwarding I had no



If your car feels like *this*... it's time for
MARFAK Chassis Lubrication



THAT CUSHIONY FEELING LASTS LONGER WITH MARFAK!

When Marfak goes "on the job," you can forget about chassis lubrication for 1,000 miles and more. Marfak is tough and longer-lasting, specially compounded to fight friction and wear. The evidence is the "cushiony" driving ease you experience — right from one Marfak job to the next. Ask for Marfak Lubrication today at your neighborhood Texaco Dealer, the best friend your car ever had.



THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

Texaco Products are also distributed in Canada

Tune in . . . TEXACO STAR THEATER every Wednesday night starring Milton Berle. See newspaper for time and station.

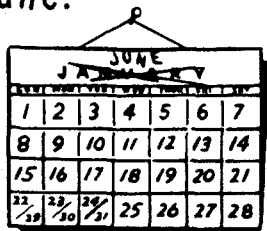


heat your home

this quick, clean way...

It stops the calendar at June!

Now you can really have June in January.
Here's a new heating system that gives you soft gentle currents of warm mild air.
It adds a dash of radiated heat for a wonderful warm-clear-through feeling.



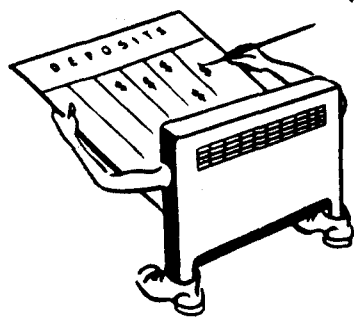
It practically hides in the wall!

Now you can arrange your furniture as you wish—no bulky, scorching units interfere with your plans. These out-of-sight, out-of-mind Convectors can't bring in dirt, can't hide hard-to-reach dust.



It saves you money!

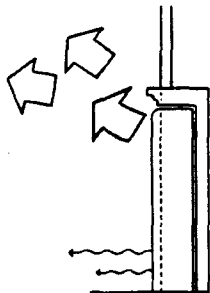
Imagine—all these advantages in a heating system that actually costs less to install than any other type system for steam or hot water. You'll save money on fuel bills, too!



It's everything you want in heating!

TRANE Convector-radiators

Yes, Trane Convector-radiators give you all this, and more. They counteract drafts, regulate at a finger's touch, heat in a flash. Why not mail the coupon for the whole story? You'll be glad you did.



TRANE

HEATING and AIR CONDITIONING systems

the world's most complete line

GET THIS NEW FREE BOOKLET
The Trane Company
La Crosse, Wisconsin
—or Trane Company of Canada,
Ltd., Toronto

Please send me your new full-color booklet showing Trane Convector-radiators in striking interiors.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____
State _____

(C2)

thought that you had forced it. But today I have seen Sprague. He reminds me of a great many other Governor Spragues I have known in my life. Such men do not leave political office voluntarily."

"It was not forced." Royall's voice was quietly insistent. "It speaks for itself."

"Very well, Mr. Royall. I'm not pressing you. Let me remind you, however, that Sprague might change his mind after he returns to Washington and accuse the Army of pushing him out."

"That won't happen, sir."

ROYALL waited as Colonel Arbuckle leaned farther back and examined musingly the log beams above him. It had been no surprise to find this man once again in command of the garrison. Before Royall left the Choctaw depot with the Spragues he had to send a runner with Sprague's resignation and a request for a replacing detachment. When the affirmative reply came, it bore Colonel Arbuckle's signature. When the replacements arrived they brought the word that Major Ed Traut was confined to quarters and awaiting court-martial.

"Dragoons," murmured Arbuckle. "Mobility and speed. We would have to develop a smaller rifle for them. But that should be possible." He looked at Royall. "The thought has been in my mind a long time. How would you like to take to Washington my recommendation for a dragoon regiment and your battle report?"

"I would, sir. Provided I could then return here."

"You will. I want you here. We'll plan your departure for summer, after you have appeared at the court-martial of Major Traut."

Arbuckle pushed his bulk from the chair. Royall moved to the adjutant's door. The commanding officer's voice stopped him there: "Mr. Royall, had the man Scanlon failed to confess, would you really have turned him over to the Choctaw women?"

Royall replied slowly, "I think not, sir. I hope not. But I don't suppose I will ever know for sure."

As he passed the adjutant's desk, Ballance stopped him. "Clausen had to go back to his hospital. He threatened to pickle my ears if I didn't send you straight there."

Royall laughed with him, remembering how little a time ago this fellow officer wore a beaten expression and thinking how quickly the spirit of men bounces back. "Papa Pot is all wind and no hailstones," he said.

Ballance's round face sobered to a small smile. "Ed Traut no longer thinks so," he said.

Royall crossed the quadrangle and left the pickets by the west gate, pausing irresolutely there and gazing toward the river. The steamboat *Deerlick*, Captain Waide still commanding, tugged at her landing lines. Beth and her father were aboard.

Royall's indecision passed. He turned right, around the northwest corner of the pickets, and took the path toward the hospital. Far ahead of him on the same path walked Harriet Ollers.

Keeping his pace behind her, he saw her enter the quarters of Ed Traut. Then he reached the hospital, and Doctor Clausen was wringing his hand and peering at him with endless questions. It was good to see the little surgeon. But there was no triumph in Royall. There had been none since the hour when Beth came to him and handed him her father's resignation and walked away without a word.

"I told Ed Traut he couldn't walk over me," said Clausen. "I told him that long before you ever came to this garrison, and he didn't believe it. He knows it now. It was Papa Pot, my friend, who got the proof that he was knuckling to Ollers on that Fort Johnson business. When I wrote it to Colonel Arbuckle, the colonel wasted no time getting back."

"A long time ago," said Royall. "you told me that the colonel knew trouble was coming. Knowing that, why did he leave?"



JACK BETTS

Man of Vision

The poor, myopic waiter passes
The plainly empty water glasses,
And from the distant pantry door
Can't see what hands are waving for.

And yet behold this selfsame wight
Grown suddenly acute of sight:
With eyes of hawk or big-league batter
He spots the coin beneath the platter!

—RICHARD ARMOUR



"Yes, I realize you're phoning from the car, dear. But can't you be a bit more explicit? Approximately where in New Jersey is the cliff you're hanging from?"

COLLIER'S

GARDNER REA

"Oh, his arthritis was real enough. It was also damned convenient. It put him close to Washington where he could fight Ollers' influence." Clausen chuckled. "My friend"—he stopped at the sound of a shot. It came from higher up the hill and near by. "Somebody's pistol," said Royall.

"Now I wonder—" began Clausen.

The same thought was in Royall's mind, and it sent them running out. Harriet stood outside Traut's cabin near the door, her back to its logs. She turned an expressionless face to Clausen as he hurried past her and entered. Royall did not go in. Clausen came out again immediately.

He looked at Harriet in wonder, shaking his head. "I might have known," he said, and hurried off to tell Colonel Arbuckle that there would be no court-martial for Ed Traut.

Royall said, "You brought him the pistol, Harriet?"

She nodded, her dark eyes seeing distantly beyond his head. "I owed him that," she said. Her voice was flat, without life. "Now Papa Pot thinks I coaxed him to it. I didn't, but it doesn't matter."

WHEN others had come and examined the body and asked their questions, Royall walked with Harriet down the path to the sutlery.

Before the sutlery he said, "You are a young woman of wealth now, Harriet. You must leave here. Go east. Go to Europe."

"Vienna," she said softly. "He talked of Vienna." She raised her head, showing him an absent smile. "That is too far. I shall go to my cousins among the Cherokee."

He watched her disappear into the sutlery, then turned and tramped back to the west gate. Once again he gazed at the Deerlick and fought for resolution. There was nothing more to be said between him and Beth Sprague. None but the most necessary words had passed between them since the day he arrived at the depot with Sean's body and harshly informed her, even as she grieved for Sean, that her father must resign. He could not tell her that his harshness hid his own grief and his revulsion at the violence.

He could not speak of these things, yet he must try. He walked to the Deerlick

Collier's for November 20, 1948

and up the stage plank, and was met on the deck by Governor Sprague.

"Ah, there, Phil, are you looking for Beth?" Governor Sprague had just finished an excellent meal and was content and cheerful. Already he was convinced that he had done his work well. Dishonest men had impeded and delayed him, but he had laid a good foundation in spite of them. The Army could complete the easy part of the task now. The Secretary of War would be grateful to him for resigning in the Army's favor. "I think you'll find her alone in the captain's cabin."

Beth rose and came forward with a quick step as Royall crossed to her.

"I wanted to say goodbye," he said.

"Yes, Phil."

She had a serene expectancy, and it made him hesitate. "I'll take care of Sean's belongings," he said. "There is a sister's address somewhere in them. I'll send it to you before the boat leaves."

"Are you writing to her?"

"Yes."

"Then you must write for both of us. You must say that both of us loved him—in the same way."

He stared down at her, the meaning of her words penetrating gradually. A happy glow filled her eyes. A warm glow that kindled an eager and promising fire in the green of them. It should not be there. It was not for him. Her father—

She said, "I was beginning to be afraid you were not coming. Then I should have had to go find you."

"Beth!" His arms went about her and she raised her face.

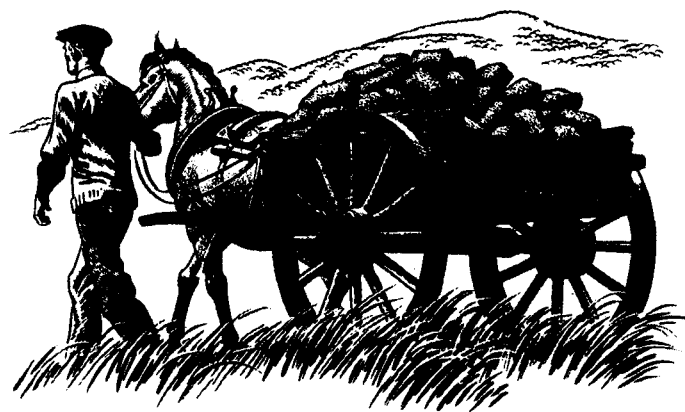
IT WAS much later when the questions came back. But when he would have spoken of them and tried to explain, she would not listen.

"There is gentleness in you, Phil," she said, "and you don't know it. But I knew it when you came storming to me that day instead of to my father. You saved his pride and you must have meant to save it. Phil, oh, Phil! Let's not talk of that. I belong to you now, not my father. And I have so much madcap love to give you. All the lost years of my girlhood. You shall see, my love!"

He took her into his arms again, and his laugh was strong and gay and full of wondering delight.

THE END

Know your Scotch



As you probably know, peat is a vegetable substance consisting of roots, fibres and moss which can be cut and dried and used for fuel. It is the heavy smoke from peat fires, lazily drifting upward through malted (sprouted) barley, that gives your drink of Teacher's its distinctive peat smoke taste.

"It's the Flavour" TEACHER'S HIGHLAND CREAM

*The Scotch
you know is
always right*



Blended Scotch Whisky...86 Proof • Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow
Sole Importers: Schieffelin & Co., New York 3, New York • Importers since 1794



You're free as the breeze, athletic as an Indian, in Ruggers sport shirts by B.V.D.! They're high on comfort, sure... but, chief, you'll like their style, too! Smartly tailored for freedom of action... handsomely designed in Tribal Tones... they're the choice of well-dressed braves this autumn. Take your pick of Navajo Blue, Cherokee Gold, Pueblo Smoke, Pawnee Tan.

tribal tones...
in **B.V.D.** sport shirts
BRAND



"B.V.D." AND "RUGGERS" TRADE MARKS ARE REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
THE B.V.D. CORPORATION, EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Through Hell and High Brass

The Story of Jimmy Doolittle

Doolittle transformed the chaos of a brand-new theater of war into a glittering springboard for American air power. His first big take-off smashed the enemy's life line from Italy to North Africa. Then rock-bound Pantelleria felt his scalding rain: the first territory on earth to surrender to air power alone

By W.B. COURTNEY

Synopsis: In the first of this series, last week, fabulous JIMMY DOOLITTLE moved hell and high brass to fight the war his way, then took off for Africa to prove the Germans had it coming. He was laced with Nazi bullets before he got there. But that was just a greeting. Arriving at his airfield at Tifaroua the welcoming committee was a shell-shocked donkey scurrying across the strip. No gas, no rations, no ground or air defense. Just a sea of mud, confusion and uproar. Said Jimmy, perkily, as he surveyed the snafu, "Something's radically cockeyed here—and I'm going to straighten it out fast!" Read how he did it.

PART 2 OF A FIVE-PART ARTICLE

THE immediate task of Brigadier General Jim Doolittle in North Africa was to keep his dribble of Twelfth Air Force planes flying; to support Operation Torch by stinging back at the Axis planes that swarmed like disturbed hornets to harass it.

To do this he needed a primary base that was reasonably secured, and reasonably operable. Tifaroua, the first base seized for him, wasn't.

Doolittle the businessman, as distinct from Doolittle the air hero and many-sided aeronautical genius, knew things about people and methods of dealing with them that cannot be learned in the military services in peacetime.

He ripped straight across the formal routine, paperwork, requisitions, orders, memorandum receipts and "official channels" that make even the best armies tortoisians instead of hares. He substituted bustle and hustle and bounce, and direct personal "sales" talks—and to hell with the typewriters and the "proper endorsements."

Doolittle ran over some toes and made some enemies—but he made Tifaroua a sound air base within 48 hours.

He did it by making all his air personnel, regardless of rank or rating, plus everyone in or out of the Army that he could snatch, pitch into the repairing of landing strips, the servicing of equipment, the dispersment of grounded planes for safety in raids. He did it by sending his staff brass hopping, each with a specific chore—one to provide quarters for the enlisted men, another to set up a first aid station, a third to grab a chaplain—any chaplain he could find—and fetch him in.

He made all hands dig their own slit trenches and warned them to forsake amateurish bravado and jump in and keep their heads and tails down every time the Huns came over. He was momentarily expecting more fighter groups through Gibraltar and two heavy bomber groups direct from England. The B-17s arrived okay—just as the autumnal rains began—and Jim had to order wooden supports erected under their wings to keep the giant Flying

Collier's for November 20, 1948

AIR FORCE PHOTO



Fortresses from sinking through the mud to China.

Jim had counted upon logistical help from his air transports involved in the D-Day paratroop operation. They were to have landed at Tafaroua after crossing their drop zones. A combination of bad weather and verdant navigation had scattered them from the desert behind Oran to as far away as Spanish Morocco. Whereupon his staff transport officer, Colonel William Tudor Gardiner, former governor of Maine, offered an example of how Doolittle's crackling energy set fire to everybody.

The Colonel's Motorcycle

For the first two days and nights, without sleep or rest or food, Colonel Gardiner roared back and forth on a "borrowed" French motorcycle between Tafaroua and the port of Oran—wrangling trucks from various sources, loading them with all the supplies he could find or swipe, and personally conveying them to the airfield—under the protection of his Colt .45. Doolittle recalls that when Gardiner reported back to him "he was actually bowlegged from being on that motorcycle so long!"

Captain Butcher, in the diary of his years with Eisenhower, noted that "Doolittle inspires his men. They have worked and fought like dogs."

On November 20th, eleven days after D-Day, Doolittle was promoted to major general.

For many weeks all the advantages in the air lay with the enemy. Their pilots were old and wise in African weather, and desert and mountain flight conditions. Their planes could roost at night, for servicing in safety, on the big Italian Mediterranean islands. Their fields in Tunisia had all-weather surfacing; most of those in Algeria were mud pies. Neither Doolittle nor his R.A.F. opposite number, Air Marshal Sir William Welsh, could get usable bases up front. There was no flak protection, and the Axis nonchalantly polished the fields off as fast as they were established.

Doolittle's fighters had to go 500 miles or more to strike the foe's lines and couldn't hang around there long because that was the extreme limit of their range. The German bombers came over mostly at night. Again, neither Doolittle nor Welsh could do much about it—for the British government had refused to let them take the secret radio equipment necessary for night fighters, being afraid it might be captured. North Africa was the sort of an air school where you can't stay long in the kindergarten—and live.

But technical, supply and operational snafus were not the only or sorest problem facing Doolittle. His airmen, as well as the ground troops and their com-

manders, had to get lessons in the proper functions and true scope of military air power. Many of Doolittle's original Twelfth Air Force pilots had gained some combat experience in England; none had experience in the support of ground troops. Nor were they indoctrinated in the over-all political and military patterns.

Teacher learned a lesson, too: Jim found that, if you want top results from him, the American boy "has to know *what* he is doing, and *why* he is doing it; that the job is worth doing for the good of all concerned; that he will get proper credit for doing it—and that he has a fair chance of survival. Give him that picture and he'll go to hell for it—and you!"

There was a case in point that stalemated winter along the frontier of Tunisia, while both sides prepared for the good-weather showdown. Axis supplies and reinforcements came in principally through the seaports of Tunis and Bizerte. Their shipping made the short dash across the Mediterranean chiefly at night, and thus was concentrated in the ports at daylight. Jim's bases in Algeria were not equipped for night landings; his B-17s had to get off at dawn in order to make their homing before dark.

Another time compulsion was the freakish tendency of the Tunisian coast to cloud over solidly each day at noon, that time of year. So Jim's bombers had to hit the big ports regularly about eleven—and the Axis fighters were placidly sitting up there, waiting for them, and every Tunisian flak battery was on its toes.

The morale of fliers, sent day after day over such a baited trap, was understandably low. There was continual griping about being "sitting ducks." When Jim went personally to every group and explained that without this daily and dangerous bomb trucking the enemy could build up strength that might enable him to kick our whole ground forces out of North Africa, come spring; and when he went along himself on some of the missions—the grouching subsided and the morale shot up.

To get the ground troops at large, in North Africa, to understand the meaning and purpose of air power was a different—and usually hopeless—matter. As of the *last* war, strategical air force best defended its ground armies and saved more lives among them in the long run by smashing the rear of the enemy—his means to produce, transport and fight, while tactical air force best supported its ground armies by lashing out ahead of them, against the front air and ground facilities by which the enemy was opposing them.

Patton was first and foremost of the great Army commanders to appreciate the basically offensive nature of tactical

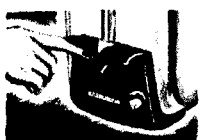


**Look for the
TOASTMASTER name
on your toaster
...others will!**



Fair Trade Price \$21.50

Never fear that your gift of the new "Toastmaster" Toaster will go unnoticed. To people everywhere, this name identifies America's finest toaster. They warm to its beauty. They welcome its quarter-century background of faithful performance. In giving it, they know you cared enough to give the best. So when you buy—look for the "Toastmaster"* name on your toaster . . . others will!



JUST PRESS THE KEY
—and the Superflex toast timer automatically delivers perfect toast every time.



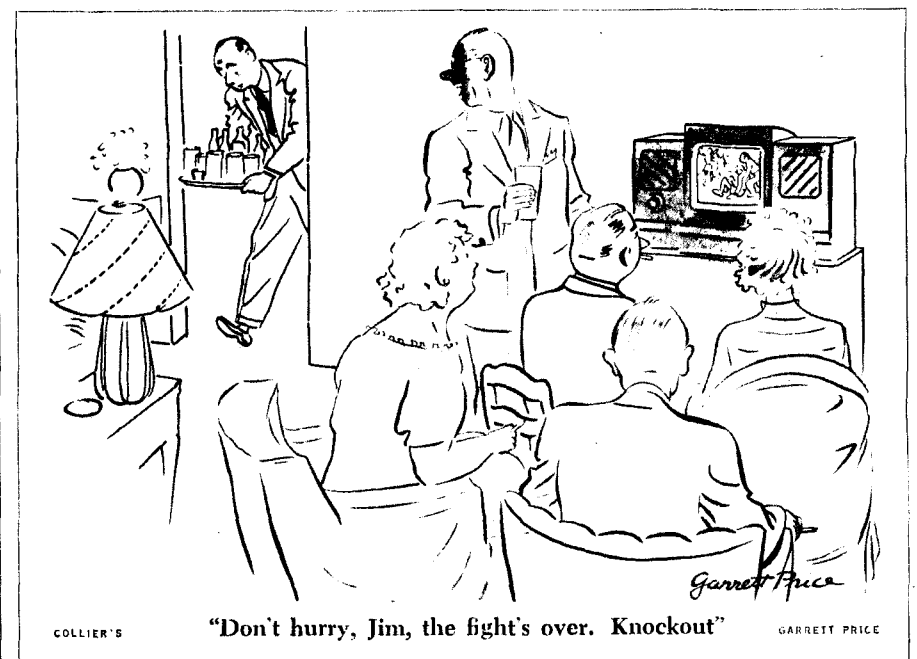
TOUCH THE BUTTON
—and watch the crumb tray swing open instantly for quick, easy cleaning.



LIFT THE TOASTER
—easily, safely, by finger-fitting handles that are always cool to your touch.

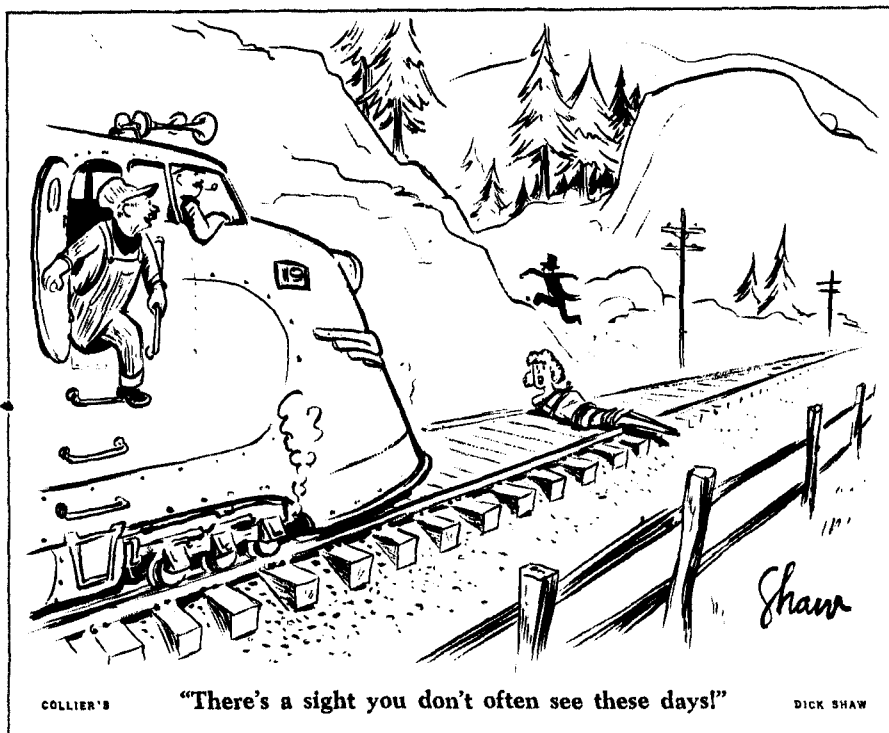
THE NEW TOASTMASTER Automatic Pop-Up Toaster

*"TOASTMASTER" is a registered trademark of McGraw Electric Company, makers of "Toastmaster" Toasters, "Toastmaster" Electric Water Heaters, and other "Toastmaster" Products. Copyright 1948. TOASTMASTER PRODUCTS DIVISION, McGraw Electric Company, Elgin, Ill.



"Don't hurry, Jim, the fight's over. Knockout"

Collier's for November 20, 1948



air power. He used it to spearhead his rousing advances, and his was a lone voice until the others got tired of choking in his dust.

But try to tell that Higher Motive stuff to foot soldiers who, like ours in the grim wastes of Algeria and Tunisia, had never been in combat before, nor known the bowel-loosening whine of the Stukas! Try to explain to desperate men, burrowed in holes to escape the wide rakes of hot lead drawn over them by enemy strafers, why they seldom at such moments see one of their own planes!

Marines can't expect to see destroyers and submarines patrolling their foxholes. They know the warships are far away doing their own stuff, protecting the lines of communication by which they are fed and armed, and knocking off the supply lines behind those ugly mugs in the *opposite* foxholes. The poor worn doughboy, however, did not regard his planes so objectively. He was heir to the "air umbrella" concept, which is a wacky but traceable outgrowth of the old-time infantry idea of cavalry.

Big Demand for "Umbrellas"

Every ground unit, from the smallest to the biggest, kept yelling to Doolittle for its own private "air umbrella." If he had cut his air force into bits and pieces and parceled it out at the beck and call of every ground commander, the campaign in Africa would still be going on—and on the Nazis' terms, not ours. Once a lieutenant demanded air cover from Doolittle for a jeep party going out to repair a telephone wire. He didn't get it. But the plane which might have wasted its time cruising above the jeep *did* get two Me 109s that day.

Doolittle's over-all mission was to gain air superiority, and the rest would follow. But in North African days that meant a constant two-way battle, with the enemy clouting his chin, and the umbrella men riding his back. There were compensations; a colonel wrote: "(we are) . . . indignant over grapevine rumors of the pressure you encounter by insistence upon air superiority . . . and thankful for a commanding general with guts enough to 'stick to his guns' . . ."

Meanwhile, the expansion of the campaign and the fusion of Torch with the Middle East forces had brought changes in the North African command setup. At Gibraltar, and later in Algeria, Eisenhower was constantly calling for Jim; and urging him to stay at headquarters and to be his elbowside airman.

Doolittle tried his best to be in two places at once: with Eisenhower, and with his Twelfth Air Force in the field.

Collier's for November 20, 1948

For Jim believed in being seen by the men he ordered into battle. He felt it was one thing to show fliers a map, tell them where to go, and outline for them the opposition intelligence figured they might encounter; but quite another thing to experience, over a target, the technical and morale problems that maps can't show, nor intelligence predict.

Therefore he made it a point to go on at least one combat mission with each group under his command. From North Africa he logged 20 such missions, in Yank and British planes; and many young officers remember the thrill of having the commanding general, wholly unannounced, cap over one eye, slipping into the seat beside them with his reassuring grin.

Doolittle, flying his own Spitfire, was as busy as a shuttle on a Scotch loom, of which Supreme Headquarters and the Twelfth Air Force were the rebound ends. But the distances in North Africa, plus the poor communications there, were too much for even the noted Doolittle speed. His qualities of leadership and usefulness, it was apparent, were for the fight—rather than the desk.

So Eisenhower brought "Tooey" Spaatz down from London to be his staff airman, with over-all command of the British and American Air Forces; and in March of 1943 made Doolittle commanding general of the Northwest Africa Strategic Air Force, comprising British and American units, heavy bombers and supporting fighters.

A month later, Doolittle brought off his most telling stroke for the North African campaign. But it led him into an adventure which still keeps him awake nights—wondering if he did the right thing.

The sustaining artery of the Axis forces in Africa was the Mediterranean. Despite their naval "superiority" the Royal Navy ventured only with the utmost caution upon Mussolini's "Mare Nostrum," which had now also become Hitler's "Unser Meer." The reason was the land-based Axis bombers, which raked the most elaborate convoys disastrously and kept the Mediterranean closed entirely to normal Allied shipping—while their own streamed across it antlike.

Whereas the African Theater was 18 to 20 days from the United States by ship, 60 to 70 hours by the South Atlantic air routes and more than 30 hours via the North Atlantic and England, the seaports of Tunisia were little more than 100 miles from Sicily.

The enemy made the short run at night with big ships and little; including a sort of armored "ferry" they had devised—two joined floats, with superspeed en-



BETTER SLEEP

Brings BRIGHTER MORNINGS

Try this drugless way
for Sleep that really refreshes

REFRESHING sleep—sound, natural sleep—the kind that makes you wake up feeling rested in the morning—that is the kind of sleep we mean when we suggest that you try Ovaltine.

For Ovaltine is recognized in many countries throughout the world as a leader among all sleeping aids that do not contain drugs. It acts to induce sleep in an entirely *drugless* way. Taken hot at bed-

time, it helps you to relax—relieve nervous tensions built up during the day. So you can go to sleep more readily and sleep more soundly.

Moreover, Ovaltine contains a wide scope of important food elements. Equally important, Ovaltine has been processed in such a way that it is digested and absorbed very readily *even as you sleep*—and thus helps to replace and rebuild worn-out nerves and tissue.

You Can Tell Very Quickly

You can tell in three nights whether Ovaltine will help in your situation. Just purchase a small-size jar for a trial. You will find it inexpensive. Remember that Ovaltine is not habit-forming, but it may be a very good habit to form.



Ovaltine

PLAIN AND CHOCOLATE FLAVORED

"Last year I took any anti-freeze I could get, but this year I see what I want"



Use your head now in choosing anti-freeze

by don herold

This year, study the anti-freeze field. You can now begin to be uppity.

I've done some research on anti-freeze, and I've come up as follows:

I've bet my money on either one of two anti-freezes made by one of the great chemical companies in this country—Commercial Solvents Corporation—makers of penicillin, riboflavin, benzene hexachloride and over 200 industrial chemical products.

They make two fine anti-freezes, as follows:

PEAK* is peaks as a permanent type. It's guaranteed to last all season in a water-tight cooling system—won't seep—circulates freely—embodies a fine anti-rust—won't hurt rubber or clog radiators.

NOR'WAY* is an economical type, with a methanol base—costs little—and you need less of it than of other anti-freezes—doesn't make your car smell as if it were on a spree—has a special ingredient to reduce evaporation—and contains the same efficient anti-rust as PEAK.

BUT BEFORE ANTI-FREEZE

But do a few things before you take on anti-freeze. Have a good service man tighten hose connections, check the thermostat, and clean the cooling system of summer rust, scale and grease. For this he'll use **NOR'WAY CLEANER** or **NOR'WAY QUICK FLUSH**. Then have him use



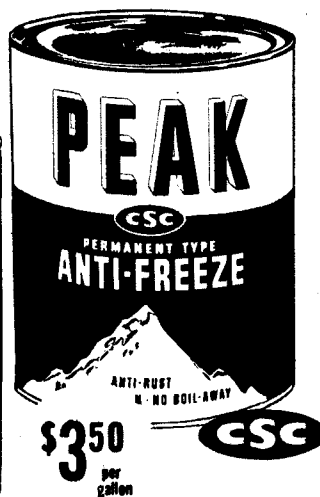
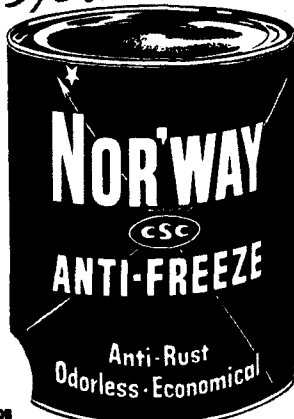
NOR'WAY STOP LEAK to seal any possible leaks—present or future—to keep from losing your anti-freeze.

And you'll be all set for the blizzards of 1948-49.

Be kind to your car's cooling system



\$1.25
per gallon



COMMERCIAL SOLVENTS CORPORATION
17 East 42nd Street • New York 17, N. Y.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

gines, and bristling with flak and machine guns. Nevertheless, Doolittle's bombers had made serious inroads upon this shipping, and battered its ports to feebleness. Whereupon the Germans popped up with new and ingenious methods—air lift.

Reports began to reach Doolittle of swarms of aerial monstrosities with six engines, later identified as Me 323s, that were in effect huge powered gliders—freight trains of the air; slow, cumbersome, but saving Axis necks in Tunisia. With them were used Ju 52s, the old work horse of German commercial aviation as the DC-3 was of ours. The Axis had a new life line—and new life—as the fateful spring approached!

Sizing Up a Crafty Enemy

Doolittle studied this development cautiously. He knew the enemy to be a methodical fellow, but also a canny one, who repeated his methods so long as they were successful—but was easily frightened into change.

He warned his groups to leave the German air lift alone—"Don't scare 'em off!"—and threw every facility of his reconnaissance and intelligence into analysis of the air lift's routes, schedules, points of take-off and landing, strength of escort. For Jim had got the idea that he could net the whole flock in one magnificent swoop: A plan was formulated, Operation Dunk, calling for participation of all fighters in the entire Northwest African Air Forces—both strategical and tactical.

Then, one day before the great plan gelled, Doolittle went on a ship-hunt mission, with six B-25s and eight P-38s. Scouring the straits of Sicily, he caught sight of something that blipped his mind away from ships. It was an immense dark blotch, low on the horizon, blowing toward him as slowly and cohesively as a cloud. Jim signaled his mission into close formation and drew off high against the sun to study this phenomenon.

As he watched, the mass resolved into tiny individual units—"like a hatch of May flies over a trout stream," he says. The flies became bees—and the bees presently became hundreds of Me 323s and Ju 52s, some of the latter towing gliders; the whole convoy flying with their bellies almost on the water, headed for Tunisia.

It made as enticing a picture of "easy pickings" as an airman's eyes could wish to see. But it posed for Doolittle a "command decision." Should he take this luscious opportunity? He was sure his gang could not get the lot; they were too

many, and he had too few—just not enough planes or ammunition to erase them all.

But he could have bagged a big and crippling chunk—like a tiger chawin' one hindquarter off an elephant—unless Nazi fighters, as yet undetected, swooped down and overwhelmed him. But, more important, if he fanged this bunch wouldn't that abort the major plan, and make it necessary to begin all over again? Yet—there was a lot of stuff a-wing down there that might kill Allied ground soldiers!

Jim thought swiftly, and then ordered his fliers to turn tail and run for home—on the chance they had not been spotted by the convoy, or, if they had been, to leave the impression the stupid Americans had been afraid. Jim thinks it is the one and only Air Force mission that went back with all the gunners' mouths watering.

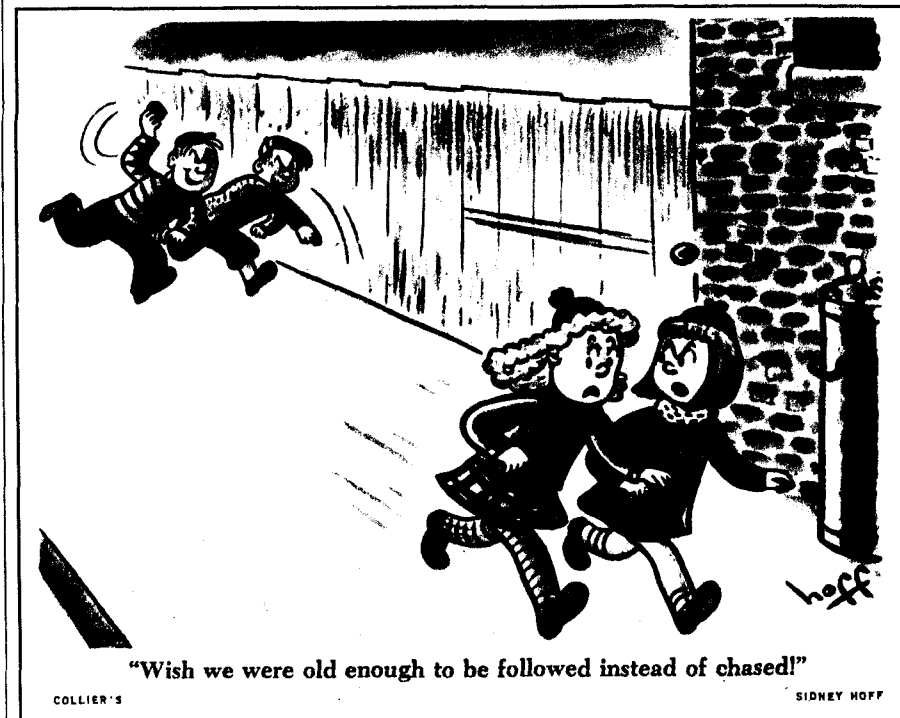
On April 5, 1943, the plan was ready, and the time was ripe. Doolittle flung every plane he could muster into the kill.

In that one day of unexampled ferocity Doolittle's men, together with every fighter available in the area from the Tactical Air Force and Coastal Command, slaughtered more than 200 Axis planes, and broke the back of the German air lift. Within 14 days they rubbed the last vestiges of Nazi traffic from the skies, destroyed 31 surface craft besides, and obliterated the Tunisian seaports. Within a month, more than 300,000 hungry and unsupplied Germans and Italians in Tunisia surrendered; the war in North Africa was ended.

In his report on June 30th of that year Chief of Staff Marshall wrote: "... the suddenness of this complete and violent rupture of Axis communications with their Tunisian forces undoubtedly came as a surprise, upset their plans for delaying actions and the defense of the Cape Bon Peninsula, and precipitated the collapse ..."

Doolittle had led American air power into high school, with that "Destruction of the German Armada." Then he straightway played the chief role in carrying it through an exploit that gave the whole science of military aviation its greatest day and biggest thrill. One that, more than any other of his wartime achievements, marked his own name permanently in aviation history; and gave airmen a place name to banner their traditions—Pantelleria.

Hobgoblin was the secret code name for Pantelleria at Eisenhower's Supreme Allied Headquarters—and hobgoblin just about represented the almost superstitious respect his naval and ground commanders had for this Italian "Gibraltar."



"Wish we were old enough to be followed instead of chased!"

COLLIER'S

SIDNEY HOFF

lying dominantly between Sicily and North Africa. A 32-mile-square gun-embedded rock, Pantelleria's cliffs offered no beach holds for assault; invasion would have to funnel into its one and only harbor, little more than a narrow break in the precipices.

The air view was that if taken before Operation Husky, or invasion of Sicily, the excellent air base on its plateau would afford valuable support; but if bypassed, Pantelleria would be a knife held by Axis fliers in the Allied back. Eisenhower's surface commanders, to a man, were against it.

The general nominated to lead the landing parties argued himself into a funk; said casualties would be dreadful, and the attempt probably unsuccessful anyhow. Even the redoubtable Cunningham, the British naval commander in chief, plied Eisenhower with cautions. But he decided with the airmen.

Doolittle launched two weeks of scald-



AIR FORCE PHOTO
A major general in the North African campaign, Jimmy received the Distinguished Service medal from his boss, Eisenhower

ing rain upon Pantelleria, mounting to a thundering climax on June 9th, 10th and 11th. On the latter, D-Day, while the battle fleet approached the island with the invasion force, Doolittle's fliers suddenly held up their bomb releases as they crossed in to cover the landings with a grand finale pasting. For they saw a huge white cross painted on the air-drome. Pantelleria had become the first territory on earth to surrender to air power alone.

Doolittle—now and always a staunch advocate of the businesslike advantages of teamwork—was nevertheless burned up when the Royal Navy immediately issued a communiqué stating that Pantelleria had surrendered to a naval and air bombardment; due, in Admiral Cunningham's words, to "lack of water."

Statistics on Pantelleria

The facts: Doolittle's Strategic Force dropped 80 per cent of the total explosives that nipped Pantelleria from the Axis, the American General John K. Cannon's tactical fliers 18 per cent—the Royal Navy, 2 per cent.

Not a single hostile foot touched Pantelleria until after it had surrendered to the bombers; and they had radioed the fact to the oncoming fleet. The garrison of more than 11,000 soldiers actually had suffered few casualties, in their rocky caverns. Plenty of food and water was found there, contrary to Cunningham's flash report. But, as General Arnold commented, "The will to fight—had been destroyed."

In July, Doolittle had to stage a mission that was in direct contrast to Pantelleria—but equally memorable to air power. The great railway yards in Rome were a vital link in the Nazi ground supply lines—and a perfectly legitimate target. They were several miles from the Vatican, a

separation plainly marked by the River Tiber and the familiar outlines of St. Peter's.

Even so, it would be a touchy mission for the R.A.F. night bombers, although Churchill had long wanted the job done. He desisted, but only temporarily, after Cardinal Spellman had spoken to him; there were the sensibilities of the world's 300,000,000 Catholics, to whom Rome is the Holy City, to consider; also the expressed hopes of the Pope himself that Rome be not molested.

Now, as the fighting in Sicily raged and time for invasion of the Italian mainland drew near, everyone in the top British war councils became full of enthusiasm for the accuracy of American daylight precision bombing. The delicate buck was being gently passed; and, through the Combined Chiefs of Staff, it eventually landed smack in Doolittle's lap, with stern admonitions to "be sure not to hit Vatican City or any other shrines; and let the people of Rome know you're coming!"

So Jim had to organize and plan a raid on which the alerted enemy would have his flak and interceptor defenses mobilized; this of itself as good as a death warrant for some of his fliers. And, perhaps for the first time in bombing annals, he had to drill, caution, warn, exhort and virtually beg his bombardiers on what *not* to hit, rather than what to hit. Lastly, since many of his crewmen



Jimmy posed at Biskra in North Africa with a friendly Arab chieftain who acted as his bodyguard in unfriendly country

were Catholics, the briefings had to be conducted with utmost sensitivity, and fullest justification of the military reasons.

It was a raid on which the political and religious dynamite backfiring from the ground at his Strategic Air Force would far outweigh the explosives it dropped—if just one bomb release were touched by an overanxious or inept hand. It was a raid that gave Axis propagandists their biggest chance to scream against the "barbaric Yankees."

Doolittle, because he wanted to see the results and be able to report them personally to Eisenhower, flew with the last group—in the "Tail End Charley" position hated of airmen; more dangerous than lead groups in any raid, but most dangerous in this because all groups had to follow a common lane to avoid shrine areas, and thereby gave the flak batteries a steady aiming point.

This last group, moreover, had the most exacting job because the smoke from bombs of the preceding groups had blotted out the target and was obscuring the whole city, including the Vatican, from the bombardiers' sights.

Doolittle flew in the B-17 of the group commander, Lieutenant Colonel Leroy A. Rainey, who later wrote to him:

"... we all marveled at your presence with us, and I never saw my group trade fears and lack of enthusiasm, for zealous proficiency and accuracy, as they did that day... I was certainly impressed by the calmness with which you accepted the AA hit we got in the nose, which took out my lead navigator's oxygen system and 'passed him out' for oxygen deficiency just as he was about to align me for the... run down on the smoke-hidden target... Your composure was an inspiration in overcoming the confusion at this critical period... and the boys were still talking about it when I left the group..."

Next Target—Berlin

Doolittle was now the only upper bracket commander who had personally struck two capitals of the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo Axis. It became his ambition to be a complete Axis buster, by adding Berlin to his collection; and his chances for that last scalp looked good when Eisenhower summoned him to England to command the Eighth Air Force in its final shattering of the Nazi homeland.

Strangely, Jim wasn't thinking of Berlin as he flew away from Italy toward London. He was thinking of a certain Italian battleship—and his most grievous humiliation in the Mediterranean Theater. On missions up and down the Italian boot, he had often looked with longing down upon several men-o'-war in the harbor of La Spezia. One was the great battle wagon Roma. All hid there, awaiting their fate, as tempting as pies on a window sill.

Jim plagued the high command to let him sink those ships. Many other missions intervened, but finally he got the word to go. Jim was elated. Here was an airman's dream—to sponge off the whole blooming Italian navy. He resolved not only to lay it on the right and hearty way, but to lead it in person to make sure it was done that way. He took four groups, 147 bombers—all exultantly "loaded for battleship."

It was a perfect day, with crystal visibility; there couldn't have been a juicier setup in the old practice runs on the southeastern deserts, when the Air Corps was boasting of its ability to hit a fish in a barrel from 20,000 feet. Hundreds of Yank hearts throbbed with airmanly rapture as the formations lined up for a calm and elegant run over the target. There wasn't even much flak from the weary Italians. And then?—

The big bombs straddled the battleships—fell neatly into the water on both sides of them. Of course there was a little concussion damage. But none was sunk. Doolittle led his 147 red-faced crews home.

Three months later, when the Roma and its companion vessels were sailing to Malta to surrender, Doolittle heard the Berlin radio announce that three of them had been sunk by a lone Nazi vengeance raider. That wasn't quite true: only one had gone down—the Roma.

Score: Doolittle: 147 airplanes; no Italian battleships.

Nazis: 1 airplane; 1 Italian battleship. All his victories, medals and honors have not yet reconciled Jim to that!

In next week's Collier's read how Jimmy Doolittle, as World War I's air devil first lieutenant, caused his C.O. to call him "a disgrace to the Army, Navy and Allies." As an instructor he preferred riding outside to inside the planes. Always in trouble for stunting with government property, he was actually developing his gifts for World War II—ace flying and disregard for danger. Follow this amazing career.



Genuine
Orange Blossom
Engagement and Wedding Rings

Breath-taking beauty captured in charming patterns of precious metals and rare gems. Lovely creations from the skilled hands of the famous Orange Blossom craftsmen. Assured fine quality you will proudly display.

Engagement Rings \$50 to \$5000
Wedding Rings \$10 to \$1000
Write for "Traditions" booklet

Traub Mfg. Co., 1942 McGraw, Detroit 8, Mich.

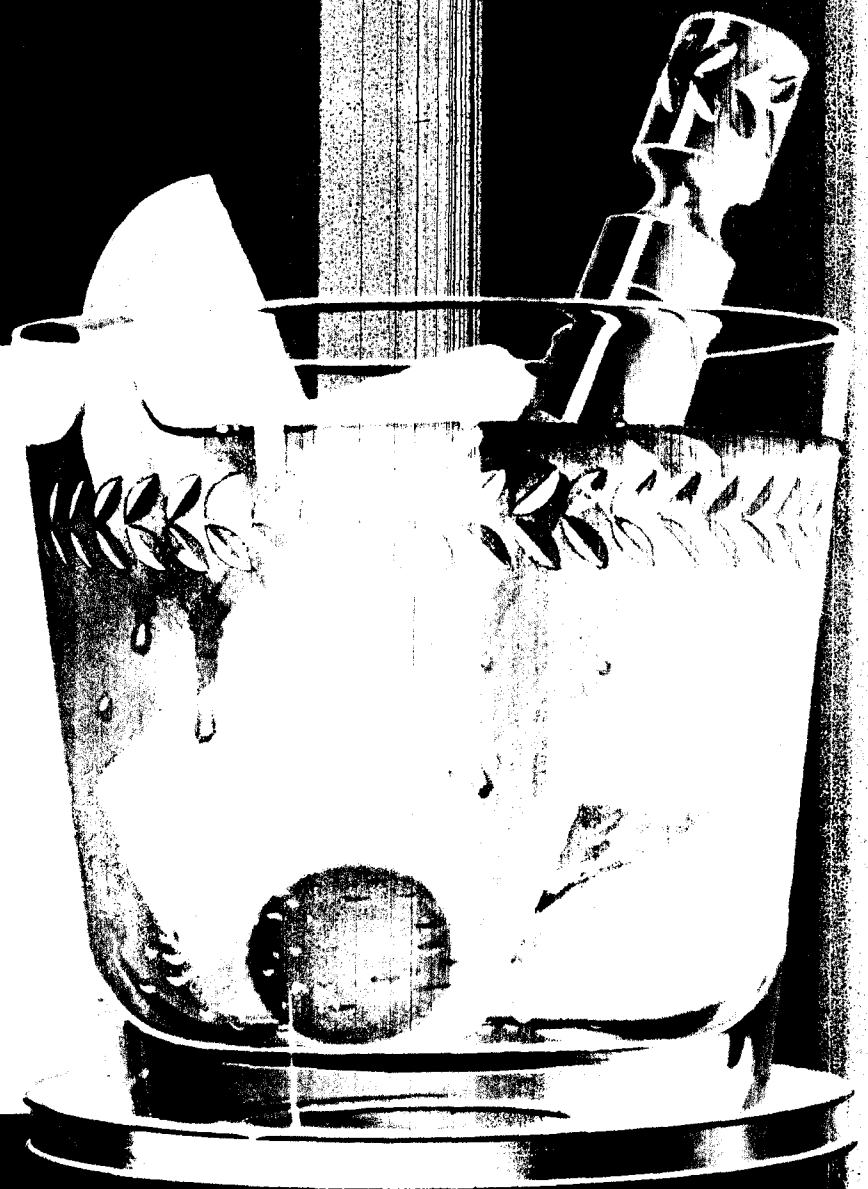
NEW



Calvert Old Fashioned

Tasty Favorite for Autumn

Put 1 lump of sugar in bottom of the glass, add two dashes of bitters, a light splash of soda, and muddle. Add a cube or two of ice and—glory be!—a brimming jigger of mellow Calvert Reserve. Next, a twist of lemon peel. Cherry, slice of orange are optional. Now—see if this isn't the finest Old Fashioned you ever tasted!



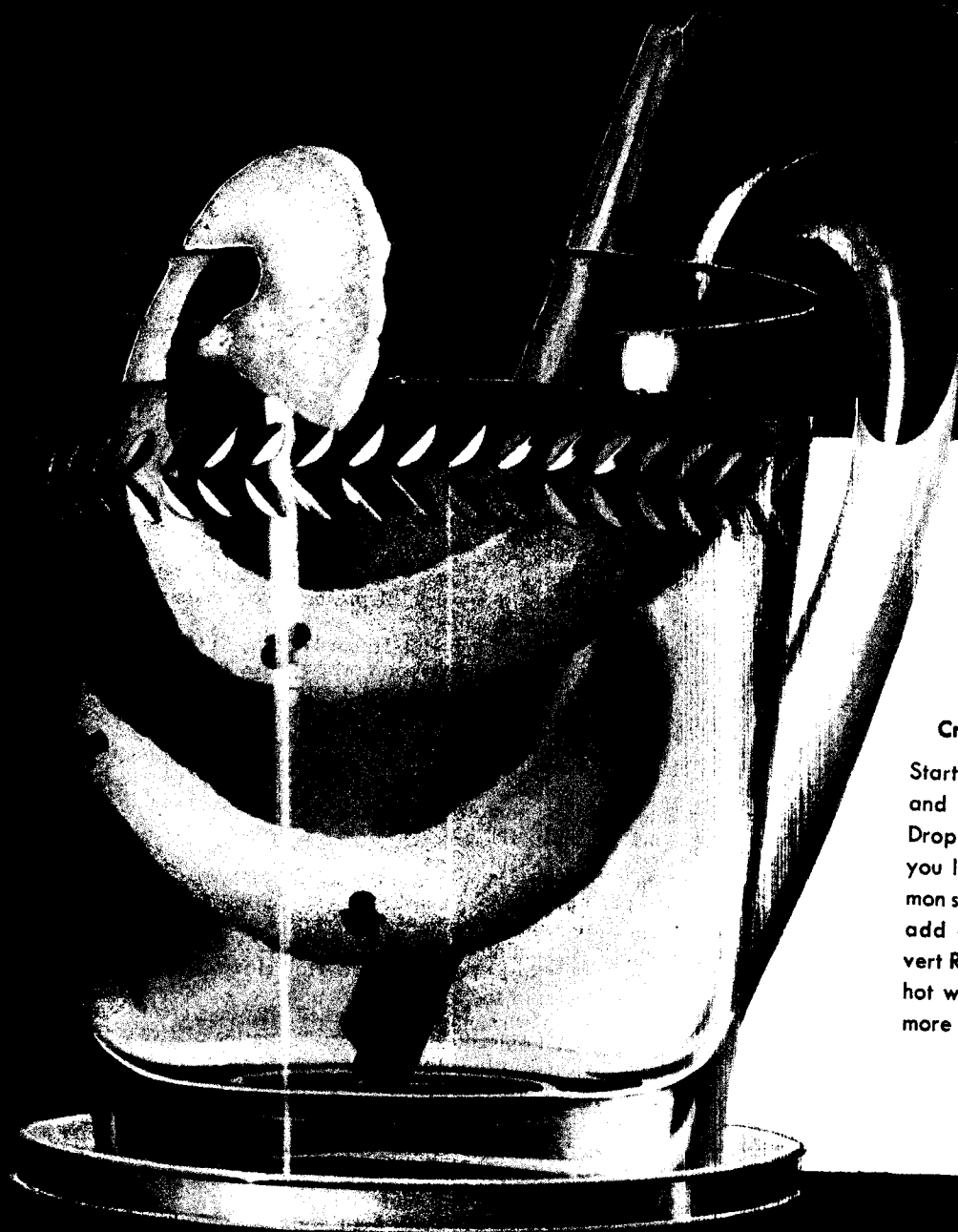
Clear Heads *Switch* because it's smoother.

Calvert Reserve Choice Blended Whiskey—86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LOW



Calvert Hot Toddy

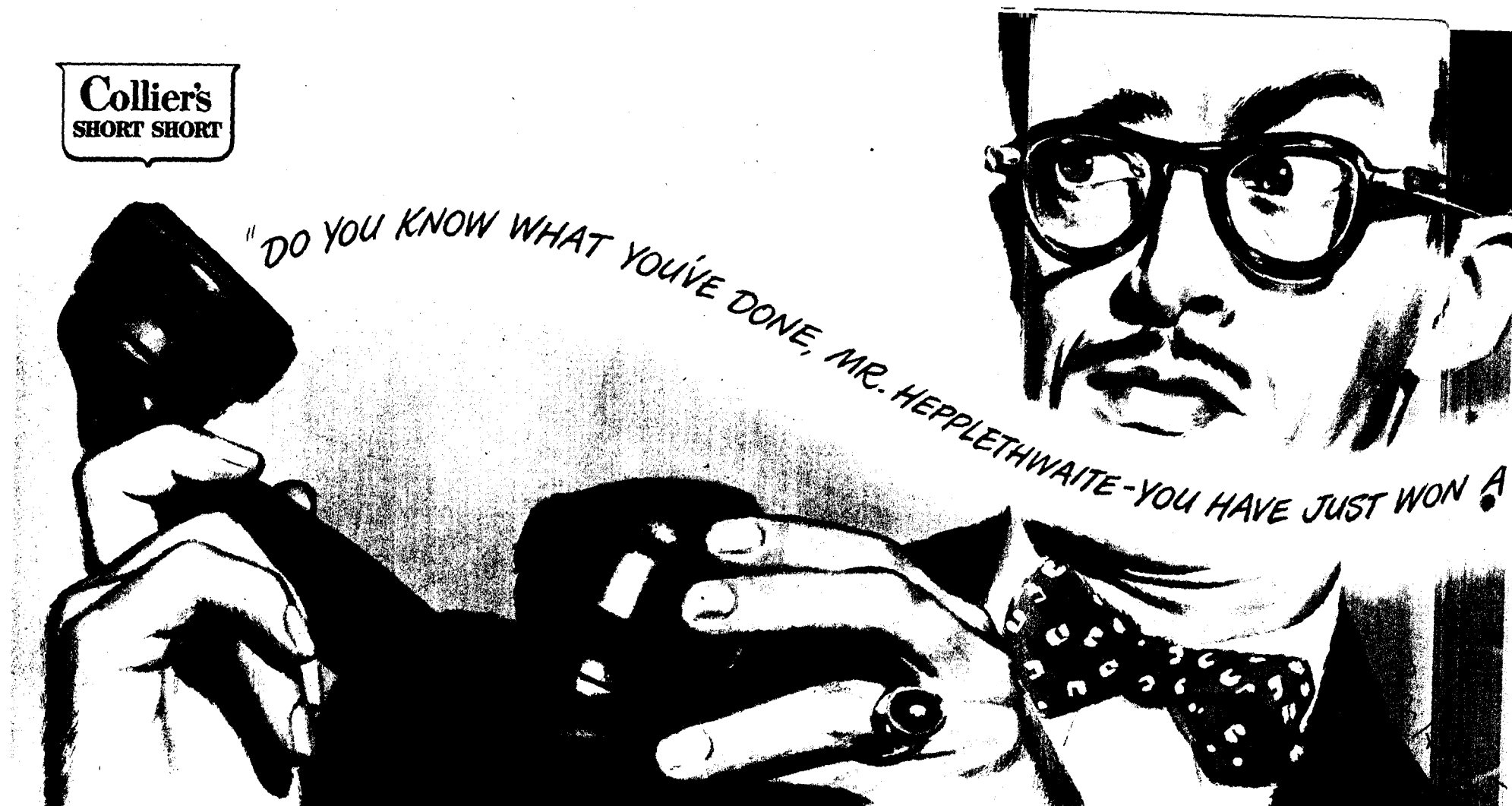
Crisp Weather Warmer-Upper

Start with 1 lump of sugar in the glass, and dissolve it in a little hot water. Drop in a spiral of lemon peel and, if you like, 3 or 4 cloves and a cinnamon stick. Now—the important part—add a sizable jigger of smooth Calvert Reserve. Fill the glass with piping hot water. Man! There never was a more satisfying Hot Toddy than this!



to Calvert Reserve

mellower...tastes better



JACK POT

By PAT FRANK

IN THIS particular Monday evening the telephone in the single room of Hot Horse Horace Hepplethwaite rang at a few minutes past eight, just as the strange announcer on Station WQIZ shouted, "And now, the operator rings our first number for a chance at the twenty thousand in cash and prizes!"

Hot Horse Horace was listening to this silly program through no fault of his own, and because he thought it must be a mistake. Ordinarily, at this hour, WQIZ, in a dry voice, gave the day's race results and prices, and the next day's prospects. But on this night, without warning, the program for horse players had not come on.

Hot Horse Horace laid down his form charts, and picked up the telephone. He couldn't imagine who'd be calling unless it was Footsie Clark, the bookie. He owed Footsie \$108.20 on last week's play. He said, "Hello?"

"Mr. Horace Hepplethwaite of 902 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City?"

Hot Horse Horace was astonished because the voice was as jubilant as the one on WQIZ. "So what if I am Hepplethwaite?"

"Are you listening to Station WQIZ, Mr. Hepplethwaite?"

"I am," Hot Horse Horace admitted, "and I want to protest against taking the racing news off the air—"

"He is Mr. Hepplethwaite, and he *does* listen to WQIZ," the jubilant voice interrupted. "Now, Mr. Hepplethwaite, as we open our great new show to give away twenty thousand in cash and prizes, we offer you three categories: polar explorations, French literature or horse racing."

"That's what I've been trying to tell you," said Hot Horse Horace. "I want horse racing."

"Now, Mr. Hepplethwaite," said the voice on the phone, suddenly tense, "can you tell me who won the Kentucky Derby in 1922?"

"Sure," said Hot Horse Horace instantly, "Morvich."

Anybody'd remember Morvich won the Derby in '22, and in particular he, Horace Hepplethwaite, would remember the year. It was the year of his marriage, and the year they'd bought the bungalow in the valley. It was also the year he'd discovered that a man with a flair for mathematics,

and just a bit of luck, could increase his income by picking horses.

"Do you know what you've done?" said the jubilant voice. "Mr. Hepplethwaite, you have just won a brand-new eight-burner instant cooker, automatic broiler, all in shining porcelain and chromium. Now what do you think of that, Mr. Hepplethwaite?"

"I think that's very peculiar," said Hot Horse Horace.

"And now to the second question in your category. Mr. Hepplethwaite, can you tell me what horse holds the world's record for the mile?"

"Naturally," said Hot Horse Horace. "Equipoise. Did it in 1:34:2-5 at Arlington in '32." Who could forget that? He'd had five across on Equipoise that day. He was living in Chicago then. His wife, Maude, had issued the ultimatum. It was either give up the horses or get out, and he'd got out.

"Mr. Hepplethwaite, you have just won a six-cylinder, brand-new, four-passenger Meteor convertible coupé!"

Horace's room was filled with the radio's cheering. "Is this on the level?" he inquired weakly.

"And now the jack pot question! Careful, now, Mr. Hepplethwaite, careful! What horse won the Santa Anita Derby in 1944?"

IT HAD been a bad year, '44. He'd beat his way to New York from Louisville, and rented this grubby little room, and plunged in desperation on long shots, so that the neighborhood bookies had nicknamed him "Hot Horse Horace." And lots of the tracks were shut down because of the war. That was it, of course! "There wasn't any Santa Anita Derby in 1944," he cried into the phone, "on account of the war."

There was pandemonium on the other end of the phone. Above the noise he heard the jubilant voice screaming, "Correct, Mr. Hepplethwaite! Absolutely correct! Mr. Hepplethwaite, in addition to the eight-burner stove and the Meteor coupé, you have just won a thousand-dollar United States bond, a prefabricated five-room house, an all-expense tour for two to Niagara Falls, an automatic washer, a television set with twelve-inch tube, a ten-cubic-foot freezer, and two-thousand dollars' worth of the finest modernistic furniture. And your wife will be delighted to know that she will be

getting a mink jacket, and a thousand dollars' worth of jewelry. I presume you're married, Mr. Hepplethwaite."

"No," said Hot Horse Horace, "I'm not." Actually he didn't know whether he was still married or not, but he thought it safe to assume Maude had a divorce by now.

He put down the telephone, and listened to the remainder of the radio program. Gradually he realized it wasn't a practical joke. He had won, as the jubilant voice said, twenty thousand in cash and gifts.

HIS telephone rang again, and this time it was Footsie Clark. "I just heard about your good news along The Apple," said Footsie. "I just want to remind you about that \$108.20."

"Sure, Footsie," said Hot Horse Horace. "See you in the morning."

Then long-distance called. It was a credit bureau in Louisville. There was a matter of twelve hundred in bills that Mr. Hepplethwaite no doubt had overlooked.

An angry, long-unpaid bookmaker called from Chicago; an apartment manager called from Boston; a restaurant from Atlantic City. It was amazing how many debts a man could forget if he wandered around the country and played the horses. The calls kept coming. Dozens of people were happy to find Hot Horse Horace Hepplethwaite.

Hot Horse Horace sat down at his cheap walnut table. He was always fast with figures. He estimated that if he sold everything, and got the usual premium prices for the car and prefab house, he could pay up all around, and have \$7,000 left.

At midnight he answered another call. It was long-distance from California and it was Maude. "Hello, Maude," he said wearily.

"I just heard about your good luck, Horace. I want to remind you that under our separation agreement you owe me \$8,000 and I'm going to insist that you send it. Not that I need it, but one day you'll get sick of playing the horses, and come home, and I want you to have a stake when that happens. Remember, Horace, you can't have such wonderful luck every day."

"Maude," said Hot Horse Horace, "I'm practically on my way." □□□

Which is really Hedy Lamarr?

STARRING IN THE
UNITED CALIFORNIA PICTURE
"Let's Live a Little"
AN EAGLE-LION RELEASE
(See answer below)



Spark plugs also look alike, but



AUTO-LITE *Resistor* **SPARK PLUGS**

give you all these advantages

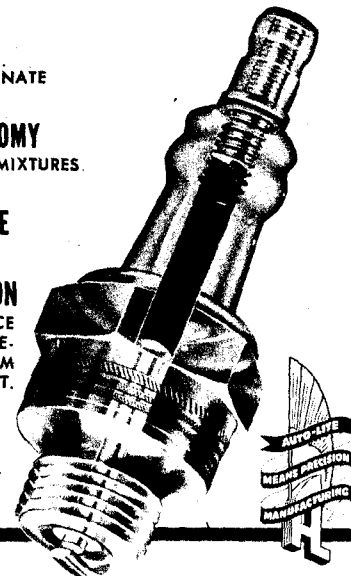
IT MAY be hard to pick the best spark plug from outside appearance just as it's difficult to choose the real Hedy Lamarr from the photograph above. But when you install a set of the sensational new Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plugs you can tell the difference in your car.

You'll experience immediately better gasoline economy, a smoother engine idle, suppressed spark plug radio interference, longer electrode life. No regular type spark

plug made will give you such performance.

If you picked the girl at the right as the real Hedy Lamarr, star of United California's "Let's Live A Little" released by Eagle-Lion, score yourself 100%. Her "look-alike" at the left is Mrs. Desirée Weaver of New York City. You'll be 100% right, too, when you switch to the new Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plug—the spark plug that gives you the finest in engine performance, the maximum in engine economy.

- ★ **A SMOOTHER ENGINE IDLE**
WIDER SPARK GAP HELPS ELIMINATE OCCASIONAL MISSING.
- ★ **IMPROVED GASOLINE ECONOMY**
PERMITS BURNING OF LEANER MIXTURES AND REDUCES MISFIRING.
- ★ **INCREASED ELECTRODE LIFE**
UP TO 200% AND MORE.
- ★ **IMPROVED RADIO RECEPTION**
REDUCES PLUG INTERFERENCE WITH RADIO, RADAR AND TELEVISION WITHIN 35 MV/M FROM 540 KC. TO 150 MC. AT 50 FT.



Toronto, Ontario

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY

Toledo 1, Ohio

Auto-Lite Spark Plugs—Patented U.S.A.

★ Because of its low rate of electrode erosion, the new Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plug permits wider initial gap settings and makes these advantages possible.

Tune in the Auto-Lite Radio Show "Suspense," Radio Adventure at its greatest. Thursdays 9:00 P.M., E.S.T. on CBS



*There's no Gin
like Gordon's*

BECAUSE OF LIQUEUR QUALITY and HIGH PROOF 94.4

DRINKS NEVER TASTE THIN WITH . . .

Gordon's Gin

100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN • GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N. J.

RIVIERA RENEGADE

Continued from page 28

ashamed to go out to greet their liberating columns.

When the Germans surrendered, however, and the Riviera became the rest and recreation area for the American Army, I came back to the coast. In Cannes I again ran into my friend Major Giacomo, only now he was Mr. Giacomo and wore civilian clothes. After the Americans came to Italy, he had thrown away his Fascist uniform, produced his U.S. citizenship papers, and gone to work for the military government to help locate stolen art treasures.

When I saw Giacomo in Cannes, he was on his way back to New York. We had a very gay dinner together. I say "very gay" although it was also a little sad, because Giacomo's French mistress was with us, and when she was not weeping prettily between courses over the prospect of losing her lover again after such a short reunion, the sight of her reminded me of my poor friend Bertrand who had been shot by the Gestapo after she had asked me for his address.

Yes, I know, *Monsieur le Juge*, this seems to have no bearing on the case of Jim Patterson and the murder on the Promenade des Anglais, but it is all pertinent. You see, Giacomo's girl friend was Mimi Lacourt.

A FEW weeks ago I came back to Nice—a strange Nice, you must admit. The promenade is brown with G.I.s, the court of the Negresco is loud with beer-drinking lads from Kansas and Vermont and Montana, the elegant casinos crowded with rustics in khaki eating hot dogs and drinking Red Cross coffee, the lovely sea-front terraces of the fine hotels littered with soft-drink bottles.

I suppose I was disgusted at first. I was shocked to see canned beer from the PX on tables once graced by champagne of the finest vintage. I was horrified, but I was fascinated. And after a while I was ashamed again.

Perhaps it was the sound of these young American voices that brought back memories of my own boyhood on the rolling prairies of the Middle West. Perhaps it was my advancing age that nudged me into reaching backward toward the womb, thinking of my American beginnings, remembering homely little scenes that I had forgotten for many years because I wanted to forget them. Perhaps it was the realization that these noisy boys were displacing the Germans and Italians by right of conquest.

Deliberately, *Monsieur le Juge*, as though I were doing penance, I forced myself to make friends with the G.I.s. I was in turn adopted by one of them from Iowa, my own state, a lad named Jim Patterson, who called me "Pop." I showed Jim the cellars of the Old City where we tasted *vin du Cap* and talked of Iowa. We ate trout fresh from the rushing water of the Loup. We explored the Valley of the Var and the slopes of Bellet where the wine has the color of old amber and the fragrance of spring.

Jim told me he had fallen madly in love with a French girl, and wanted me to meet her. The day he received his commanding officer's permission to marry the girl, I invited them to dine with me in that little gray-market restaurant on the Quai des Etats Unis where the lobsters are sheer ambrosia. I was stunned, *Monsieur le Juge*, to discover that Jim's fiancée was Mimi Lacourt.

You knew Mimi Lacourt, of course. Everyone knew her—many quite intimately. She was a glittering ornament to our casinos before the war. She was extremely beautiful, as you know, with dark eyes that turned men's blood to strong wine. She wore clothes with an art that displayed her superb body as a jeweler exhibits a fabulous gem in his showcase. I could understand how Jim had fallen in love with her.

But how was I to make Jim understand that this woman was as evil as she was



"Ever notice how the meter always flips over an extra nickel just as the cab stops?"

Collier's for November 20, 1948



COLLIER'S

"There's a twelve-dollar-and-eighty-cent difference in our favor. Shall I try and find it?"

PERRY BARLOW

beautiful, as false as she was desirable? I could not tell him that Mimi had betrayed my friend Bertrand to the Gestapo, because I had no proof, and if any proof existed besides my circumstantial evidence, Mimi would have been arrested with the other traitors.

I could not say, "Jim, your Mimi has a heart like an artichoke with a leaf for every man. She will never belong to you alone. If she belongs to anyone, it will be to Giacomo, whose bed she favored for five years. If you take her to the States you will be taking her to Giacomo or to some new Oberstleutnant Fritsch, because Mimi does not love men; she uses them." I could not say this, *Monsieur le Juge*, because Jim was certain that Mimi loved him. She had told him so, and she kissed him convincingly. She was a consummate actress.

I HAD no chance to talk to either of them alone that night, but next morning—Mimi always slept until noon—Jim and I went to Antibes. As we sunned ourselves on the beach, I tried to show Jim why his marriage would not work out. I told him that after the glamor and glitter of the Riviera, Mimi would never be happy in a small Middle Western town.

"Besides," I said, "you know the folks at home think all French women are sinful wenches. Your own family will probably never accept her. She will be miserable."

"I know that Mimi has led a pretty gay life around here," Jim said. "She told me so herself. But all that's in the past. All that matters now is that she loves me, and that I love her."

"Suppose she is lying?" I said. "Suppose someday you find out that she never really loved you?"

Jim looked at the backs of his big, bronzed hands. "If that happened," he said, "I think I could kill her."

He turned his hands over and closed them slowly. For a long time he stared at his fists. Then he said, "Pop, my leave's up in three days and I'm moving to a staging area to be sent home. So Mimi and I are getting married tomorrow. I wanted you to be a witness, but—"

He paused, uneasy. I said, "I know. People told you I collaborated with the enemy and was not a fit person to be witness at a soldier's wedding. Don't worry, Jim. I won't embarrass you. I won't come."

"You don't mind, Pop?"

"Of course not. I'm going to be pretty busy anyway."

I was indeed very busy. I had to act quickly. I saw only one chance of saving Jim from a tragic mistake. It was a forlorn chance, but I had to take it. I

had to see Mimi alone, to talk her out of marrying Jim. I got word to her, and she agreed to meet me that night on the Promenade des Anglais.

We sat on a bench near one of those ridiculous pillboxes the Germans had painted to resemble newspaper kiosks. I asked her bluntly, "Why do you tell this boy you love him, when you are marrying him only to get to the United States to join Giacomo? Or is it something more sinister than Giacomo—like Oberstleutnant Fritsch?"

She laughed. Her laugh was as musical and as cold as the tinkle of ice in a tall glass. She denied nothing. She merely said, "I am fond of Jim. He is just a boy, but he is a nice boy. Can anyone foretell how a marriage will end these days? But however it ends, Jim should have no regrets. He will have undreamed-of happiness. Is it not miraculous luck for a simple farm boy to possess a beautiful woman who has been fought over by princes of the blood, by men of power and great wealth? Could he find such glorious ecstasy in his native cornfields?"

"You are a fool, Mimi," I said. "When Jim finds out what you have done to him, he will kill you—and not by proxy, as you killed Bertrand."

Again she laughed, that selfish, confident, cynical laugh of hers. And as she laughed, she seemed to be laughing for me, echoing my own self-centered love of comfort, my denial of sacrifice, my superiority to the world which I disdained, my withdrawal from my own kind.

FOR forty years I had been laughing with shallow gaiety, piling up a debt to society, to men like Bertrand. And as Mimi suddenly stopped laughing, I knew that I might repay that debt in part by saving one American boy from humiliation and disillusion, perhaps from worse. So I killed her.

I strangled Mimi Lacourt, *Monsieur le Juge*, with my own hands. They are old hands, but they were strong for a few moments last night while I paid my debt. I left the woman lying on the bench by the sea. I did not know she had told Jim Patterson to meet her there half an hour after she was meeting me, that the police would find Jim lifting her from the bench, carrying her—not to fling her into the sea, but to seek help.

So you see, *Monsieur le Juge*, why this is a case for the civil courts. I ask no mercy. I ask only that when you inform the American military authorities that they should release Jim Patterson, you should tell them—and Jim—that while I am a murderer, I was not a collaborationist, that I am not really a bad American.

Give Esterbrook

*The World's Most
Personal Fountain Pen*

No other pen makes
so personal a gift as
an Esterbrook...with
the right point for the
way they write. Send
an Esterbrook to
every person on
your list. Give
yourself one,
too.

**To select or replace
... Here's all you do**

In case of damage you can
replace your favorite point
yourself—at any pen counter.



Esterbrook

FOUNTAIN PEN

Inside Sports

Collier's
SPORTS

By BILL FAY

WHY DID JOE LOUIS CHANGE HIS MIND ABOUT RETIRING? FAY THINKS HE KNOWS THE ANSWER



Louis' golf is good. But it doesn't win bets

FIVE minutes after he had knocked out Joe Walcott last June, Joe Louis announced his retirement. Next morning, Louis played 18 holes of golf. "This is the game for me," he told reporters. "No more fightin'."

Probably Louis meant what he said. The waltz with Walcott canceled his war debt to promoter Mike Jacobs (Joe borrowed upward of \$100,000 to supplement his \$96-a-month Army salary). Joe had money in the bank and substantial annuities coming due in 1949.

Three months later Jacobs' Twentieth Century Sporting club revealed that Louis would meet the winner of the Joe Baksi-Ezzard Charles bout "if the winner looks good." What made Louis change his mind? Was it loyalty to Jacobs, who was fighting for his promotional life against Tournament of Champions, Inc., alias The Seven Millionaires?

Hardly that. A more logical reason was that Louis needed money—and fighting for Jacobs was the only way Joe could make a lot of money in a hurry. A friend of Louis' declared: "Joe has to stop losing money on the golf course. I followed him during a round at Toledo and he came up to the 18th all square in a match that was supposed to carry a \$5,000 side bet, and he lost it. He's been losing plenty every week."

Louis issued a midsummer denial to newspaper reports that his golf losses totaled \$60,000. "I shoot

in the seventies and play two, two and two Nassau," Joe said. "That could be two dollars, two thousand or two million, but two bucks would be my style." The two-dollar figure would limit Joe's losses to six dollars over 18 holes—two dollars on the first nine, two on the second nine, and two on the 18-hole totals.

Joe's legs are gone and his timing is bad. Walcott proved that. But the factor that may keep him from retiring undefeated is a common complaint among high-seventy shooters. Joe can't put the ball in the hole when he's close to it.

COACHES CAN SMILE

Nobody draws funnier football stories than those two Southern gentlemen, Wally Butts of Georgia, and Herman Hickman, the Tennessee Cannonball who deserted the Confederate gray to become head coach of the Yale Blues. After several weeks in New Haven, Hickman informed reporters that he was having trouble with the Inch Men.

"Who are the Inch Men?" the reporters inquired. "The Inch Men," Hickman explained, "are the Old Yales who visit me and remind me that nobody ever made an inch through their position."

Huge Herman (he weighs 300 pounds) also had trouble with his 14-day diet. "I had to quit," he admitted. "The food lasted only two days."

Butts specializes in testimonials to the native origin of his Georgia footballers. "Mah boys are real Gawgians," Wally avers. "They live so far up in the hills, when it comes time to move they jes' spit on the fire and call the dawgs."

Wally also recalls the high-school quarterback whose ball carriers were taking a bad beating from a heavier opponent. When the score was 0 to 55, the quarterback spoke up in the huddle.

"Murphy through left tackle on 56."



The victim should relax, says Al Homewood



Yale's Hickman works happily—minus Inch Men

"Not me," declined left half Murphy.

"Green around right end on 32."

"Not me," vetoed right half Green. "It's your turn to carry the ball."

The quarterback thought things over for a moment. "I know," he said. "Let's throw a long, incomplete pass."

HORSE SENSE

Al Homewood, the New York riding instructor, wonders why jumping enthusiasts refuse to take tumbling exercises. "When you clear a six-foot hurdle," Al says, "and you leave the horse, the effect is a good bit like an automobile accident. Best thing you can do is relax and try to roll away when you hit, so the horse doesn't come down on you. Tumbling practice would help, but I've never known a jumper who tumbled—maybe they think it's too dangerous."

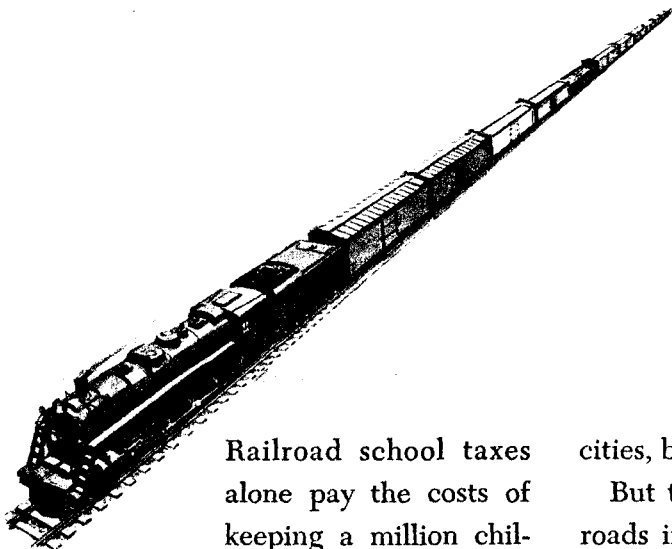
Of course Al doesn't take tumbling lessons, either. He's tutored three national riding champions in the last two years—all girls. "Girls are easier to teach," he claims. "Nothing scares them."

Homewood is equally matter-of-fact about personal injuries. During a polo game two years ago he was struck below the right temple with a mallet. "The chap who hit me was Al Parsells," he recalls, "the only one-eyed polo player in the world—at the time. Now there are two of us." □□□

DRAWINGS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN CULLEN MURPHY



Railroad taxes are sending a million children to school



Railroad school taxes alone pay the costs of keeping a million children in school every year!

And other railroad taxes help to protect the health of communities, provide police and fire protection, build roads, airports, and waterways all over America.

An industry whose tax contribution is more than one billion dollars a year is an important factor in the economy of every state, and of thousands of towns and

cities, by virtue of its tax payments alone.

But that's only part of the story! Railroads in 1948 spent three billion dollars for equipment, materials, and supplies, which were bought in five out of every six counties in the country. And the four and one half billion dollars which the railroads paid to their employees in wages helped make business better everywhere.

So it is easy to see that—over and above the essential transportation service they provide—railroads are home-town partners

of each of the communities they serve. That's another reason why every American has a stake in strong and healthy railroads.

**ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN
RAILROADS**

WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

Listen to THE RAILROAD HOUR presenting the world's great musical comedies. Every Monday evening over the ABC network, 8-8:45 Eastern, Mountain, and Pacific Time; 7-7:45 Central Time.

THE RED PLAN FOR S-DAY

Continued from page 17

*Better
Cocktails
with less work!*



Why do it the hard way? Do it the HEUBLEIN way! Serve professional cocktails at home...superb cocktails made of the finest liquors by cocktail specialists. Just ice and serve.

Eight kinds at your local liquor store.

HEUBLEIN'S
Club
COCKTAILS

G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford, Conn.

in 1940, the Communists' cry for "Negro rights" reaches a shrill point. In March of that year the party appealed to the Negro people to fight "against the imperialist war." When Russia was attacked, the comrades immediately called upon the Negroes to make no demands!

Behind the scenes, the opposition to Negro rights was even more pronounced. I recall one meeting early in 1943 at which Alexander Bittelman, always recognized as the voice of the Kremlin, sharply reprimanded the Communist Negro leader James Ford for suggesting that the issue of Negro discrimination be raised.

Ford humbly reversed himself completely in an article written in accordance with those instructions. He urged that Negroes resign their rights, invoking the name of Stalin and citing the "defense of the Soviet Union" as being above all other considerations.

A sign of the times: The demand for a Negro republic was revived at the 1948 convention of the Communist party, and in a recent issue of Political Affairs is a graphic description of the area to be covered by such a republic.

So far as the veteran is concerned, the aim of the Stalin-directed revolutionists is to infiltrate and gain control of enough soldier and sailor organizations to enable them to speak in the name of the veterans here, whether they represent them or not.

Orders were brought from Moscow by Hans Berger (better known as Gerhard Eisler) after the war that the comrades in the United States were to form "labor-conscious veterans' organizations." This meant, actually, a veterans' group under Communist control, with which the Reds could stage riots and demonstrations.

Vets Allergic to Comrades

So far, however, the comrades haven't been very successful with the veteran; he appears to be particularly unsusceptible to their blandishments.

In Communist conferences on the veterans—and there have been many—there is always a harking back to the period after World War I when there was an organization completely controlled by Reds. This was the Workers Ex-Servicemen's League which, at one point, horned in on the veterans' bonus march to Washington.

Peter V. Caccione, later a member of the New York City Council, declared that the now extinct league "was the means by which the bonus march could be politicalized enough for the bonus marchers to be educated to seize public buildings in Washington."

The real leaders of the Communist conspiracy in the United States, the ones who manipulate the members of the American branch of the party, are not the Earl Browders, the William Z. Fosters and the Eugene Dennises. These men simply take orders from a comparatively small group of men and women who are in constant touch with Moscow and always know what Stalin wants.

The average American has never heard of these people, although the names of a few have recently appeared in the newspapers in connection with deportation proceedings, grand jury action and the investigations of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Some of these key conspirators are Jacob Stachel, John Santo, Alexander Bittelman, J. Peters, Hans Berger, Martin Young and John Williamson.

These are the names by which they are generally known; most of them, if not all, often use false names and travel under false identities. These principal Red conspirators do most of their work

under cover because almost all of them are aliens, sent here by the Kremlin after intensive training in the Lenin School in Moscow.

It is not by accident that the Soviet Union has entrusted the main responsibilities of her most important fifth column to aliens. In the first place, an alien who is here illegally is always vulnerable; if he fails to please his masters and devote himself to the "cause," he can easily be reported for deportation, as I suspect has been done more than once.

In the second place, he is less subject to what the Communists call "bourgeois-nationalistic tendencies." This means that he will not be hampered by patriotism. And, in the third place, the agents sent here by Moscow are not accompanied by their families; their husbands, wives and children remain in Europe and are at least potential hostages.

The Reds have an arsenal of words, forming another of their keys to conquest. When they talk softly and evasively, they speak in what they call "slave language"—Lenin's description of the double-talk which the Russian Bolsheviks were obliged to engage in when there was prohibition of their literature.

A favorite weapon is intellectual blackmail designed to shut out sober consideration of facts. To the joy of Communists, both labor leaders and intellectuals are apt to shrink from having such terms as "Red-baiter" flung at them.

What is it that holds together all the keys of conquest? It is a ring of steel—loyalty to Stalin and the Soviet goal of power over the United States. As managing editor of the Daily Worker, I had to take a leading part in whipping up the staff members to an understanding of "their revolutionary goal, for the honor of Comrade Stalin."

I recall a session of Chicago's Communist Training School when Morris Childs, district chief, addressed the class in leadership of the coming revolution in the United States. "Since in our day," he said, "Socialism has been victorious in

the Soviet Union under the leadership of Comrade Stalin... it is Stalin's call through the International Communist movement that will alert us for this gigantic task. It is Stalin's revolutionary works we must study above all, Stalin's every statement we must follow, and loyalty to Stalin must be the keystone to our conduct."

Incessantly Daily Worker editorials have drummed into party members that "there is no way out except by seizing from the capitalists the industries, the banks and all of the economic institutions... Win the workers for the revolutionary struggle for the seizure of power! Win the workers to fight continuously for a Soviet United States!"

Communist Chief's Forecast

Only a few months ago head Communist Foster declared in Political Affairs: "... An American-Soviet war would lead to an immediate occupation of western Europe and most of Asia by the Red Army, whence it could be dislodged, if at all, only after ruinous struggle." In other words, according to Foster, there is only one thing to do: Surrender to Russia.

How do I propose to bolt the door against Soviet conspirators? By outlawing the Communist party, probably first by something like the Mundt-Nixon Bill. As long as the party functions as an open organization it can make use of convenient facilities. For instance, as it is now the Reds can send out their orders and propaganda through the Daily Worker, because it is a newspaper operating within legal bounds. More important, as it is now, the Communists can even call a political strike openly.

The master key to the Soviet conquest of the United States might well be complacency.

In his book, *Toward Soviet America*, Foster prophesied: "People who think the revolution is impossible in America are going to be deceived." □□□



"Yank Davis and send in O'Connor. And tell Hurley to watch their left end. He's lousing up our passing attack"

HANK KETCHAM



• "The worst fires usually come in winter," says Fire Chief John J. Cullinan, of Morristown, N. J. "I've used 'Prestone' anti-freeze for 22 years and I know it's sure, safe protection."

You may not race to fires, but you want to know that your car is always ready for use. Give your car the same protection that firemen, policemen, ambulance drivers give theirs — "Prestone," America's leading brand of anti-freeze.



**NO RUST • NO FOAM
NO FREEZE • NO FAILURE**

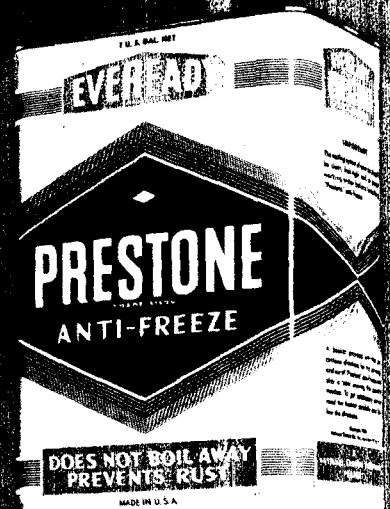
One shot lasts all winter!

"Prestone" anti-freeze is America's Number One brand. Year after year more motorists depend on it than on all other brands of all-winter anti-freezes combined. There is nothing else like it!

GUARANTEED!

Ask your dealer to show you the guarantee.
It's your assurance of all-winter safety.

\$3.50
PER GAL.



PRESTONE

TRADE-MARK

The registered trade-marks "Prestone" and "Eveready" distinguish products of

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC., 30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.  Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

*Preferred...
for mellow moments*



We invite you
to the luxury of a
mellow moment with

Hamm's Beer
Smooth and Mellow

Theo. Hamm Brewing Co.,
St. Paul 1, Minn.

I'M A SUCKER FOR SCREWBALLS

Continued from page 21

Nick listened for a second and hung up. Then the man who had lost enough that night to buy half the bananas in South America smiled.

"Everything's okay," he said. "They're sending the banana right up."

BUT NICK and the other screwballs were Normal Nellies compared to two gents I used to bump into occasionally at an East Side coffeehouse known as the Caledonia Social Club. One was a reformed pickpocket known as Once Over Lightly; the other was an unreformed dentist we had nicknamed Dr. Slowly.

For years, Lightly and Slowly played cards for high stakes, but never with each other. However, after each card session they would adjourn to a corner table to play chess, and the psychiatric overtones of their vituperations and name-calling were worthy of Krafft-Ebing's attention.

Lightly, who had a bitter and mordant wit, did most of the insulting. "Hurry up an' play, awreddy," he would screech at Slowly. "Ya foddas steals from da blind an' ya mudda eats dog food, so it's no wonder ya toined out to be a rat."

"What's the rush?" Dr. Slowly would answer. "Your date with the electric chair isn't until *next* week."

Though they played for only 50 cents a game, this half buck meant more to them than the hundreds they wagered at the card tables. Lightly played fiercely and angrily, banging his pieces down, while the dentist, lifting his hands in mock surprise, would murmur, "Slowly, slowly..." and make each move with the calculated and irritating languor which had earned him his nickname.

A strange dentist, you must be thinking, yet each profession has its low-lives. Dr. Slowly's office was in a poor neighborhood, and for years he exploited the unfortunates who placed themselves in his hands. Many a cavity was created where none existed, and, far from being ashamed, he boasted of his chicaneries.

"A man rang my bell last night," I once heard him say. "His jaw was the size of a grapefruit. I told him my price for night jobs was \$25. He said he didn't have the money. But he was wearing a watch." Dr. Slowly took a wrist watch from his pocket and dangled it proudly. "It's a beauty, isn't it? Must be worth sixty dollars."

"Before I metcha," Lightly commented, "I useta believe in God."

But despite this hatred, whenever Slowly missed an evening at the coffeehouse, Lightly would walk around like a man minus a dimension. It seemed he lived only to insult the dentist.

One morning a tooth began doing nips in Lightly's head.

"Look, rat," he said when he arrived at the dentist's office, "I gotta hole in my toot'. Fill it up an' ya make two bucks."

Dr. Slowly inspected the cavity. "This is going to hurt," he said happily. "I'd better give you gas."

"Ya must think I'm nuts," said Lightly. "I should letcha gimme gas wid a wallet in my pocket? Start drillin', rat, and rememba I got my eyes on ya."

Dr. Slowly went to it. Remembering Lightly's insults, he pressed the drill deeper and deeper. But the pickpocket didn't crack—he wouldn't give Slowly the satisfaction. Before leaving he took out four half dollars and threw them on the floor. Next evening the two men resumed their chess game at the coffeehouse, heaving abominations at each other as if nothing had happened.

Quite some guys, those two!

TED HEALY, English Bob and Doc Slowly are only a few of the inspired loonies I've known in my thousand weeks on Grifters' Gulch. Looking at the world through their eyes has been like looking at it through the wrong end of a whisky bottle.

Without question they were all candidates for an analyst's couch.

Of course, I'm all right. □□□□

I CATCH BANK EMBEZZLERS

Continued from page 51

identified itself as belonging to a bookie, and informed the commissioner of a banker client who had welshed on a bet. The commissioner made a flying trip to the Columbus Trust Company in Newark, New Jersey. The bank was missing \$657,000!

The embezzler, who confessed forthwith, turned out to be the bank's vice-president—handsome, 38-year-old Newark Police Court Judge P. James Pellecchia, Jr., who was variously known as New Jersey's Most Promising and Glamorous Republican Politician, Newark's Most Eligible Socialite Bachelor, and The Best Dressed Jurist in the United States. But Pellecchia possessed an overwhelming curiosity about the comparative speeds of horses.

To finance this, he blithely picked out 20 of the best apartment houses in town, wrote phony mortgages on them, and pocketed the money (a procedure I had warned about in a speech to the New York Savings Bank Conference a few months before). Today, the Columbus Trust Company has been merged with another bank, and Pellecchia is having dealings with Jersey justice—from the nether side of the bench.

But all the embezzlers aren't Pellecchias. Case Number Two on that July 10, 1948, involved a sweet young Southern girl. One of her regular duties as a bank clerk was to buy stamps at the post office. One day she needed a new girdle,

so she decided to borrow five dollars from the stamp money. It amazed her that nobody noticed the difference, so a few days later she took another five.

She intended to pay it all back, of course (most embezzlers do), but by the time I was called in on the case, her little debt to the bank had grown to \$2,050. She was caught because the bank promoted her as a reward for her high efficiency. With someone else buying the stamps, the monthly cost for same took a surprising drop. And that was the end for Miss Lulubelle.

As these two cases indicate, there is no such thing as the average bank embezzler. The Chicago Crime Commission pointed out in a recent report that one never knows who is going to succumb to "the temptations of fast women or slow horses."

For instance, when an official of a Western bank was accused of embezzling several hundred thousand dollars a few years ago, the community rose up in wrath, saying, "Why, this is ridiculous! He's a pillar of one of the best churches in town. Last year he donated thousands of dollars to the church." Said the report from the bank examiner: "This church contribution is now believed to have been stolen from the bank."

The only thing that bank-fraud embezzlers seem to have in common is that they all believe they have discovered the one foolproof method. There is no such

Collier's for November 20, 1948

Look Better
Feel Better



IN THE NEW **CAMPUS**

BY **Paragon**

Here's the "bold look." High full crown with wide band—"high curl" brim.

Of superb chamois finish felt, outstanding in quality and workmanship. **\$7.50**

At Good Stores Everywhere
Other Paragon Hats \$5 to \$10

PARAGON HAT CO., CHICAGO 10

**7 DAYS
WILL DO IT**



YES, in just 7 days... in one short week... a group of people who changed from their old dentifrices to Calox Tooth Powder averaged 38% brighter teeth by scientific test. Why not change to Calox yourself? Buy Calox today... so your teeth can start looking brighter tomorrow!



**CALOX
TOOTH POWDER**

McKesson & Robbins Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

Collier's for November 20, 1948

thing—as (a) they find out when just about 100 per cent of them get caught, and (b) as I found out after years of research into the subject.

My research began in 1926, when I was called into a case where a bank's books were out of balance. We soon discovered the shortage and pinned the blame on a teller. But the chief national bank examiner of that district then ordered the bank to be merged with another in the town, and I stayed around to help arrange the details. We found that \$1,500 was missing in the consolidated bank!

We turned the bank upside down. Finally, I walked into a teller's cage. There was a bushel basket under his counter. The bushel basket was filled with coins and currency—\$1,500 worth. A farmer had brought his life savings to the bank in this basket the day before to pay off a mortgage, and the teller simply had forgotten about it.

This made me realize how easy it is for money to disappear, in most banks.

Spotlight on Hidden Frauds

In 1933, when the bank holiday and the subsequent federal examinations disclosed a staggering total of hidden bank frauds, I decided to make the first thorough study of the subject. I put several men to work researching all the bank-fraud cases in the Library of Congress, in the surety company files, and in the Supreme Court law library.

After 10 years of work, we finally came up with the now-accepted total of 210 methods of defrauding a bank—ranging from the teller copping a few dollars from the cash drawer to the complicated multimillion-dollar "kiting" and mortgage deals.

These 210 methods might appear to give the embezzler a tremendous advantage over the sheriff. The trouble for Mr. Embezzler is that we have 10-times-210 methods of catching him.

For instance, one of the most common bank-fraud methods is for the bank employee to "pull" the ledger card of a depositor who has left for distant places and is not expected to check up on his account for some time. The employee

simply moves the ledger card for this account and substitutes another card with exactly the same balance, made out in the name of a fictitious depositor.

The employee then signs checks in the name of this fictitious depositor, and draws money indefinitely, up to the total actually deposited by Mr. Absent. The only trouble with this method is that Mr. Absent may return, whereupon Mr. Embezzler must quickly replace his ledger card and "pull" another legitimate account in the same amount, to cover the shortage.

In West Virginia, a ledger bookkeeper was suspected of the above manipulations. Since he also worked as relief teller on Saturdays and Mondays, it was an easy matter for him to cash his own checks. But before the examination he succeeded in destroying both the phony checks and ledger cards, thus covering up part of his trail.

But the trail was still there.

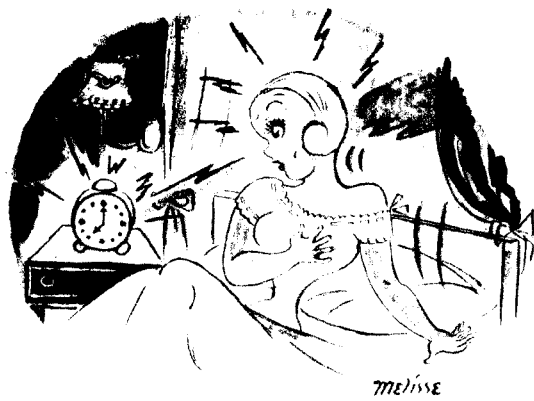
I asked the bank directors, "Were any of your ledger cards creased down the middle?"

The directors looked surprised. "Why, yes," they said.

And that's how we trapped Mr. Embezzler. I learned that he had a safe-deposit box in the bank, and that was the most likely place for him to hide "pulled" ledger cards. But the ledger cards were too wide for the box; they had to be folded down the middle. We went to work on the creased cards, and the bookkeeper's confession followed soon thereafter.

That gentleman turned out to have been full of tricks. His \$29,000 fraud had gone on for years, and on one occasion he hadn't had time to manipulate his "pulled" ledger cards. After the visiting national bank examiner started a trial balance of his ledger the embezzler had an outside accomplice call the bank examiner on the phone. The phone was in the next room.

Working with lightning agility, the bookkeeper then drew back the carriage of the adding machine, and canceled out exactly \$29,000 worth of accounts. Thus the \$29,000 he had stolen was not added in by the machine when the examiner returned. The books balanced, and the



MELISSE

MELISSE

Lines on Tottering to Bed

Darning Ball Rampant on a Field of Mending

This is the burden of my song—
The nights are short, the days are long,
And I resent the fact that chores
Relentlessly outnumber snores.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

Star Performance!



Lovely
TERESA WRIGHT
Starring in
"ENCHANTMENT"
A Samuel Goldwyn
Production

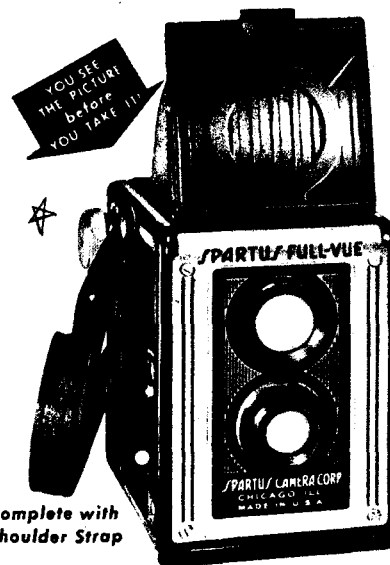
year 'round

Star Performance

with the

**SPARTUS
FULL-VUE**

TWIN-LENS REFLEX CAMERA



Complete with
Shoulder Strap

The Spartus Full-Vue gives you star performance every time. It's the family favorite for brilliant snapshots. The Spartus Full-Vue is so simple to load and operate. Merely frame the picture in the big groundglass view finder—and click! Twelve full size 2 1/4" x 2 1/4" contact prints from each roll of No. 120 film. Buy a Spartus Full-Vue today—for yourself, for gifts! At camera counters everywhere.

Only
\$9.98
Tax Incl.

Slightly higher
in Canada
Carrying
Case \$3.00

SPARTUS CAMERA CORP.
715 W. LAKE ST., CHICAGO 6

For Thrilling Pictures Use a Spartus



**SPARTUS
"35F"**
\$14.95 tax incl.
Flash Gun \$4.50



SPARTUS PRESS FLASH
with 4 bulbs
\$14.95 tax incl.



SPARTAFLEX
with flash attachment
\$27.50 tax incl.



SPARTUS 35mm
with F/3.5 coated
Anastigmat lens
\$29.50 tax incl.

SPARTUS NEVER FORGETS A FACE OR PLACE



Children, too, know the sore discomfort of cracked, chapped lips—and young and old put their confidence in 'CHAP STICK' for speedy relief. Specially medicated, extra soothing, easy to apply, lasting in results.

When wind and weather cause lip chap—use 'CHAP STICK' at once. And be sure to ask for it by name—'CHAP STICK'—the only antiseptic lip balm.

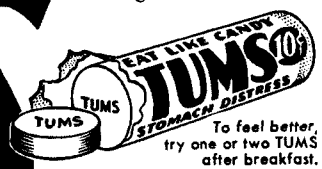
• For cracked, chapped, weather-sore hands use 'CHAP-ANS,' the man's hand cream.



Don't take chances with

TUMS
acid
indigestion
Take
TUMS
wherever you go!

Whenever you travel—by car, by plane, by bus, by train—buy Tums first! Tums relieve acid indigestion and heartburn almost instantly. You feel better fast! With Tums, nothing to mix or stir. And Tums contain no baking soda (bicarbonate). So, no danger of overalkalizing—no acid rebound. Travel in comfort. Travel with Tums! Night and day, at home or away, always carry TUMS. Quick relief for acid indigestion.



for the TUMMY



TUMS are antacid, not a laxative. For a laxative, use mild, dependable, all-vegetable NR Tablets (Nature's Remedy). Get a 25¢ box today.

examiner went away satisfied but unfortunately for the bookkeeper, we had that one figured out, too, by readding the adding machine tape.

In a recent Pacific Coast case a noted detective agency was hired by the president of a bank to track down a \$15,000 theft. The detective on the case subsequently submitted the following report to the national bank examiner:

"During the month I worked in the town where the bank is located, I was variously disguised as a street sweeper, a waiter in a short-order house, and other similar menial tasks. I now report that it is my opinion that the man who took the \$15,000 is none other than the president of the bank—the man who employed our company to find the thief. The president, who is sixty-five years old, married and has a nice home, is quite friendly with a beautiful blond beauty-parlor operator, who is about thirty-five years old. He visits the blonde's apartment at least two times a week."

The blonde notwithstanding, an examiner thereupon made his own investigation, working openly on the bank's records. Within three hours he had a signed confession from a young teller in the bank, who hadn't even been a suspect.

The Notes That Disappeared

The bank's records are the most potent weapon against bank embezzlers, but psychological factors and intangibles often enter the picture, too. In a famous Pennsylvania case in 1935, a bank examiner finished his scrutiny of the books and headed to the railroad station to catch his train. When he got there he realized that he had misread the timetable by two hours, and he decided to go back to the bank to take another look at the loan file. To his amazement he found several notes missing though he distinctly remembered having seen them a few hours before.

When the examiner began making inquiries, an assistant cashier slipped out of the bank. The shortage was \$1,300,000 and most of it involved an oil company in which the assistant cashier was interested. The next day—September 28, 1935—said assistant cashier was found dead in his car.

In 1946, I received the following communication from a gentleman who had just emerged from a prolonged vacation at the Federal Penitentiary at Chillicothe, Ohio: "Well, I'm out now," the man's letter read, "and I have a business proposition for you. In your job as an auditor, you get an inside look at more banks than almost anyone else. You could 'case' the banks and let me know exactly

where the most valuable stuff is kept. Then I would stick up the banks. The perfect crime. We'd make millions." Naturally, I declined this kind offer.

There is no such thing as the perfect crime, especially when it comes to bank frauds. It may take five, ten or 15 years, but the embezzler always gets caught, simply because there is no way to cover up the trail without destroying the evidence of such peculations. And the destroyed records provide a trail in themselves.

I must admit, however, that there have been some nearly perfect frauds. One of the best involved the manager of a West Side Chicago bank patronized by gangsters during the Al Capone era.

Dead Gangsters Don't Squawk

This manager used to make careful note of every gangland bumping-off. Then, if the bump-off had a safe-deposit box in his bank, the manager would promptly remove nearly all the contents of the box, leaving just enough to keep the gangster's heirs from becoming suspicious. This worked sensationally well, until one day when he ran into an unexpected oddity—a gangster who kept records.

Last year a young Marine veteran rolled up a shortage of several thousand dollars at an Eastern bank where he was a teller. When he left the bank, he asked his successor to keep covering for him, promising that he'd soon pay the money back.

The veteran then got a job as an assistant national bank examiner in the San Francisco office of the U.S. Comptroller of the Currency. He did very well, but that shortage in the Eastern bank troubled his conscience.

One day he hit on a desperate scheme. He put on dark glasses, fitted a handkerchief over his mouth, and held up a bank at the point of a gun. Since he knew every inch of the bank from his examinations, the job was simple. But he locked the bank's three employees in the vault, and after he left, their plight worried him. He phoned to find out if they were all right—and it was then that the cashier recognized him by his peculiar lisp.

How can we stop the current crime wave of bank frauds?

My theory is that since a large proportion of people are—by the very weakness of human nature—capable of digging their hands into any unguarded money entrusted to them, it is only humane (a) to scare the daylights out of them by impressing on them how easily they are caught, and (b) to tighten up on the unguarded money.



COLLIER'S

"Thanks!"

STANLEY BERENSTEIN

PSORIASIS

—is it a
SKIN disease?

After years of research, many noted medical scientists have reached an opinion that Psoriasis results from certain internal disorders. A number of physicians have for the last five years been reporting satisfactory treatment of this malady with a new formula called LIPAN—taken internally. LIPAN, a combination of glandular substances and vitamins, attacks what is now believed to be the internal cause of Psoriasis, and tends to aid in the digestion and assimilation of foods. LIPAN is harmless, non-habit forming, and can be taken with confidence by both young and old. Physician inquiries are invited. Ask your druggist for LIPAN or write us direct for free booklet. Or, order a month's supply of LIPAN—bottle containing 180 tablets—at once, enclosing check or money order for \$8.50.

Spirit & Company, Dept. C-11, Waterbury, Conn.

STOP STALLING!



WHEN REFUELLING ADD
TRIPLE-ACTION DRYGAS
AT YOUR SERVICE STATION

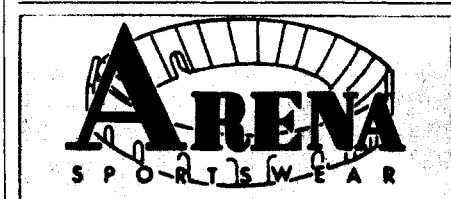
AMAZING PAZO ACTS TO RELIEVE PAIN OF SIMPLE PILES INSTANTLY

Speed amazing relief from miseries of simple piles, with soothing Pazo! Acts to relieve pain and itching instantly—soothes inflamed tissues—helps prevent soreness—reduce swelling. You get real comforting help. So don't suffer one moment of needless torture from simple piles. Get Pazo for fast, wonderful relief. Ask your doctor about it. Suppository form—also tubes with perforated pile pipe for easy, thorough application.

*Pazo Ointment and Suppositories®

ACCOUNTANT BECOME AN EXPERT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. We train you thoroughly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations of executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C. P. A.'s. Placement counsel and help. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays." LASALLE Extension University, 417 So. Dearborn St. A Correspondence Institution Dept. 1140-H, Chicago 5, Ill.



Who Ever Heard of POWER TOOLS

Only \$800 Each?

Emrick Workshop includes big, heavy-duty Lathe, Drill Press, Circular Saw, Grinder and Sander—all in one new, improved machine. Uses 1/4 to 1/2 H.P. motor. Equals in performance equipment costing up to 8 times more. Our factory price only \$399.50 complete. Send \$26.00 (balance c.o.d.) on 10 day FREE TRIAL, money-back guarantee. Or write today for FREE Catalog. EMRICK, INC., 1788 Clinton, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Collier's for November 20, 1948



"He thinks I'm a regular homebody. . . . You should hear the way he praises my cocktails"

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

When we accountants walk into a bank for a surprise examination, there are tip-offs that often let us know immediately that something may be wrong, like the above-mentioned creased ledger cards. We are aided, too, by the best of modern science. We microfilm all the depositors' ledger sheets in the bank so that on a return examination we can tell immediately if something is missing. We have handwriting analyzed; we blow iodine fumes on cards to detect erased figures; and we use infra-red light to spot other telltale signs.

Girl Bookkeeper Victimized

However, by the time we are called into a bank-fraud case, it generally is too late to save wrecked lives. For example, in one of the most tragic of the recent cases, a West Coast depositor phoned a woman bookkeeper at his bank and asked her to cover his overdraft of \$1,900. "I have funds coming in tomorrow," he said, "more than enough to cover."

The funds never arrived, and the terrified woman felt that she had committed an indiscretion she dared not confess. Very soon the depositor was back, asking her to cover more overdrafts. Then more. Always he promised that there was money on the way that would enable him to pay back the entire debt.

When the total overdraft reached \$110,000, the woman knew she was hopelessly ensnared. Finally, she begged for a vacation, hoping that her substitute would notice her jumbled accounts. This worked. She and the depositor were arrested a few days later.

This case highlights the second major premise in the war against the bank-fraud crime wave—the fact that many banks must tighten up their internal control, so that it is not so easy to begin an embezzlement.

Collier's for November 20, 1948

Many banks throughout the country already have installed systems of internal check. They can be remarkably simple and effective. If possible, you arrange the routine of the bank so that no less than two persons are involved in every operation. This means that fraud becomes less possible for a single person, and must be committed in collusion with someone else.

After that you keep rotating the duties of the bank's personnel, so that collusion becomes practically impossible. To be triply sure, you insist on compulsory vacations for all personnel. This not only keeps everyone healthy and happy, but it often brings to light any sleight of hand that might have been going on in the vacationer's records.

When this is combined with another powerful set of weapons, fraud becomes all but impossible. These are: surprise, unannounced audits by outside accountants, which should include verification statements sent from time to time to each of the bank's customers, asking him to confirm that his account totals so-and-so many dollars; and an education program to teach the bank's employees and the public to report the slightest suspected irregularity at once, even if it involves one's best friend.

If every bank in the country were to put this program into effect, bank frauds would fall off precipitously within a year.

A few years ago, an ashen-faced teller gave himself up to the police, leaving a much-quoted, signed confession behind him at the bank.

This famous confession read, in part: "Has it ever occurred to you that while one has no excuse for being dishonest, even the strongest, if not guarded, may weaken? While the penalty for transgression is mine, carefully consider the part which the bank and its officers have played by their laxity." □ □ □

Jacqueline Crouse's smile wins a feather for her hat!



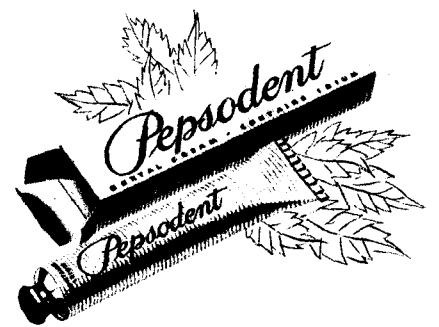
Jacqueline Crouse, Art Student, outsparkled 1300 of Boston's brightest beauties in a Community Fund contest to choose the city's 1948 Red Feather Girl. A jury of prominent citizens awarded her the "crown"—a Lilly Dache hat adorned with a red feather, symbol of the Community Chests of America.

Jacqueline's smile has a way with college men, too. They voted her "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi" at Brown University. Now her smile is brightening the campus of the Rhode Island School of Design. "It's a Pepsodent Smile," Jacqueline says. "No other tooth paste will do for me!"

The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!

Jacqueline Crouse knows it. And people all over America agree—the smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile! New Pepsodent with Irium is their 3-to-1 favorite for brighter smiles.

Wins 3 to 1 over any other tooth paste—families from coast to coast recently compared delicious New Pepsodent with the tooth paste they were using at home. By an average of 3 to 1, they said New Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner and teeth brighter than any other tooth paste they tried. *For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!*



ANOTHER FINE LEVER BROTHERS PRODUCT

By KYLE CRICHTON

The Week's Preview

Beatrice Pearson will soon make her movie debut. She's to star in *Force of Evil*, a numbers-racket thriller

NEW YORK is the center of a subversive movement that is making Hollywood pretty sore.

The old theory was that Hollywood crooked the finger and the children came running. Ordinarily the anxiety to get a fist into the movie gold pot prompted New York actors to take any reasonable offer. Once out there in the land of wilting palms, they figured it would be simple to rise to a state of eminence that might even get them admitted to Chasen's or Romanoff's even if they had to wait for a table.

Hollywood took four whacks at Beatrice Pearson before getting her face on a film. She belonged to a little group of conspirators consisting of Pearson, Montgomery Clift and Marlon Brando. Clift succumbed after a running battle that covered several years and brought him nothing in the end but a fortune. Brando, the current New York sensation in *A Streetcar Named Desire*, is still hiding in subway entrances to avoid characters who clink with the sound of doubloons and yell, "Fame!" at him in a loud and menacing manner.

After extended periods with M-G-M, Goldwyn and Selznick, during which she made no pictures and merrily turned down every script offered her, Miss Pearson finally surrendered to the blandishments of Roberts Productions and came out to do *Force of Evil* with John Garfield. Not only did she arrive but she went to work and the film is finished and will soon be shown.

The picture is based on Ira Wolfert's book, *Tucker's People*, which has been kicking around for years waiting for somebody with nerve enough to tackle it. It concerns Joe Morse (John Garfield) who is put through law school by his brother (Thomas Gomez), comes out to find clients scarce and becomes the legal brains and mouthpiece for Ben Tucker, New York mobster and racketeer. Tucker decides to take over the numbers racket, and Garfield works out the campaign. He sets Gomez up as head of the biggest numbers "bank" and that's where he meets Beatrice Pearson, his brother's secretary. They fall for each other but Pearson makes it plain she has little use for a racketeer.

A rival gang attempts to kidnap Gomez and he dies of a heart attack when confronted with a sawed-off shotgun. This shocks Garfield and he determines to get out of the racket. Learning that Tucker's phone is tapped, Garfield kicks the receiver off the hook—while the police are listening



Crichton says of Beatrice Pearson: "She has the makings of a great theatrical figure, another Helen Hayes"

in—engages Tucker in conversation about the business and gives the cops the evidence they need.

This is exactly right for the Pearson debut because her own early life was on the rough side. Her father was an architectural engineer who hated nothing more firmly than a settled life.

"Up we'd go, *zoop*, and down we'd come *bop*," says Beatrice. "One year I was in twelve different schools. He was a great fellow, my dad, and he wasn't a drinker; it was just that he could never stay put."

They landed in California just before the depression and lived in Long Beach.

Beatrice worked at a dozen different jobs around Pasadena and Hollywood and was no ball of fire at any of them. What she wanted was to be an

actress and when she was eighteen she took her life savings (\$85) and lit out for New York. Unfortunately, everybody she looked up was either dead, busted or out of business.

She was in the WPA theater and horsed around with various hopeless amateur groups before Radie Harris sent her up to see Vincent Freedley who gave her two parts in the revival of *Liliom*, both walk-ons. In one she entered, was smacked in the teeth by Burgess Meredith, bawled briefly and exited. In the other she wore a hood and went to a funeral. With this experience she got a job with the Louis Calhern-Dorothy Gish company of *Life with Father*. That was a year's work and she saved \$1,800.

When her money was gone, things were tough for a while. She ushered in a theater and had jobs clerking in stores. When Moss Hart called her to read for *Junior Miss* he was shocked by her thinness.

"Give her the understudy part and get her a little eating money," he told the company manager, "and for Pete's sake never let her get on that stage. She'd terrify the customers."

That turned out to be such a good spot that when Saroyan's *Hello, Out There* came along she knew how to handle it.

"I don't want to read for anything," she said. "Just give me the understudy job."

What really started her was the lead with James Barton in *Free and Equal*. Twentieth Century-Fox hired her, sold the contract to M-G-M, and Pearson and M-G-M carried on a form of guerrilla warfare that finally ended in a truce. She always insisted that her movie contracts give her the right to refuse to do a picture she didn't like. She came back to Broadway, did a

smack job with Ruth Gordon in *Over 21* and had Sam Goldwyn clamoring for her. So out she went again. But there was bellowing back and forth in Sam's office and soon she returned to Broadway.

This time she had an extended run in *The Voice of the Turtle*, and David O. Selznick was again on the phone as he has been almost constantly for three years. Hollywood again, a year doing nothing for Selznick and another contract in tatters.

Now she's done her first picture, and everybody around Hollywood and Vine is saying she'd better be good—and as a matter of fact she is. The girl has the making of a great theatrical figure, another Helen Hayes or Katharine Cornell. You may not like her personality but you'd better keep an eye on her.

Collier's for November 20, 1948

Sure, America's going ahead...

if we all pull together!

Let's compare *yesterday* with *today* ... that will give us an idea of what tomorrow can be!

Machine Power: Since 1910 we have increased our supply of machine power $4\frac{1}{2}$ times.

Production: Since 1910 we have more than *doubled* the output each of us produces for every hour we work.

Income: Since 1910 we have increased our annual income from less than \$2400 per household to about \$4000 (in dollars of the same purchasing power).

Work Hours: Yet, since 1910 we have cut 18 hours from our average workweek—equivalent to two present average workdays.

HOW have we achieved all this? Through the American kind of teamwork! And what is *teamwork*?

American teamwork is management that pays reasonable wages and takes fair profits—that provides the best machines, tools, materials and working conditions it possibly can—that seeks new methods, new markets, new ideas; that bargains freely and fairly with its employees.

Our teamwork is labor that produces as efficiently and as much as it can—that realizes its standard of living ultimately depends upon how much America produces—that expects better wages as it helps increase that production.

Teamwork is simply working together to turn out more goods in fewer man-hours—making things at lower costs and paying higher wages to the people who make them and selling them at lower prices to the people who use them.

What we've already accomplished is just a foretaste of what we *can* do. It's just a start toward a goal we are all striving to reach: better housing, clothing, food, health, education, with ever greater opportunities for individual development. Sure, our American System has its faults. We all know that. We still have sharp ups and downs in prices and jobs. We'll have to change that—and *we will!*

It will continue to take *teamwork*, but if we work together, there's no limit on what we can all *share together* of even greater things.

What we have already accomplished is just a foretaste of what we can do—if we continue to *work together!*



Approved for the PUBLIC POLICY COMMITTEE of the Advertising Council by:

EVANS CLARK, Executive Director,
Twentieth Century Fund

PAUL G. HOFFMAN, Formerly President,
Studebaker Corporation

BORIS SHISHKIN, Economist,
American Federation of Labor

CONTRIBUTED BY THIS MAGAZINE AS A PUBLIC SERVICE
in cooperation with the Magazine Publishers of America

WANT TO HELP? MAIL THIS!

PUBLIC POLICY COMMITTEE
THE ADVERTISING COUNCIL, INC.
11 West 42nd Street, New York 18, N. Y.

I want to help.

I know that higher wages, lower prices, shorter hours and larger earnings can all result from producing more goods for every hour all of us work.

Therefore, I will ask myself how I can work more effectively every hour I am on the job, whether I am an employee, an employer, a professional man or a farmer.

I will encourage those things which help us produce more and add to everyone's prosperity—things like greater use of mechanical power, better machines, better distribution and better collective bargaining.

I will boost the good things in our set-up, and help to get rid of the bad.

I will try to learn all I can about why it is that Americans have more of the good things in life.

Please send me your free booklet, "The Miracle of America," which explains clearly and simply, how a still better living can be had for all, if we all work together.

Name _____

Address _____

Occupation _____

REALSILK
MEANS
QUALITY



FOR MEN
Socks
Neckwear
Shirts
Underwear
Pajamas
Sportswear
Accessories

FOR WOMEN
Hosiery
Lingerie
Dresses
Coats
Rainwear
Sportswear
Accessories

Your Realsilk representative brings this famous line to your home or office.

Profitable full-time or part-time sales opportunities for men and women.

Contact local Branch Sales Office or write...
REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS, INC.
Indianapolis 6, Indiana

Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

ITCH
Checked in a **JIFFY**



Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, scabies, pimples and other itching conditions. Use cooling, medicated **D.D.D. Prescription**. Greaseless, stainless. Soothes, comforts and checks itching fast. 35¢ trial bottle proves it—or money back. Don't suffer. Ask your druggist today for **D.D.D. Prescription**.

T-N-T
POPCORN
6 quarts from 1 can

PASSAGE TO PANAMA

Continued from page 15

evidences of liberal retouching, and yet he couldn't be sure. That element of reasonable doubt probably resolved his mind. If she were that pretty, nobody had a right to lay a hand on her. He walked back and stood in front of Albertson and Frank.

"I presume you got a few more questions, Johnny boy," Frank said.

"No," Johnny said, and sighed. "This all sounds very silly. It's an ideal spot for some character to creep in on tiptoe and start playing Sherlock Holmes. All he needs to do is be nuttier than this dame. I'll take the letter for reference. Okay."

Albertson saw them to the door. He gave Johnny an especially firm handshake.

"Mr. Albertson," Johnny said, "it makes me feel kind of romantic coming up here and meeting you. It's inspiring. Someday perhaps I can be half the lawyer you are. I haven't the brains, looks or background, but I have got the ambition."

"I have a feeling you've got all you need, Johnny," Albertson said. "Let's wait and see, shall we?"

The unaccustomed warmth with which he spoke caused Johnny to feel the legal eagle liked him.

MIST was shifting to rain outside. Frank had come in a cab. He suggested Johnny give him a lift home. As Johnny started the engine of his old sedan, Frank said, "Not down the hill, chum. I've moved since I last saw you—out near the Presidio. You can take California Street."

"That's too far," Johnny said. "I'm tired."

"Please," Frank said. "Show me as much respect as you did Albertson. I'm also your benefactor."

They drove through a growing downpour. The windshield wipers wouldn't work, and once Johnny just missed plastering them on a cable car.

"Any time you want to stop and put me in a cab," Frank said, "it's all right. Or should we call an ambulance and have it follow us?"

"What are you getting out of this?"

"Well, to be entirely frank with an old pal, I offered Albertson a deal for twenty-five dollars a day and expenses. I'd touted you as a high-powered private eye that only I could get. When you delivered that antiprivate-dick speech to him, I was ready to pick up my hat and blow. But I guess he was charmed by your honesty."

"Why didn't you take the job?"

"It would have meant leaving all my loved ones. Besides, I had to consider the element of danger. I'm getting married soon, and I have no right to run the risk of leaving a widowed fiancée."

"Very funny," Johnny said.

Following Frank's directions, he arrived at a fairly new and pretentious house, set on a good-sized lot. He leaped past Frank to stare at it incredulously.

"It's for my bride," Frank said. "Won't you come in?"

"No, thanks," Johnny said. "I thought it was a gag. Who is the girl?"

"The former Mrs. Lois Bridgeford. She's a lovely kid, Johnny. I met her professionally a couple of months ago and at once, to coin a phrase, lost my heart."

"How does she look in a nightie, in an auto court?"

"You are practically speaking of Mrs. Graham," Frank said.

Johnny blinked. "I beg your pardon. But after what we've seen, Frank. My gosh. I don't see how you can go for it. I'd rather have a dog."

"Lois is no dog."

"No, no," Johnny said. "She must be lovely. I hope you'll be very happy. We'll split on this deal, Frank. You need help."

"Heaven will bless you for your charity and goodness," Frank said, and got out. "Good night, Johnny boy."

"Hey!" Johnny called. He rolled the right-hand window down. "Hey! I have one more question."

Frank moved resignedly back to the car. "This is a profound surprise to me," he said.

"Look," Johnny said. "If Mr. Albertson attaches any real importance to the letter, why didn't he simply go to the cops? He has connections."

"That's a good question," Frank said. "I'm glad you brought it up. The San Francisco police force is scarcely likely to send a flatfoot all the way to Panama on the strength of an anonymous, illiterate note, even for a noted barrister. Secondly, a real cop would stand out on the boat like a sore thumb. Thirdly, Miss Bishop would soon get wise. Fourthly, policemen like regular hours—"

"Fifthly," Johnny said, "you better grow more convincing."

"You feel that too?" Frank said. "Fifthly has been used, hasn't it? Sixthly, I'll tell you something funny. I gathered from a long preliminary talk with Albertson, though he never so much as said so, that he isn't terribly confident of the honesty of his client. She's a fast woman at garnering a buck, and I have a hunch that Albertson thinks she often sails pretty close to the wind."

"He's probably afraid to open up what might be a can of beans. You know how cops always want to investigate things thoroughly. And maybe Bishop told him to leave it alone. She could be involved in something where other people might want to kill her; it ain't unheard of. I do think this, Johnny boy: Underneath, Albertson is worried."

"He's worried!" Johnny said.

"Notwithstanding," Frank said, "my own prediction is that it's only a tempest in a tea cup. You're off on nothing more than a pleasure cruise, old pal."

"Gee, you'll never know how happy you've made me by saying that."

"However, we must consider the situation from the mouthpiece's standpoint," Frank said. "His duty is to protect Bishop, no matter if the danger is remote. A bodyguard is the obvious solution. By the way, I gather she has a body worth guarding."

"Good night," Johnny said. "Regards to Lois."

"Good night," Frank said. "Don't forget to pad our expense account."

NEXT morning Johnny went to his office, which was one flight up, last redecorated in 1927, and perilously close to the produce market. But on each of the two narrow windows, in gold leaf, was the inspiring legend: JOHN Grogan Smith, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Johnny wasn't alone in drawing fresh strength from those panes of glass; his secretary, a spindly-legged Italian fisherman's child, fresh from business college and content to sell her shorthand for peanuts, took real pride in being the right-hand woman of a professional man. The firm had dignity, efficiency and a convenient location; it lacked only business.

Wedging himself in the broom-closet outer room, Johnny took off his hat and coat. "Good morning, Graciella," he said. "Looks as if the weather is clearing."

"Yeah," Graciella replied. "My old man went out in his boat this morning."

"What's new?" Johnny asked.

"Well, this might be something for

The Dash that Makes the Dish ... Because



THIS RICH, THICK SAUCE

MAGNIFIES the FLAVOR OF EVERYTHING YOU SERVE



ACCENTS FLAVOR OF
FISH
HAMBURGER
TOMATO JUICE
BAKED BEANS
HASH
SALAD DRESSING
CHEESE
MACARONI
MEATS

Send for free booklet, "Cooking for a Man"—G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Dept. C, Hartford 1, Connecticut.

OTIS

UNDERWEAR AND HOSIERY for men and boys

Pick your favorite OTIS style: sleeveless or short sleeve shirts; briefs, mid-high or ankle length drawers. For extra warmth, get OTIS WINTER WEIGHTS. Ask for OTIS HOSIERY, too.

OTIS UNDERWEAR
57 Worth St., New York

Get Well QUICKER
From Your Cough Due to a Cold

FOLEY'S Honey & Tar Cough Compound

STOP CORNS!

HERE TODAY
GONE TOMORROW

ENJOY INSTANT RELIEF!

Millions of people, thanks to Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, never have corns! Simply apply these thin, soothing, cushioning, protective pads at the first sign of sore toes from new or tight shoes and you'll stop corns before they can develop! But—if you have corns—Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads will instantly stop painful shoe friction and pressure. Separate medications included for quickly removing corns. Used the world over.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads



you," Graciella said. "A guy my father knows was setting out his lobster pots when a city garbage barge came along. He got into a beef with the guys on the barge and they threw garbage all over him. This guy has an idea he ought to sue the city. You want to talk to him?"

Johnny shook his head regretfully. "I can't take any new business for the next month."

"Huh?" Graciella said.

"I'm going on a vacation to Panama," Johnny said. "I need a rest."

"Are you kidding?" Graciella said. "What have we had in this office?"

"I would prefer not to discuss it, honey," Johnny said.

He sat and studied the letter, realizing that the private eyes in the stories always took such a piece of evidence and soon figured out the whole case. As a starter, he telephoned a Scandinavian friend of his and discovered that a Dane, particularly, might put an E instead of an O in a name like Jackson, say; also, that many of his friend's countrymen spoke better English than they wrote, and could easily be guilty of an illiterate communication simply through overestimation of their linguistic skills.

Then Johnny checked with a seafaring man, who said no ship that didn't have wings made the run from Manila to San Francisco in six or seven days. However, men not going ashore often put their mail in the hands of a company agent, who sent the letters off when he couldn't think of anything else to do.

Johnny spread the note and envelope on his desk and idly scratched the nape of his neck. The envelope was properly addressed and correctly spelled. That meant the writer had been copying. But when he did the letter, he was on his own. Substitution of the E for the O was a characteristic error if the correspondent was a Dane; and maybe the other crudities were no cover-up, either.

Merely as a hunch, Johnny decided the warning was on the level, and that the man who wrote it was on the Leise Neilson, despite its having been mailed some time after his departure. Or maybe the correspondent was a her. Knowing of Mr. Albertson and using his address argued that he or she was in with the mob and up on what was cooking.

The careful anonymity of the letter reinforced this theory. "A Frend" was scared. The innocent, outraged bystander was a citizen who signed his or her name

and squawked for the law. Besides, innocent bystanders rarely had wind of forthcoming homicides, even their own.

Let us review our findings, gentlemen, Johnny thought, experiencing a glow of pleasure at his uncanny ability in deductive detection. We now know Frend is not a jokester, that the warning is legitimate, that Frend is Danish and on the tub himself, and unquestionably a man—dames are not a feature of tramp freighters. Frend is part of the gang and in their confidence. He doesn't betray them wholly, but only issues a vague, negative warning—which indicates further dirty work at the crossroads of value to good old Frend.

Gentlemen, we are making progress. You see how, with only a couple of slips of paper to aid us, we begin to unmask the villains. We need merely continue this logical investigation along the same lines and the secret will be ours before we leave this office.

IN THE course of the next half hour, the pleasurable glow faded. Johnny couldn't think of a single thing else to do, other than have Anna Marie Bishop cancel her coastwise cruise and put a cop outside her door. He reviewed his findings several times more. They grew pale and anemic with constant handling.

It occurred to him that Bishop had had the letter sent as the beginning of a publicity stunt, that Mr. Albertson was using secret warnings as a device to have his nutty client watched, and that the Danish tramp was carrying an atom bomb to blow up the entire Bay area; but nothing actually useful happened in his busy head. He felt relieved when Graciella said Mr. Graham was calling.

"Johnny boy," Frank said. "This is your dearest pal. Listen, I just yakked with Albertson. Your girl friend blew in last night ahead of schedule and neglected to call him until this morning. Your ship has come in too—it's docking at noon over in Oakland. The shipping agents will let you know the sailing time. The mouthpiece says whatever you have to communicate should go to me, not to him. Phone me as soon as you have the take-off hour, will you? I want to come over and bid you farewell. I'll bring Lois."

"Gee, will you really?" Johnny said.

"That answer will cost you a basket of fruit," Frank said. "Would you care to try for absolutely nothing?"

Now I'm on Easy Street, Dad!



"Easy Street, Son? Did your firm give you another promotion?"

"No, not yet, Dad. But do you remember that financial advice you gave me when the baby was born?"

"Oh yes—you mean about *Insured Income*. So that's Easy Street, is it?"

"I'll say it is. Why, with my *Insured Income*, Marge can always count on a regular monthly income even if I'm not around to provide it. And if I am around, we'll have a monthly check to retire on when the time comes.

I call that being on Easy Street!"

* * *

You may be well on the way to having the kind of security Mutual Life's *Insured Income Service* offers—even though you may not have realized it. You see, *Insured Income* builds on what you already own—Social Security benefits, present life insurance, pension rights. That's why *Insured Income* is the practical, economical way of providing for your own and your family's future.

Let an expert in family financial planning—the Mutual Life Field Underwriter in your community—show you how *Insured Income* can help you solve your family's security problem.

YOUR Social Security

WORTH \$3,000 OR \$13,000?

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET—Learn the facts of Social Security . . . how it teams with your life insurance. If you live in the U. S., mail the coupon below. You'll also receive a handy filing envelope to keep official records you, or your wife, may need later to collect benefits without costly delay.

SOCIAL SECURITY
BENEFITS
FOR YOU AND
YOUR FAMILY

Insured Income
LIFE IN AMERICA

THE MUTUAL LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

34 Nassau Street

New York 5, N. Y.

Yes, I would like your FREE Social Security booklet—C-50

NAME AGE

HOME ADDRESS

CITY & STATE OCCUPATION

VETERANS: KEEP YOUR "G. I." LIFE INSURANCE!



"What in blazes do I know about nucleus fissure—or whatever they call it? Seems like only yestiddy that my Indian-fightin' yarns kep' 'em bug-eyed"

COLLIER'S

JOHN RUGE

if you were king



You could wear no finer garb than the new Rogue Regal sportshirt with its squared, masculine shoulders ★, an entirely new concept of design which is unmistakably Hollywood Rogue. The deep chested torso ▲, the new collar ●, and the drape of the sleeves crown this new Rogue creation peer of all fine sportshirts. Its quality of refinement has nothing to do with price, because price cannot buy it elsewhere. No king ever wore finer raiment. \$15.00 and \$25.00 at fine stores, or write us Dept. C-11.

hollywood rogue sportswear corp.

hollywood 38

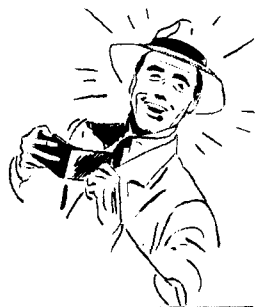


Your he-man will go for this

EXPAND-EX

tooled leather

BILFOLD

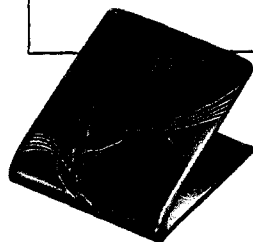


A man's billfold through and through! Expanding accordion-fold ends open twice as wide as ordinary billfolds, permit carrying extra currency, checks, and still fold easily without bulkiness. Ample space for cards . . . has real secret pocket! In sturdy tooled steerhide as shown, \$10; other fine leathers \$5-\$12.50, plus tax, at good stores. The Springfield Leather Products Co., Springfield, O.



Expanding accordion-fold ends give twice-capacity.
Pat. Pending

CAMEO
Cameo styled billfolds, key cases, Pak-a-Dors, other personal leatherwear



"Goodby," Johnny said. "I have to go pack my shorts and parasol."

Graciella watched him leave the office with suspicious eyes. He had two bowls of clam chowder, sour French bread and two cups of coffee in a joint near the produce market. Then he visited the stall of a Greek he knew, and as he chatted, ate a banana, an orange and several plums. He took a walk, and bought a noon edition.

On the second page was a four-column cut of Miss Anna Marie Bishop in her Hotel St. Louis suite. She no longer possessed a long glamor bob, her hair was in fancy curlers, and she looked genial and terrible. Johnny read the accompanying story with interest.

It was full of unknown, trackless, throbbing jungles, intrepid airborne explorers, vast Mayan ruins, Madame de Maintenon Self-Permanent's gift to science, the Madame de Maintenon products and Miss Anna Marie Bishop. The author of the piece seemed genuinely impressed by the girl industrialist.

Johnny glanced again at the picture before he put the paper in an ash can. Naturally newspaper photographers didn't fuss a lot with their subjects, but even in a studio on a bearskin this Miss Bishop wouldn't be any bargain. Minus retouching, she was definitely more of an industrialist than a tootsie.

Getting his car from a parking lot, Johnny drove to Union Square and put it in another parking lot. The St. Louis room clerk gave him the number of Miss Bishop's suite.

The girl industrialist herself answered his ring. She was small, clad in slacks and a blouse, and barefooted. Her short hair was almost white and gripped in a series of complicated plastic curlers. She resembled a floating mine rather far out of the water, and rattled when she walked. Only her big blue eyes and wide, glittering smile mitigated the horror for Johnny. He was willing to admit her teeth were perfect and possibly her own, her hair was perhaps prematurely gray; but the rest was simply dreadful.

"Hi," Anna Marie said. "Come in. Excuse the mess and my appearance. Hell has been popping in here since seven this morning. What can I do for you?"

"Ah, my name's Smith," Johnny said. "John Smith. I read the piece in the paper about you. I'm an attorney, and—"

Anna Marie's face, devoid of make-up or lipstick, instantly hardened. "If there's any difficulty, see my lawyer."

"Hold on," Johnny said. "I'm just an attorney going on a vacation in the same boat as you. The Leise Neilsen. I saw in the paper you were going, so I thought—"

"Good for you," Anna Marie said. "You'll enjoy yourself. I anticipate a wonderful trip. It was kind of you to come by. Glad to have you aboard." The telephone shrilled. "Wait a minute."

THE call was evidently long-distance, since she said, "Oh, New York? Who? Yes, put him on." Johnny stood, awkwardly waiting, until she noticed him and waved to a chair. He sat down. She talked a long while, making notes on a pad, tapping her teeth with the rubber eraser on her pencil. The sitting room was littered with papers, letters, clothing, unopened luggage and Madame de Maintenon sets.

As Anna Marie finished with the phone, the doorbell rang. Johnny had his mouth open to speak, but the noise ruined his point.

"Mind answering the door while I finish these notes?" Anna Marie said. "I'll be with you in a second."

He opened the door. A plain young woman loaded down with portable typewriter, assorted stationery, a brief case and four large cardboard advertising posters staggered into the room. She handed Johnny the posters.

"You're probably wondering about

my bare feet," Anna Marie said generally. "I've been having trouble with them. My doctor told me to stay out of shoes as much as possible. I'm beginning to enjoy the kiss of the good earth on my soles."

"What a—" Johnny began.

"What a wonderful ideal!" the plain woman said. "My feet hurt too."

"Mine hurt at—" Johnny started to say.

"Go barefooted every available moment," Anna Marie said. "It's the only antidote for spike heels. Would you mind racking those posters along the wall so I can study them from here?"

"Who, me?" Johnny asked.

"You're holding them, aren't you?" Anna Marie said.

"Excuse me," Johnny said.

HE PUT the Madame de Maintenon plugs against the wall. The plain young woman asked where she should set up. Anna Marie told her to clear off the dressing table in the bedroom, sharpen plenty of pencils and get set—there was loads of dictation. "Take your shoes and stockings off too," she added. "There's no time like the present."

"Miss Bishop," Johnny said, "as long as we're both passengers on the same boat, I thought—"

A brisk little man entered the suite hurriedly without either knocking or ringing. He kissed the girl industrialist on her low, broad forehead.

"As I was saying," Johnny said, "I thought—"

"Darling," the little man said, "that was a nice break in the paper today."

"Was I or wasn't I right to feature the product?" Anna Marie demanded.

"I'm still against it," the little man replied. "It's good for the product but you look like a goon with those curlers in your hair. Take a look at yourself."

"The product comes first," Anna Marie said.

"You may be harming the product," the little man said. "Women start to curl their hair, think of your kisser in the paper, and say to themselves, 'Why slip myself a permanent? I'll resemble the president of the company.'"

"I agree with that," Johnny said.

"Who's this guy?" the little man said.

"Oh," Anna Marie said. "This is a fellow passenger of mine on the Leise Neilsen, Mr.—ah—"

"John Smith," Johnny said.

"Mr. Smith," Anna Marie said, "I want you to meet Mr. Bristow, my West Coast publicity representative."

"You ever get other people's mail by mistake, John?" Mr. Bristow asked.

"What's your full name?" Johnny said.

"Joe Miller Bristow?" Restraining his irritation, he turned to Anna Marie.

"Miss Bishop—"

"Honey," Mr. Bristow said, in a louder voice, "I've got plenty of ideas for keeping this campaign hot. The papers will go for shots of you in shorts and a halter, with a topee on your head and a butterfly net and a gun in your hands. And I'd love to get you to the museum—they've got an Aztec god out there or something."

"Here's nother angle: We hire a coffee-hued dame to play Tondeleyo for us, and you give her a fast self-perm; result, the natives love the product. Tondeleyo predicts the jungle is wide open for you. Ferocious natives will melt at the sight of the product. It will take the place of buttons, machetes and calico trade goods. Think of it—all the women in the Amazon with curly hair!"

"I guess—" Johnny started to say.

"Sounds great," Anna Marie said, "but I'm afraid I haven't time. I'll probably sail tonight or tomorrow."

The telephone rang. The plain woman got it in the bedroom, and emerged from there in her bare feet to advise that an oilman was calling from Bakersfield.

"Keep him on the line," Anna Marie ordered. She gripped Johnny's hand.

Collier's for November 20, 1948

"Delighted to meet you, Smith. You were good to drop in and say hello."

"Goodby, Miss Bishop," Johnny said. "I thought—"

He had a Madame de Maintenon set pressed into his grasp. "For your wife, with my compliments," Anna Marie said. "First major advance in beauty culture since the invention of the comb. This is the large economy size. So long."

"I don't have a—" Johnny began.

There was a rap on the door. Mr. Bristow opened it. A fat lady, her white hair in plastic curlers and a mop at her side, confronted them.

"I'm the day maid," she announced. "Miss Bishop gave me a self-perm a little while ago. Well, the curlers are pulling the stuffing out of my hair. I want to ask her if—"

"Come inside, darling," Mr. Bristow said. "Don't stand there hollering in the hall. Here's Miss Bishop. So long, John."

The day maid came in, and Johnny went out, gently propelled by a hand between his shoulder blades. The door shut. He turned and looked at it. Then he looked at his Madame de Maintenon set. Smiling sadly, he went down the hall.

BACK at the office, Graciella had news. "A guy named Bjornson phoned," she said. "He's the agent for the A. P. Neilsen Line. The M. S. Leise Neilsen is moored over in Oakland at the Golden West Oil Dock. You got to be aboard by nine o'clock."

"Oh," Johnny said. "Thanks."

Graciella followed him to the inner office. She appeared very depressed. "Are you shipping before the mast on this trip?" she asked. "Or what are you using for money?"

"I got a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation. They're sending me to bite the mosquitoes back."

"I suppose I'm unemployed, huh?"

"Oh, no," Johnny said. "You're on the pay roll for the duration and six months. Hold down the office. Write me every day what's doing."

Damp came in the child's eyes. Johnny ducked his head awkwardly.

"Gee," Graciella said, and waited for her voice to steady. "Thanks a million, John—Mr. Smith, I mean. Where shall I write?"

"General delivery in the Canal Zone, I suppose."

"You know," Graciella said, "it's not just the money or the job. It's—ah—being with you, Johnny. If you ever get a real case, I think I'll go nuts. I—I feel as if I'm part of the organization. You're not like a boss, you're so friendly and warm—"

"All right," Johnny said. "Why don't you go and powder your nose?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Smith," Graciella said, and burst into tears and left the room.

Johnny wiped his brow and dialed Frank. "I have to be on Leise by nine tonight," he said. "She's at the Golden West Oil Dock in Oakland."

"Great," Frank said. "I have a dinner date with Lois, and you must come along. We were going over to Oakland anyhow to see her mother. You can visit with Mother and us, and then we'll drive you to the boat."

"Mother?" Johnny said.

"Yeah," Frank said, "her mother is keeping the kids."

"Kids?" Johnny said.

"Twins," Frank said. "A present from Lois to Mr. Bridgeford in the days when they were man and wife. Very cute. You'll love 'em, Johnny."

"Frank," Johnny said tensely. "Frank, for Heaven's sake!"

"I know, I know," Frank replied. "But I made this date a week ago, and now I can't help it. They won't bite."

"You don't know," Johnny said. "You don't know anything. Frank, I beg of you to consider before it's too late. Talk to your friends. Get drunk. Take cold baths. Think of what we've

Collier's for November 20, 1948

been through together, of what we've seen. Women—all of them—are poison. You're ruining your life, Frank. You can get nothing from this except a mother-in-law, a broken heart, and more twins."

"Please," Frank said. "Some things are too sacred for discussion over a telephone."

"I give up," Johnny said.

"I do too," Frank said. "What time shall we come by for you?"

"Meet me at the boat instead," Johnny said, "around eight fifteen. I've got another idea, and I should be alone for it."

"Don't apologize," Frank said. "A couple of babies and a fine, old, gray-haired woman are not good enough for you. Very well. You go your way, and I'll go with Lois."

Frank's mention of a gray-haired woman set Johnny to thinking of the girl industrialist. His disappointment at her age and unattractiveness obscurely shocked him; he had long since given up ranking women as a higher diversion than swimming or handball. So what difference did it make?

What difference, indeed? Johnny assured himself. This is purely a business trip. My time will be taken up polishing my brass knuckles and watching suspicious characters. If Bishop were lovely, I'd worry too much. And be too sorry if she were knocked off. It is better thus.

Graciella knocked. "Come in, kid," Johnny said.

"A guy is here that won't give his name," she told him. "I never saw him before."

"Show him in."

"Can I have a few minutes off to run an errand?"

"Sure."

ALARGE blond man came in the office. Elated at the thought of clients coming without being dragged, Johnny rose to shake hands. The blond man didn't seem to notice Johnny's gesture. He was dressed in a blue wool shirt, open at the throat, and nondescript pants, and his heavy, sun-reddened face was covered by light-colored, luxuriant growth of mustache and beard.

"Mr. Smith?" he asked, speaking with an accent, slowly and carefully. "Mr. Smith? The law-er?"

"At your service, sir," Johnny said. "I ought to tell you first, in all fairness, that if your difficulty is urgent, you had better seek other counsel. I'm leaving tonight on a month's vacation. However, if it can wait, I'll be happy to try to help you."

"Mr. Smith, I come to you—friendly. Yes, friendly. Do not go on the Leise Neilsen."

"Why?"

The man remained standing. So did Johnny. There was a silence between them while the man seemed to marshal his English. Although not entirely surprised, Johnny was saddened at the realization that his office was no mecca for litigants.

"The Leise Neilsen," the man said, "is bad. Very dirty, very uncomfortable. Cargo of copra."

"What else?"

"Also very dangerous."

"To me?"

"Yes."

"Okay," Johnny said. "Beat it."

The man's teeth gleamed through his beard in a smile. "You will not go? Yes?"

"Yes, no," Johnny said. "I will go."

The blond man stood and looked at Johnny. He was big, but Johnny was bigger.

"Mr. Smith," the man said, "you will be very sorry."

"Beat it, you squareheaded bum," Johnny said.

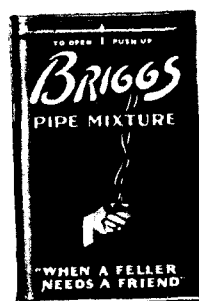
His guest tried to dredge up further English, failed, and went away. Johnny

What's YOUR Choice?



A blissfully mellow . . . mild and gentle . . . tobacco that's been aged for years in oaken casks?

Then you'll like—



TRY IT TODAY . . . 15¢



A smoke of rare savor . . . taken from an old "recipe" . . . a flavor that's nut-sweet and full-bodied?

Then you should try—



AT ALL STORES . . . 25¢



"My husband says it's a leaky condenser!"

A leaky condenser will dampen your ardor for your favorite radio stars. Why? Because it makes your radio sound "all wet." When that happens you need the help of the expert serviceman who displays the Sylvania emblem. Let him wade into that troubled set of yours. Thanks to his super-

sensitive Sylvania testing equipment he spots failing parts with greater speed, certainty. And he carries high-quality Sylvania radio tubes, the tubes that assure crystal-clear reception. For good radio repairs at fair prices, stop at the sign of dependable service.



SIGN OF
DEPENDABLE
RADIO SERVICE



Product of
Sylvania Electric
Products Inc.

SYLVANIA RADIO TUBES



Why this Martini rates a headline

Cassia from China...

Valencia peel from Spain...

Juniper from Italy...

The world's finest vintage year herbs and berries...

Add American grain spirits—and Hiram Walker's 90 years distilling skill...

That makes news—a great gin for really great gin drinks.

HIRAM
WALKER'S Distilled **GIN**
London Dry

90 proof. Distilled from 100% American Grain. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

sat down and wondered whether plastic surgery wasn't the solution to his problem. The blond man had not only scared, but insulted him.

Graciella knocked. In the crook of her arm was a large object covered by transparent orange paper. She placed it on his desk.

"What did the guy with the beard want?"

"Ah—he was selling brushes. All kinds of brushes."

"Oh," Graciella said dispassionately. "I thought he might have been run over or something."

"The one he had on his chin wasn't for sale," Johnny said. He had been fishing under the orange paper. Selecting a banana, he peeled it and started to eat.

"Hey, that basket of fruit is for when you're on the cruise!" Graciella said.

He finished the banana, tossed the skin in the wastebasket, got up and kissed his secretary on the forehead. A violent blush spread from her widow's peak clear down to her ankle socks. Johnny picked up the basket.

"Farewell," he said. "Thanks for the lovely fruit. Keep your nose clean."

Graciella trailed him from the room. "I'll write every day. Bon voyage, Johnny."

"Bon voyage to you too, honey," he said. "Don't miss me too much. Think of our last kiss."

"Oh, for pity's sakes!" Graciella said. "Don't talk to me that way!"

"If I had a sister," Johnny said, "I'd want her to have your same bony knees, Graciella."

"Oh, ye gods!" Graciella said agitatedly. "What is this? Are you trying to tell me something?"

"Just goodby," Johnny said. "That's all, dear."

Abstractedly munching a pear, he left her. She was redder than ever.

BY CALLING Anna Marie repeatedly between six and seven-thirty, Johnny at last reached her. "This is John Smith, Miss Bishop," he said, in cordial tones which were frankly assumed.

"Who?"

"John Smith."

"No jokes, please," Anna Marie said. "I'm terribly busy."

"The guy that's going on the same boat with you. I was in to see you this afternoon. Miss Bishop, I thought—"

"The big man with the tin ear? The doctor?"

"Attorney," Johnny said. "We have to be aboard by nine, and I already have a taxi ordered. Shall I come to the hotel and pick you up?"

"Bless your heart, John," Anna Marie said, "you're a thoughtful monster."

"It's no trouble."

"I'm genuinely sorry I can't accept your offer. But I have a million things to do, and I may be late getting over there. If I am, the ship will simply have to wait for me. Thanks awfully. Give my respects to Mrs. Smith. Hope she likes her self-permanent. See you both tomorrow. Good night."

"Good night," Johnny said.

Presently the taximan arrived and carried the bags out. Johnny made a last-minute investigation of his person; he had the transportation, traveler's checks and Panama tourist card, which had come in the mail from Albertson's office, and a few other necessities. On the home front, his landlady was notified, the battery from his car was in a service station, the phone was going on a vacation rate, and he had given his bacon and eggs to a neighbor. Locking the front door, he bade goodby to his dingy little home.

"The Golden West Oil Dock is on the estuary," the taximan said. "I found out from another hacker how to get there. I'll take you for six bucks, flat rate."

"Sold," Johnny said.

They crossed the Bay Bridge, gripped in a great stream of fast-moving traffic. It was a fine night, but the romantic prospect of putting to sea dangerously with a load of Danes and copra and a nutty promoter with her white hair in curlers left Johnny cold.

This was no spot for a respectable attorney, and it wouldn't even pay particularly well after he split with Frank. He couldn't understand why he had accepted the job. Of course, he needed to eat. That reminded him, and he ate a peach from Graciella's basket.

The cab turned right, into a slum district. Street lights grew sparser. The drab little houses and dilapidated wooden buildings merged with high wire fences and occasional floodlights and the huge dim outlines of industrial plants. Swearing softly, the taximan shoved his rear-vision mirror aside.

"Some guy has been right on my tail ever since we hit the bridge," he remarked. "His lights are blinding me in this mirror. I guess he's going to your boat too."

Johnny sat bolt upright. He didn't even bother to look back. Ahead of them, on a corner, was Ignacio's Thrifty Market, its two-story false front illuminated by a single unshaded electric bulb.

In Collier's next week

AMERICA, THANK GOD!

By FRANCIS CARDINAL SPELLMAN

An Inspiring
Thanksgiving Message

"See that store?" he said. "Make a fast stop right in front."

The taximan muttered and slammed on his brakes. Tires squealed behind them, and headlights curved past. A sedan with three men in it went by. Johnny recognized the character sitting beside the driver without difficulty, despite his hat and turned-up coat collar. People familiar with the water front and the old, bad days of newspaper-circulation wars never had trouble in spotting Monk Arezzo.

His resemblance to a large anthropoid was very marked, and he had a battered face that even a mother couldn't love. An alumnus of San Quentin and other pokies, Monk did odd jobs in dark alleys for reasonable rates. His limit was aggravated assault and battery, and he charged extra for travel, assistants when he needed them, and hospital and bail as required. He was alleged to be extremely reliable. Monk was known in some circles as "the journalist" because of his habit of carrying a rolled newspaper with an iron pipe inside.

LEAPING from the cab, Johnny watched the sedan come to a halt half a block away. That settled it. He handed the taximan seven dollars. The latter was catching on and had grown apprehensive.

"Can I call somebody for you, Sport, on my way home?" he said.

"No, thanks," Johnny replied.

He dragged his luggage out. The taximan had the cab in gear and the engine racing, and the instant Johnny closed the door he whirled around and drove off.

Johnny hesitated, reflecting. Even if he were lucky, he'd end up defending him-

Collier's for November 20, 1948

self on a manslaughter rap; Monk always disregarded the odds. If he weren't lucky it'd be painful. Either way you figured, he would not be on the Leise Neilsen waiting for something worse to happen.

Lifting his bags and basket of fruit, Johnny walked into the Thrifty Market. A fat, dark man, presumably Ignacio himself, approached. There was the sound of a car in reverse gear outside.

"You want something?" the dark man said.

"Give me a candy bar," Johnny said, and set his burdens down. "Got a phone?"

THE man pointed behind the counter to a wall instrument. Keeping his eyes to the front, Johnny dropped a nickel and dialed the operator. The dark man opened a glass case.

"What kinda candy bar you want?" he asked.

"One with nuts in," Johnny said despondently. "Where's this store?" The man told him. Johnny told the operator. "A terrible fight is going to start here," he said further. "Tell the cops. Hurry up!"

The dark man said several bad words in a foreign tongue. "Six cents," he added in English, and handed Johnny the candy.

Johnny peeled the wrapper and started to eat the bar. One red stop light was reflected in the store window.

"Couldn't you-a come someplace else?" the man said. He wrapped his arms over his stomach and looked gloomy.

"If we have any more customers," Johnny said, "get behind a counter. Then you won't stop anything."

The man swore again. Johnny waited, perspiring slightly. They probably hadn't seen him phone, and they always hated to have to take care of witnesses, either financially or physically. Also, they'd be willing to wait a minute, hoping he'd try to make a break through the back door. It might work if the cops were prompt.

The cops were exceedingly prompt. In three minutes Johnny could hear the wail of the radio-car siren. The reflection of the stop light disappeared from the window, to be succeeded by the glare of a red spotlight. Cramming the rest of the candy bar in his mouth, Johnny grabbed his stuff and went outside. The dark man had nothing further to say in any language, but he was terribly disgusted. "Where's the beef?" the cop on the curbside demanded.

"They all jumped in a sedan," Johnny

said thickly, amid the chocolate, "and headed for the Golden West Oil Dock. A terrible bunch of guys. I think they have a guy with them they kidnaped and are going to give it to."

Both cops stared at Johnny. They didn't speak.

"Do you know where the dock is?" Johnny said.

"Yeah," the second cop said.

"Mind if I come with you?" Johnny said.

"We're gonna insist on it," the first cop said.

"I'll just put my stuff in the back," Johnny said.

The cops watched this interestedly. Johnny sat down behind them with his basket on his lap. He noticed that Monk's sedan, of course, was gone. Then the radio car roared off, howling through a tall jungle of warehouses, shipways, iron foundries and oil storage tanks. The first cop turned and faced Johnny, with a negligence that fooled neither of them. Suddenly their headlights picked up the entrance to a dock, and the Golden West sign. A watchman came from his little house.

"Harry," the second cop said, "have you seen a bunch of suspicious characters in a sedan or had a fight down here?"

"No siree," Harry said. "No fights here tonight. I ain't seen nothing but people I know."

"Thanks, Harry," the second cop said.

BOTH cops got out of the car. Johnny decided he'd better follow suit. He unloaded his baggage, and stood holding the basket.

"I guess that terrible mob went a different way," he said.

"Did you turn in the alarm?" the first cop said.

"Yes," Johnny said. "Would you care for a banana?"

"Did you get the license number of that sedan you mentioned?" the second cop said.

"No," Johnny said. "Here—have an orange."

"Did you recognize the terrible mob you saw?" the first cop said.

"No," Johnny said. He stooped to pick up his bags. "Well, thanks a lot, gentlemen. I hope I haven't put you to any trouble."

A flashlight silhouetted him. He was dragged upright by a horny hand.

"Lift your hands above your head," the first cop said. "And stand still."

(To be continued next week)

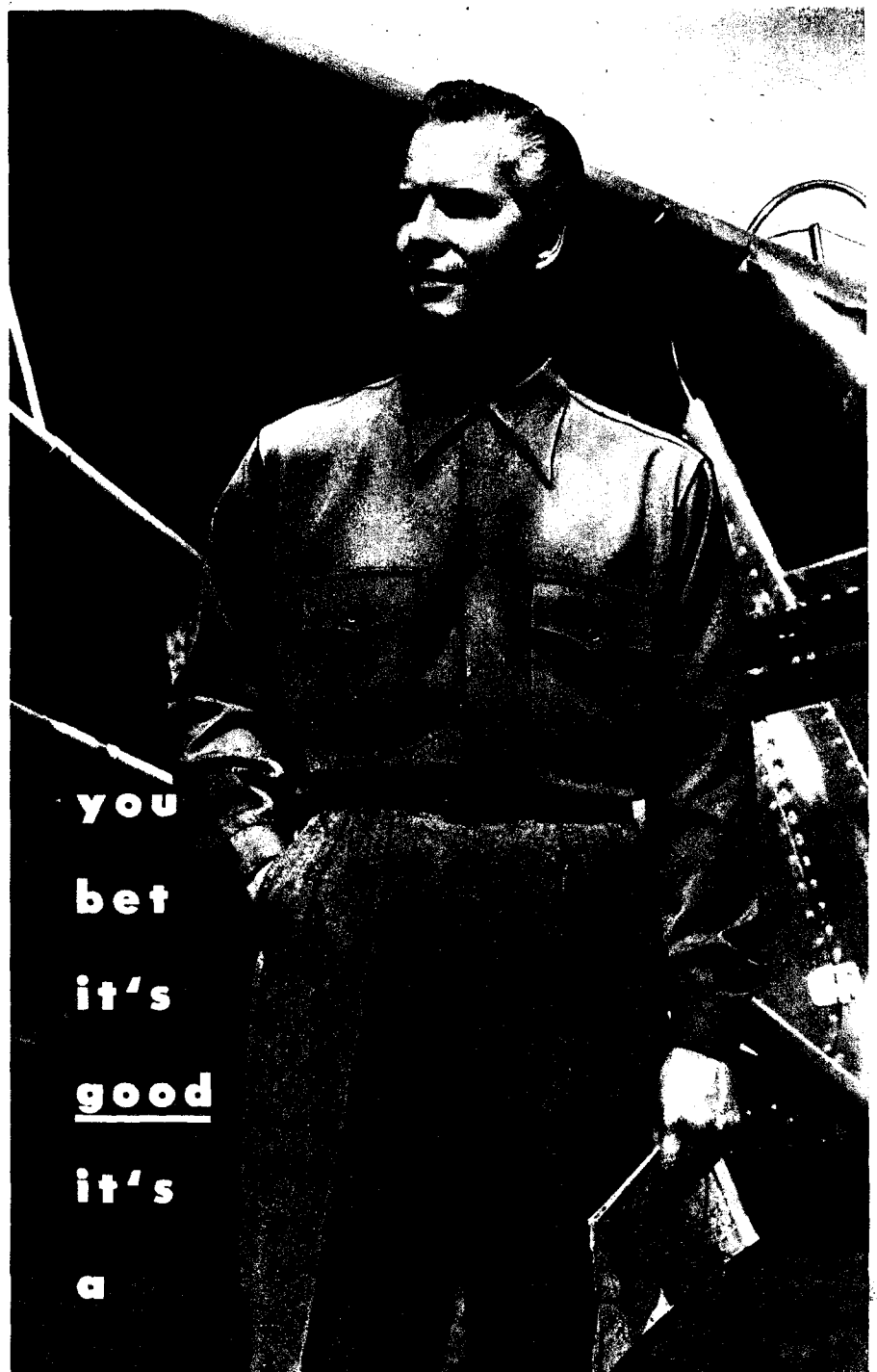


"Henry put that shelf up for me after I bought the tools, scraped up some lumber, got the nails and never gave him a minute's peace until he did it"

COLLIER'S

AL ROSS

Collier's for November 20, 1948



you
bet
it's
good
it's
a

Brentwood

america's finer
sportswear

It's the neatest thing in sport shirts . . . the clean, smart simplicity of a smooth fly-front, concealing a clever quick-exit zipper. Wear the collar open or closed . . . the zipper can't show. A quick "click" at the top and it's open! It's a fine, rich washable gabardine, superbly detailed in every stitch with Brentwood's famous custom-precision quality. The fly-front zipper style, \$8.50 . . . button-front style, \$7 . . . at most fine stores.

Retail prices slightly higher west of the Rockies

BRENTWOOD SPORTSWEAR • PHILADELPHIA • NEW YORK



Collier's believes...



WESTERN EUROPE MUST UNITE

WE HOPE western Europe will form, and soon, the United States of Europe.

Europe might say that what western European countries do about uniting is strictly Europe's business and certainly not America's. Such a reply would be neither polite nor true.

The union of western Europe is definitely of interest to the United States. We fought World War I and World War II to defend our own rights. Too we fought to help save democracy, liberty and the free countries of western Europe. We lent Europe billions during the first World War. We lent and gave Europe about a hundred billion during the second World War. We are giving Europe 16 to 20 billions now under the Marshall Plan. So, it is natural for us to have an opinion and to express it.

We believe western Europe had better unite soon. In no other way can Europe be safe from dictatorial aggression. Union will give Europeans their best chance to earn prosperity and to enjoy the ample living to which people everywhere aspire.

The difficulties to union are great and perplexing. It was not easy to unite 13 American colonies and to make of them the United States. Much time, many bitter quarrels and the Civil War were needed before our more perfect union was consolidated.

The differences that keep the French separate from the English, the Belgians from the Dutch, the Swedes from the Norwegians, not to mention the French from the Germans, go backward into the darkness of unwritten history.

The ugly fact, however, is that if western Europe cannot unite for defense and prosperity, western European countries can and conceivably will be absorbed, conquered or destroyed.

Without union no European country can defend itself against Russian aggression. France alone certainly could not resist a Communist attack. Germany is already occupied by Russian and Allied armies. Russia could overwhelm Sweden and Norway as Russia has already overridden Finland or as Germany conquered Denmark and Norway.

If western Europe were, however, effectively united, neither Russia nor any other imperial power would be so easily tempted to invasion. If Czechoslovakia had had effective allies, she might still be free and Jan Masaryk might still be alive.

Americans want nothing of western Europe or eastern Europe except friendship, peace and co-operation. We don't want to rule any other people. We demonstrated this when we gave both Cuba and the Philippines independence. We have no imperialistic ambitions anywhere.

But we do want to continue to enjoy our own way of life. We don't want to fight any more wars whether to make the world safe for democracy, to defeat Nazi aggression or even to withstand Communist aggression. However, we are morally certain that if Russia should invade western Germany, Russia will not stop while any independent government survives.

We believe western Europe's best insurance is to unite effectively. We think the world's best hope of peace lies in a united Europe, too strong to be wantonly attacked, too free and independent to want to conquer weaker neighbors.

We hope that Europe takes the necessary steps to assure the liberty and independence of European nations and to develop the comfortable life desired by all people. . . .

YOUR THANKSGIVING GUEST:

FOR MOST AMERICANS 1948 has been a fat year. Work has been plentiful. Wages have been the highest ever. Crops have been enormous. Prices are very high.

Few people, perhaps nobody in the United States, need go hungry this year. On the material side there is every reason for giving thanks.

But not everybody is so blessed. In much of Europe and in still more of Japan and the Asiatic mainland, bellies are still empty.

If we lived in Germany or Japan, we would be hungry. If we lived in Italy or France or Britain we might have more food this year but still not enough and that of a monotonous sort.

The children and old people are suffering most. In Austria, for instance, the infant mortality rate has doubled during the last two years according to a report from CARE.

CARE, an association of good-will agencies, was invented to enable Americans to send gifts of food to persons in Europe and more recently in Japan. A gift of \$10 will send a package of 21.6 pounds of nutritious foods to someone you know abroad. Or, if you prefer, CARE will find some hungry person to whom to deliver your gift.

Now another smaller gift, a package of ten pounds of lard, can be delivered in Europe for \$5.50. Fats are the scarcest item in the European diet.

Would it not be a gracious act to celebrate this Thanksgiving by sending a gift package to some hungry guest far off in Europe or Japan? We have so much this year and whatever their sins or our virtues they have so little. . . .

W. L. C.

"It is the aim of Collier's to reflect impartially the best contemporary thought and on its own behalf to speak fearlessly without partisanship on all questions affecting the nation's welfare. It aims furthermore to keep always before its readers a high, sane and cheerful ideal of American citizenship." . . . ROBERT J. COLLIER

★ ★ ★

★ ★ ★

566 New Diesel-Electric Locomotives



118 New Overnight Coaches



212 New All-Room Sleeping Cars



40 New Dining Cars



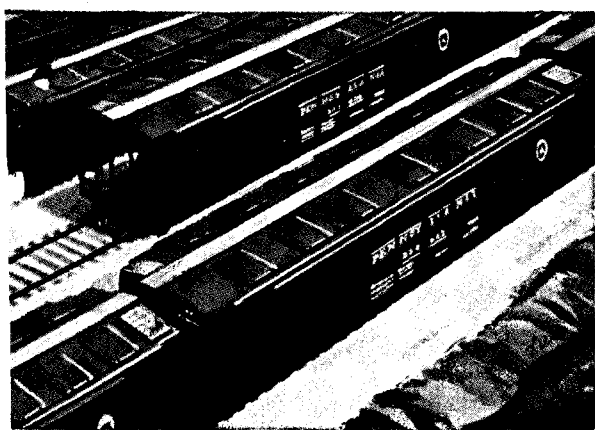
25 New Lounge & other Feature Cars



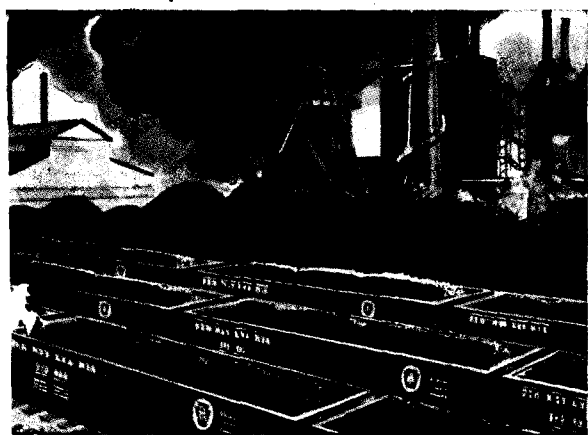
2,100 New Box Cars



300 New Covered Hopper Cars



2,000 New Gondola Cars



ALL THIS ADDS UP TO

*Better
Railroad Service*

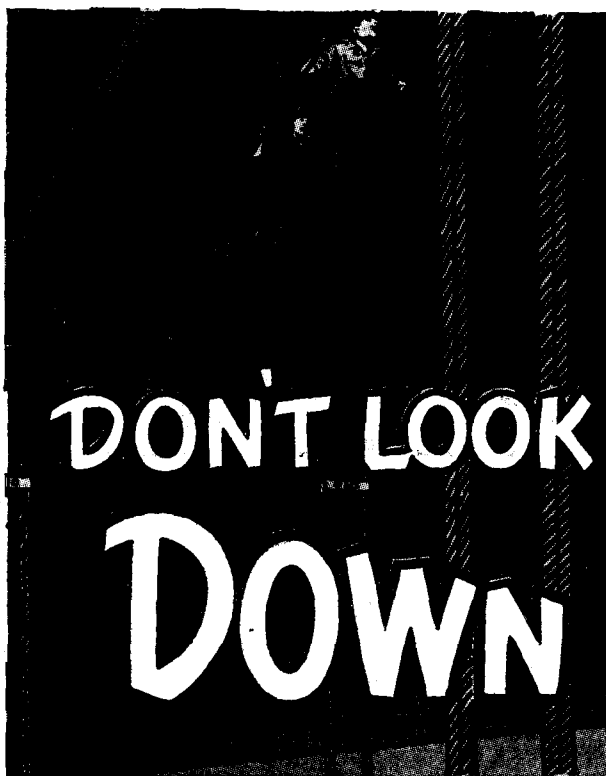
FOR YOU!

FOR new cars, new locomotives, whole new trains and other equipment improvements, the *Pennsylvania Railroad* is spending nearly a quarter of a billion dollars! Some of the new equipment is already in service. All should be completed during 1949. For you, whether traveler or shipper, it

means finer railroad service than you've ever experienced before. It will put at your disposal everything in comfort, convenience and efficiency that today's design and engineering can supply . . . *plus* . . . the Nation's largest installation of locomotive power—Diesel, steam and electric.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

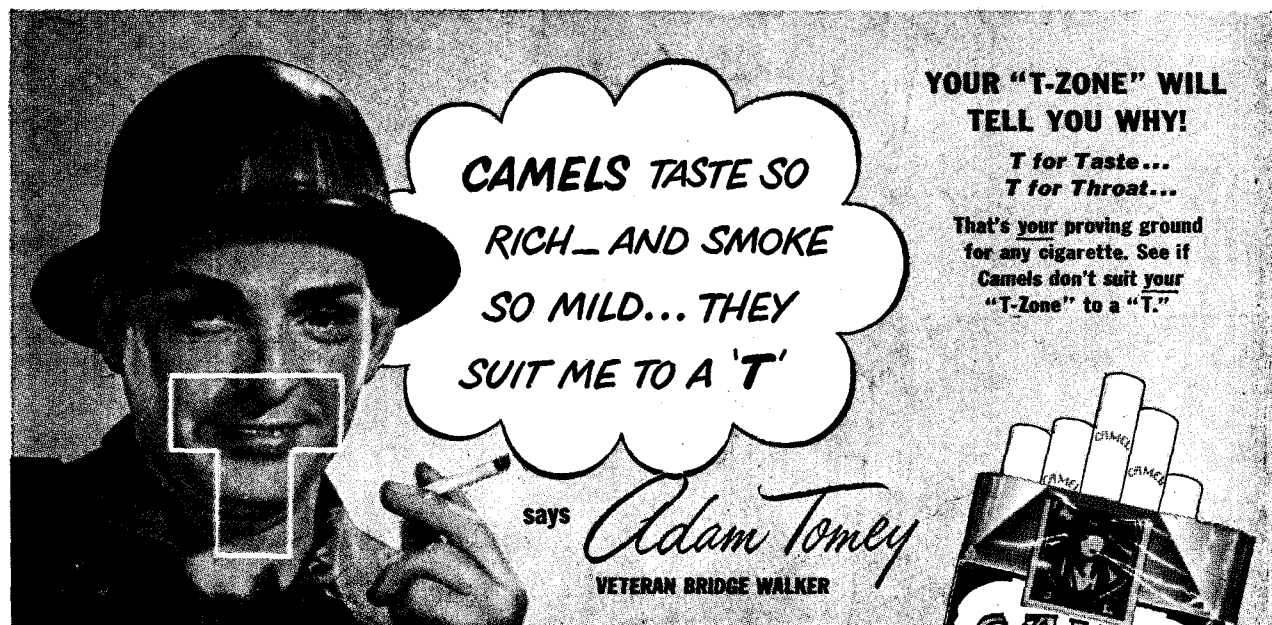
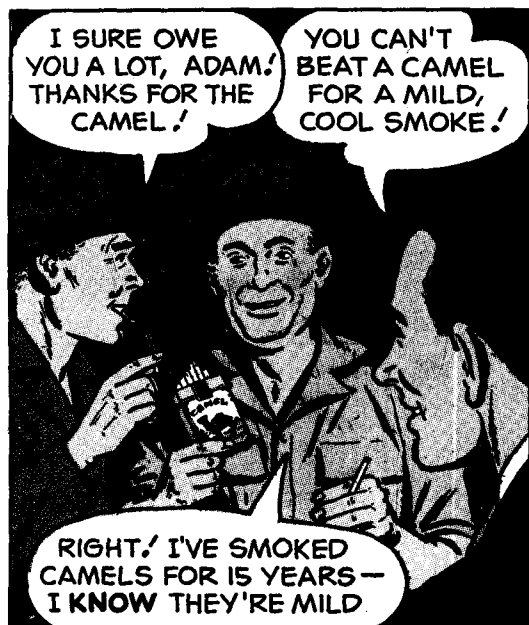
 *Serving the Nation* 



WHAT TO DO ?

YOU HAVE TO CALL ON EXPERIENCE TO GET A MAN DOWN SAFELY AFTER HE'S "FROZEN" WITH FEAR!

EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER IN CHOOSING A CIGARETTE, TOO! WITH ADAM TOMEY —AND MILLIONS OF OTHERS—MILD, FULL-FLAVORED CAMELS ARE THE "CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE."

According to a nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

When 113,587 doctors were asked by three leading, independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!

CAMELS ARE THE CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE!



K. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.